Feb. 6, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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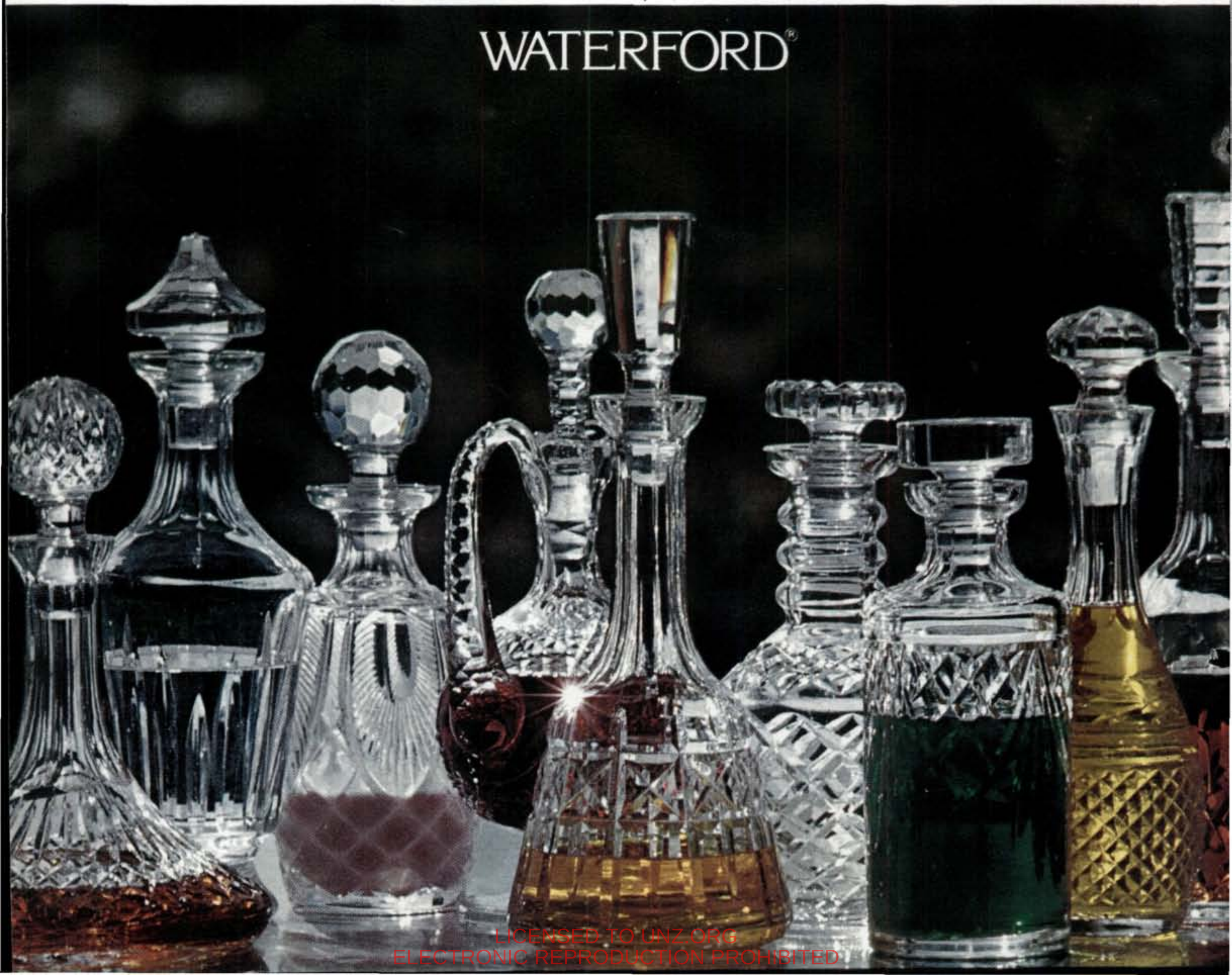

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NEW YORK MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN CHICAGO OAK BROOK BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cheaters—Middle-aged adultery is not much to look at onstage. Still, the author, Michael Jacobs, has hammered together a serviceable plot, and the principals (Jack Weston, Rosemary Murphy, Lou Jacobi, and Doris Roberts) are first-rate. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads an able cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fefu and Her Friends—A play by Maria Irene Fornés. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 8, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Golda—William Gibson's play about the life of Mrs. Meir demonstrates that hagiography is inappropriate to the living; nevertheless, Anne Bancroft in the title role gives a model performance. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell in the final performance of a brief return engagement of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molly—Tammy Grimes is an edgy, frustrated Englishwoman in her thirties; Michael Higgins is her deaf, elderly Canadian husband; and Josh Clark is the adolescent boy who works as their gardener and chauffeur, and whom she seduces. All are exceptionally good in Simon Gray's absorbing (and often witty) play, which is set in a village in England in 1936 and is based on an actual event. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

My Astonishing Self—Selections from the writings of Bernard Shaw, as delivered in character by Donal Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly, a capable actor, is only an indifferent impersonator, but G.B.S. is, as always, good company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two plays by Gus Edwards, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, alternating weekly—**BLACK BODY BLUES** is a melodrama—unfortunately, a rather empty one—about a gentle black man, the prostitute he lives with, and his dangerous, criminal brother. With Samm-Art Williams in the leading role. Through Sunday, Feb. 5. . . . **THE OFFERING:** An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Mr. Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Mr. Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 7-12. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Old Man Joseph and His Family—Lou Gilbert heads the cast of a play by Romulus Lin-

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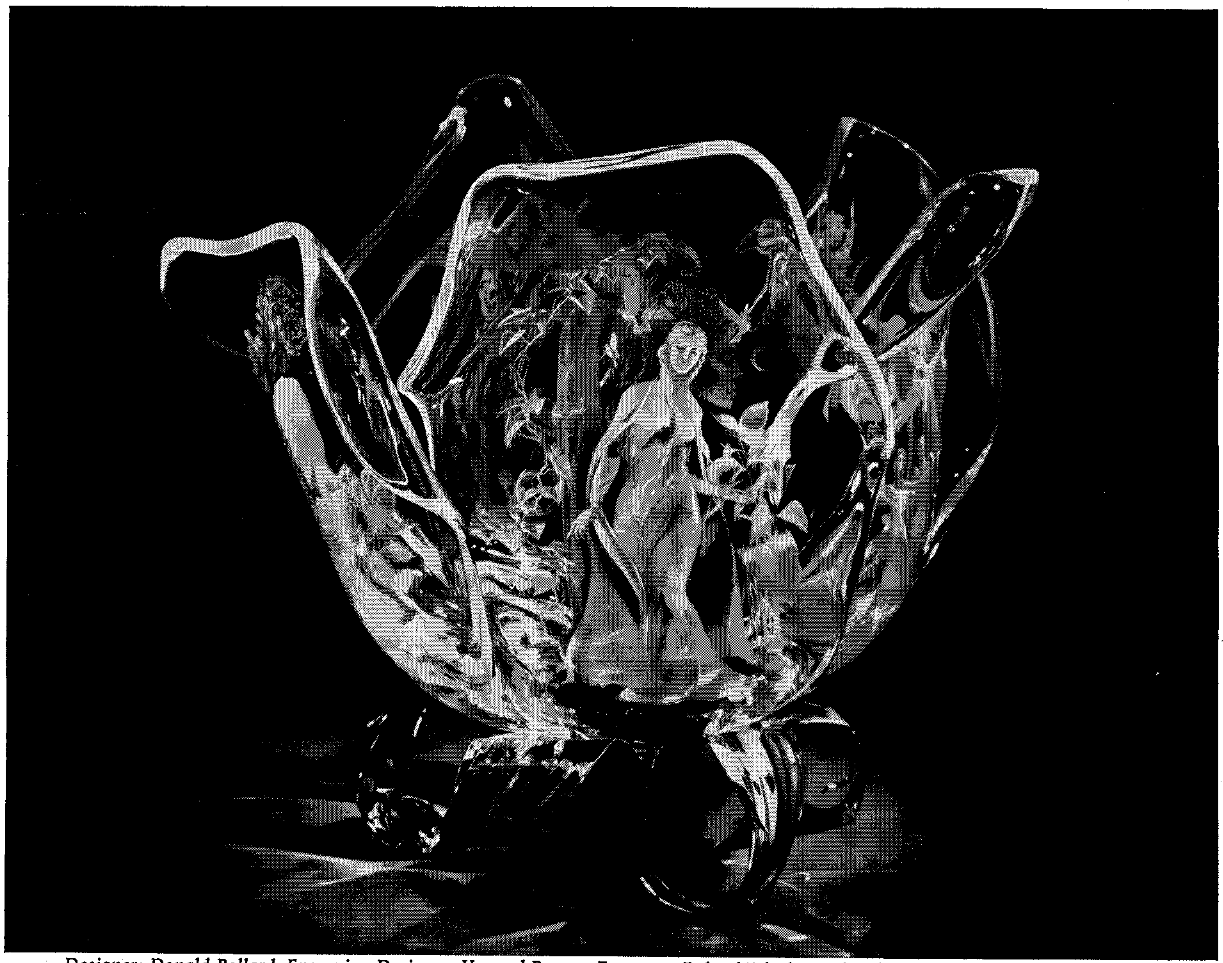

Designer: Donald Pollard. Engraving Designer: Howard Rogers. Engraver: Roland Erlacher. 18k goldwork: Louis Feron. Height 9½". Price $95,000 (subject to prior sale). Petal above: Idleness opens the door to the Garden of Mirth. Below: Remaining four petals in close-up.

Sir Mirth with Gladness

The Dreamer

The God of Love

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On each of its five petals a single episode of the poem is depicted in copper wheel engraving with diamond point stippling. It is limited to a single work.

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Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works, and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ney. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Othello—A new production of Shakespeare's tragedy, with Earle Hyman in the title role, and also with Nicholas Kepros, Carmen de Lavallade, and Mary Carney. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—A dreary documentary account of the life of a great man. James Earl Jones is superb within the limits of the plot and its prose, which are the handiwork of Phillip Hayes Dean. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Laurence Luckinbill, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

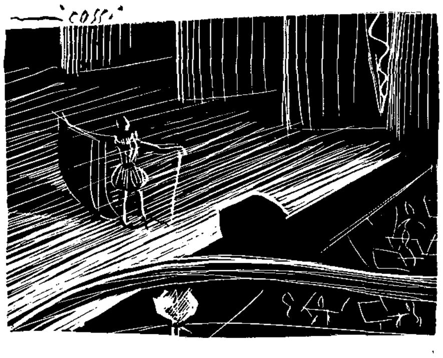
Saint Joan—Lynn Redgrave and a remarkably well-chosen cast bring considerable zest to Shaw's play. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act and **Scenes from Soweto**—Two one-act plays, the first by Athol Fugard, and the second by Steve Wilmer. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 1, and will run through Sunday, March 5. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Touch of the Poet—One of a cycle of plays that O'Neill wisely abandoned. Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea do their best to make O'Neill's curious stage-Irish folk plausible. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Water Engine—David Mamet's play about Chicago in the thirties, and about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water, is set in a radio studio and is itself disguised as a broadcast. In spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 11.)

Where the Mississippi Meets the Amazon—In this recital of poetry by the poets Ntozake Shange, Thulani, and Jessica Hagedorn (to the accompaniment of a jazz band under David Murray's direction), words, music, and movement combine to make a charming show, which could go on twice as long as it does. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Final performances Sunday, Feb. 5, at 4 and 8.)



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Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,384 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM:** Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **SLY FOX:** A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Vincent Gardenia, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering," "Calcium Light Night," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Ballo della Regina," and "Vienna Waltzes." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Donizetti Variations," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 1: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 5, at 7: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Chaconne," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack." ... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Tzigane," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Concerto Barocco," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Tzigane," "Ballo della Regina," and "Le Tombeau de Couperin."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Chaconne," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." (New York State

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Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Sophie Maslow Dance Company—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 8-11, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

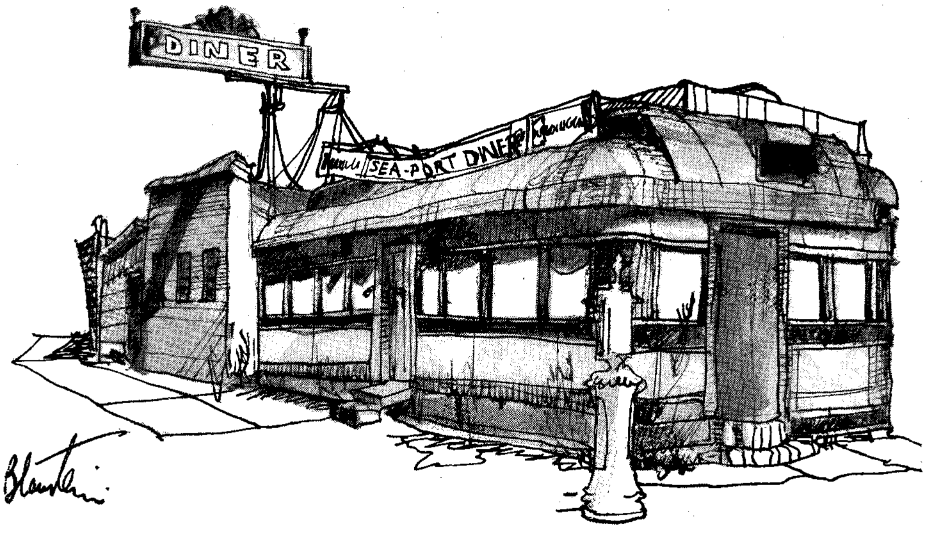
Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An unpretentious night club—some might think of it as a music loft with a liquor license. Mondays, as well as Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 1-4, are given over to trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and a fourteen-piece band called Energy, which is occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always robust and accessible. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, bassist and percussionist Juma Sultan will bring in his Aboriginal Music Society, a quintet. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Out-there jazz and organic apple juice. On Thursday, Feb. 2, Brazilian percussionist **Dom Um Romao** and his septet, the Brazilian Hotmosphere, will offer a taste of what the Carnival in Rio is like; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, altoist **Arthur Blythe** will take a couple of nights off as Chico Hamilton's star soloist (see Hopper's, below) and lead a quartet. Sets start after nine-thirty and midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Gary Beach, Maureen Moore, and Gail Nelson sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork; a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, wordly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **Dardanelle,** and she doesn't emote, doesn't put songs over, doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. **Roland Hanna,** a forceful, fiery pianist, is here through Saturday, Feb. 4; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 8-11, pianist **Jill McManus** will lead a quartet—trumpeter **Bill Hardman,** bassist **Cameron Brown,** and drummer **Al Foster.** Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.



Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, the Aztec Two-Step, a folk duo, will be onstage; Monday through Thursday, Feb. 6-9, vocal improviser **Betty Carter** will skillfully yank standards inside out; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, have been reserved for Nova Scotia country singer Anne Murray. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good pianists, and die-hard patrons. **Joanne Brackeen** performs with bassist **Red Mitchell** through Saturday, Feb. 4; on Monday, Feb. 6, **Tommy Flanagan,** a fine bop sideman, composer, and Ella's accompanist for years, will move in. Sundays remain **Jimmy Rowles** nights. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **Ron Naspo** on bass and **Tony Monte** on piano. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **George Shearing,** the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, is filling in during Bobby Short's midwinter leave of absence. "Lullaby of Birdland" and other numbers Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.... **Marian McPartland** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Onstage, affectedly sinister—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—young musicians pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **Alberta Hunter,** who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays: **Rose Murphy.** For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Tenor saxophonist **Buddy Tate** leads a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—The current berth for **Ellis Larkins,** the fastidious pianist, and his bassist, **Billy Popp,** and drummer, **Jack McAllister,** is this East Side bar and restaurant. Wink-of-an-eye-long sets Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, **Daphne Hellman,** on jazz harp, leads a trio.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, trumpeter Chris Griffin will sit in with the regulars. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 5, trombonist George Masso will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **Hod O'Brien** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **Joe Puma** and bassist **Frank Luther,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays **Al Haig, Jamil Nasser,** and **Eddie Diehl** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **Chuck Wayne** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

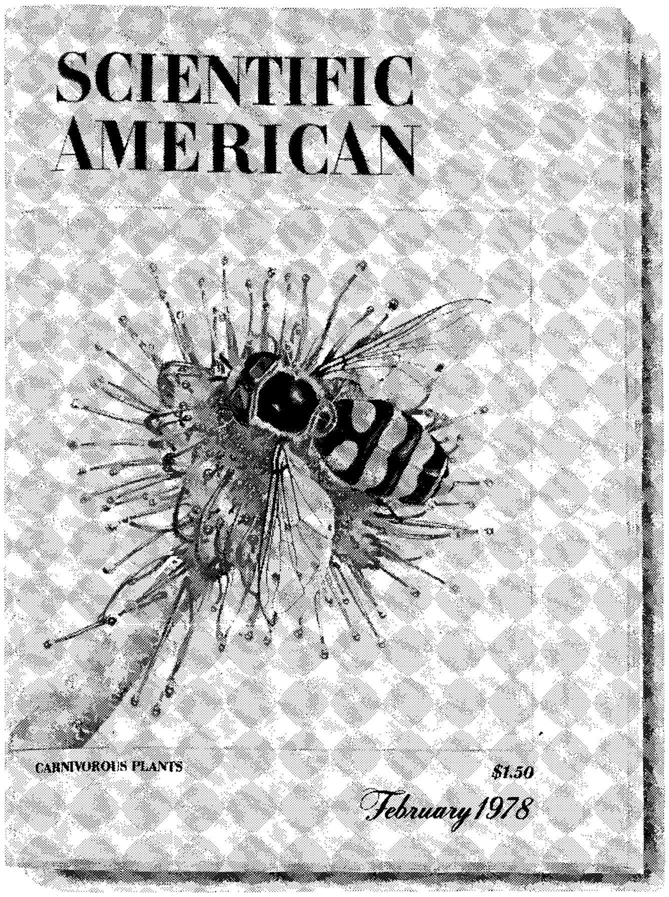
Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**Chico Hamilton,** a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, good-natured showman—he doesn't simply introduce the members of his band, he improvises a tune about each of them—winds up his two-week visit on Saturday, Feb. 4. His young quintet includes alto saxophonist **Arthur Blythe,** who seems equally at home playing avant-garde (see Axis in SoHo, Feb. 3-4, above) or soul motifs; a wonderful guitarist named **Marvin Horne,** and bassist **C. J. McBee, Jr.,** Cecil McBee's son. And they play rhythm-and-blues at its subtlest. On Monday, Feb. 6, pianist Monty Alexander will show up with a quartet. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**Roy Eldridge** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist **Brooks Kerr** is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist **Aaron Bell** and longtime Ellington drummer **Sonny Greer** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and both Kerr and Bell are here along with saxophonist **Russell Procope** and drummer **Shelton Gary** Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The wonderful, longstanding duo of **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** has moved in with a rhythm section to do Kral originals and songs from the forties. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-

Community mental health care... An enlightened revolution or abdication of responsibility?



Fifteen years ago, with new psychoactive drugs available, this country undertook a massive reform in the care of its emotionally ill. In this month's SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, you will find that this community mental health program has reduced the resident population of mental hospitals by two-thirds. This success is qualified, however, by the high turnover of patients in those hospitals. The chronically ill and sometimes even the acutely disturbed are hospitalized for brief periods and then discharged, in the absence of adequate community facilities, to bleak lives in nursing homes, single-room-occupancy hotels and skid row.

You will read how the powerful new concepts of plate tectonics have begun to explain the sorting out and concentration of minerals in the rocks of the earth, with important prospective impact upon the metals and energy industries. You will learn how a new experimental approach to the genetics of human cancer makes it possible to identify the specific chromosome involved in transformation of a normal cell into a tumor cell.

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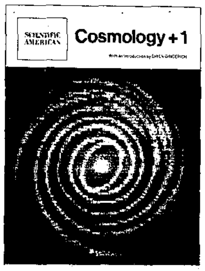

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally—but not right now—jazz and rock instead of folk music. Folksinger Eric Andersen performs through Saturday, Feb. 4; then, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 9-11, DAVE VAN RONK, a bearlike lumberjack of a folkie, will do raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra depart after Sunday, Feb. 5; on Tuesday, Feb. 7, drummer BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S band will take over. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Tony Azito sings here through Sunday, Feb. 5; on Tuesday, Feb. 7, singer and actress ANDREA MARCOVICCI will arrive. Her voice is deep, rich, and subtle, and her repertoire—"Life on Mars," by David Bowie; "You Don't Know Me," an Eddie Arnold relic from the fifties; "The Lover's Latin Lament," by Bruce Roberts; "Drift Away," a well-preserved six-year-old rock standard; and other selections—is flawlessly paced. Shows at nine and midnight. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six to seven-thirty, you can often hear BLOSSOM DEARIE sing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, bassist CHUCK ISRAELS leads a robust, boiled-down version of his National Jazz Ensemble, and he's got some first-rate soloists—trombonist and composer JIMMY KNEPPER, trumpeter TOM HARRELL, and saxophonist GERRY NIEWOOD, whose phrasing soars in the manner of Paul Desmond. And, between Israels and drummer JOE LA BARBARA, the rhythm section is absolutely inspirational. On Wednesday, Feb. 1, altoist LEE KONITZ, always worth hearing, leads his nonet; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, saxophonist RONNIE CUBER heads a quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—It's strictly S.R.O. here as long as RON CARTER'S quartet—Carter on piccolo bass, BEN RILEY on drums, pianist KENNY BARRON, and double bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—occupies the bandstand. After all, where else can you hear basses trade fours? Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 5-6, percussionist ANDREW CYRILLE will bring in a quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Music upstairs: Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra. Dinner. Music downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, guitarist LARRY CORYELL, who now does a solo, rather arty set, will trade off with old reliable ART BLAKEY and his current edition of the JAZZ MESSENGERS. Pianist MC COY TYNER, whose sustained, repetitive, crashing, rumbling chords have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like effect, will be present with his sextet on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11. Shows begin about ten. Music all over: In the ground-floor bar area, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN, bassist LISLE ATKINSON, and guitarist EDDIE BERG collaborate on Thursdays from ten to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Saxophonist DAVE LIEBMAN heads up a quintet through Sunday, Feb. 5; on Tuesday, Feb. 7, LEE KONITZ will move his nonet to these downtown quarters from Stryker's (see above) for a week. On Mondays, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS institution, in its tenth year—that's longer than Monday-night football—blasts forth. Music from ten.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has re-acquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly: George Kelly's Jazz Sultans, on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2; the Franc Williams Swing Four, Friday through Sunday, Feb. 3-5; and SAMMY PRICE and a quartet, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 7. Music from nine to one-thirty. On Monday, Feb. 6, at eight, Mr. Price, who is a fine boogie-woogie pianist (and who was a tap dancer in the twenties and, more recently, a politician), will play rare records and comment on them.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world (who probably never would have come here)—in the music and bar area grow on one. Pianist HAROLD DANKO, who holds the Roland Hanna Chair of Distinguished Minor Arpeggios with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, and bassist CHUCK ISRAELS dazzle their audiences with just about everything from "Blue Skies" to "Monk's Dream" to "Maiden Voyage" through Saturday, Feb. 4. Music from nine. Dinner.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from nine-thirty; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; some thirty years later it became the studio for the television program, "What's My Line?"; and now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 5:45: JAMES CUNNINGHAM'S ACME DANCE COMPANY.... ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 5:45: JOAN FONTAINE.

Elvis the Legend Lives—With Rick Saucedo as Elvis, the Jordanaires, and D. J. Fontana conducting an orchestra. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.

Marian and Jimmy McPartland—With Buddy Tate, Vic Dickenson, Bobby Rosengarden, George Duvivier, Johnny Mince, and Johnny Morris. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Barry White—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8 and at midnight.

Maynard Ferguson and His Orchestra and **Steve Khan**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.

Bob Greene—Presenting "The New Orleans Jazz of Jelly Roll Morton." (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of four programs in which composers (in this case Jule Styne) discuss their collaboration with various lyricists, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 5-6, at 8.)

David Eyges Quartet—The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30, with Jeanne Lee.... ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Santana and **Eric Gale**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Toots and the Maytals—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8.

Country Gentlemen and **Norman Blake**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Richard Artschwager—Pen-and-ink works in some of which images are created on a curtain of vertical lines by a careful widening of certain strokes. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—The sixth annual show in which Avery's work is displayed with paintings by some of his colleagues—in this case, eleven other Americans (Marsden Hartley, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman). Through Feb. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Delvaux—Lithographs, a number of them hand-colored, and a few etchings by this Belgian Surrealist whose mesmerized-looking nudes wander around in classical environments. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Ilse Getz—Recent assemblages and collages. Through Feb. 25. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Helen Mayer Harrison and Newton Harrison—Hand-colored murals composed of aerial maps, photographic blowups, written texts, and other data that make arguments for various ecological projects. Through Feb. 25. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Margaret Israel—Paintings, sculptures, and wall

Florence Eiseman

Greg Puza

You may give them your love, but not your thoughts,
for they have their own thoughts—*Kahlil Gibran*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hangings. Through March 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Gerome Kamrowski—Surrealist paintings and works on paper; also Abstract Expressionist works. All are dated 1940-47. Through Feb. 14. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Large, abstract, shaped canvases that have a Constructivist bent and seem to have been inspired by skyscraper towers. Through Feb. 18. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Helen Hokinson, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by Boucher, Fragonard, Henry Moore, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings by Lois Lane, Joe Zucker, and others, and wall pieces by Barbara Schwartz. Through Thursday, Feb. 9.

Sculpture—Fifty-one pieces by as many artists (Chaim Gross, Barbara Lekberg, and William Zorach among them) constitute the anniversary show at the Sculpture Center, which started modestly fifty years ago as the Clay Club. Through Feb. 22. (167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Larry Bell and Eric Orr—A collaborative sculptural effort, so far only conceptual, proposing a bowl-shaped glass-walled "solar fountain," seventeen feet in diameter and ten feet tall, in which a billowing fog is in continuous eruption. A scale model is on display, along with architectural renderings (on glass) and a video documentation. Through Feb. 18. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Dan Christensen—Recent color-field paintings. Through Feb. 16. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Coastal Maine landscapes. Through Feb. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kathleen Cooke / Michael Broome—Small sculptures of seated figures, done in clay or stone, and sensitive drawings of caged animals, mostly. / Sticks and poles ranging from a foot long up to ten feet and whittled from pieces of pine or fir. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester / Lisa Dinhofer—Enormous watercolors, some of them six and three-quarters feet by five and a half, depicting trees in all their tangled individuality. Through Feb. 16. / Oil paintings of bottles, vials, Mason jars. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Delicately handled watercolors of figures and still-lifes, plus several examples of this artist's familiarly tight and exceptionally accurate freehand pencil drawings. Through Friday, Feb. 3. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

John Hardy—Skillfully executed genre paintings of New York scenes, mostly of the lower East Side, by an artist whose work carries on the tradition of Eakins and the Ashcan School. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings done in vivid colors and inspired by the landscapes of India and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Norman Ives—Abstract collages reminiscent, in their inner rhythm, of Mark Tobey's paintings, except that these are made (meticulously) of countless tiny squares and rectangles excised from printed matter, mainly old books and musical scores. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jane Kaufman—A series of two-panel works consisting of bugle beads applied to black velvet. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Earl Kerkam (1891-1965)—Late works (twenty-two oils) by an artist who shifted with equal facility from Cubist abstractions to realist portraits and still-lifes. Through Feb. 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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John Moore—Soft watercolors and oils of city rooftops, which seem to fade into a distant blue horizon, and still-lifes of china and dresser-top objects, with glove stretchers prominent among them. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Georges Noël—Overlapping, errant L-squares painted with a mixture of pigment, vinyl, and sand, giving them a gravelly surface. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nathan Oliveira—About fifty monotypes done in series. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St.)

Bill Spira—Four groups of small, mildly humorous terra-cotta sculptures, one given over to the human foot, one to the spoon, a third to the common mouse, and the fourth to totemic pieces. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Small, simple abstract decorations, each of which fairly sparkles in the center of a large stark-white wall; the pieces are partly painted directly on the surface and partly composed of colored-paper cutouts. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Steel sculptures, ranging from small table-top pieces to massive free-form structures, some of which seem on the verge of assuming a utilitarian mechanical function. Through Feb. 18. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstract collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the seventies by the gallery artists. They include Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and John Ferro. Through Feb. 18. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, a book of original prints, and other works by Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), along with works by other Russian nonobjective artists from the same period, among them Lazar El Lissitzky and Vladimir Tatlin. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century American artists Prendergast, Twachtman, Eastman Johnson, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Open Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Seventy or so drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including a captivating pencil sketch of a little girl in a swing by Winslow Homer; a dancing faun by Benjamin West; and a set of six tiny watercolors of the Newport scene in the late eighteen-hundreds by Hugh Newell. Through Feb. 18. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery regulars now on exhibition include a couple of paintings by Balthus carried over from his recent show; several oils and pieces of sculpture by Miró; and a number of Chagalls. Through Feb. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five artists: Edward Betts, Ethel Magafan, Hans Moller, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey. Through Feb. 25. . . . **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Four studies Léger made for an unexecuted mural, as well as sculptures and works on paper from the thirties and forties by Ibram Lassaw, Byron Browne, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ivan Biro / Duane Zaloudek—Natural-wood, spiral-shaped sculptures. / Abstract watercolors on canvas and paper. Through Feb. 18. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Christopher Clapp—Big acrylic paintings of first-rate craftsmanship (some of them done in multiple panels) showing Connecticut and Maine landscapes and the red clay cliffs under the Gay Head light on Martha's Vineyard. Through Feb. 15. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Donald Cole—New paintings, these following the tangled path laid out by Jackson Pollock, except that fairly representational elements emerge here and there among the ribbons and dribbles of pigment. The work is done on unstretched canvas. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Lucien Day—New watercolors, one of them a two-panel cityscape showing, in the upper half, the Citicorp Center under construction and, in the lower panel, the Seagram Building. Through Feb. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Dan Flavin—Four groupings of colored fluorescent lights that were designed for the gallery and divide it into distinct areas basking in soft pink, yellow, blue, or green ambience. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Small-scale works—color notations, really—distinguished by the same sort of extraordinary chromatic blends that characterize her large compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Sam Gilliam—Large abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Knox Martin—Large, bright-colored abstract paintings with an *art-moderne* flavor by an artist whose fundamental subject is Woman. Through March 8. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Paul Rotterdam—New paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Charles Schucker—Abstract works in which thinned paint is poured on unprimed canvas. Through Feb. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Forthright portraits of women (most of them sister artists) and a group portrait of members of the A.I.R. Gallery. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

George Szekely—Large works in which flame-like outbursts of plastic paint are ladled onto vinyl wallpaper in accordance with what the artist describes as choreographic principles derived from studying dancers. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Drawings by ten young artists. Through March 11. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Victor Candell (1903-77)—Paintings and drawings from throughout his career. Through Feb. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At **CITY UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTER**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Nancy Azara, Vivienne Thaul Wechter, and other women artists showing paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A show of " 'Bad' Paintings," described in the catalogue as "figurative work that defies, either deliberately or by virtue of disinterest, the classic canons of good taste, draftsmanship, acceptable source material, rendering, or illusionistic representation." It succeeds admirably on all counts. Through Feb. 28. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rudy Burckhardt—Photographs taken in the late forties (of Hans Hofmann cleaning his brushes in his studio, of Parisian billboards) alongside recent prints of New York.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Julia Margaret Cameron (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women swathed in gauzy fabrics. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Roger Cutforth—Sequential (in time) color photographs of Western landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Walker Evans (1903-75)—Two hundred and fifty vintage prints from the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Yousuf Karsh—Portraits (what else?) of Hemingway, Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Les Krims and William Larson—The photographs on exhibit here include manipulated color Polaroid prints by Mr. Krims and abstractions, also in color, by Mr. Larson. Through Feb. 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Felix H. Man—Documentary prints by a German photojournalist. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... ¶ Portraits. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 11.

Mary Ellen Mark—Pictures taken in the women's ward of an Oregon state hospital by a photographer who got the idea while doing stills for "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Bea Nettles / Norman Sanders—Surreal prints made by such non-silver processes as silk-screening, a 3M copier, and a commercial color method. / This photographer has set himself the task of recording people in their favorite rooms at home. Home in this case is Rockland County, and the subjects are Mr. Sanders' neighbors. Though March 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Phillips—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948, and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Arthur Rothstein—A documentation of life in America from the Depression years through the late forties by a former member of the Farm Security Administration. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Karl Struss—Platinum prints mostly from the Photo-Secession years. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12.... ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. For their time and place, they represent the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian-glass beads. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Sol LeWitt retrospective includes modular sculptures as well as drawings done directly on the wall. Starts Thursday, Feb. 3.... ¶ A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through March 26.... ¶ An exhibit of

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collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

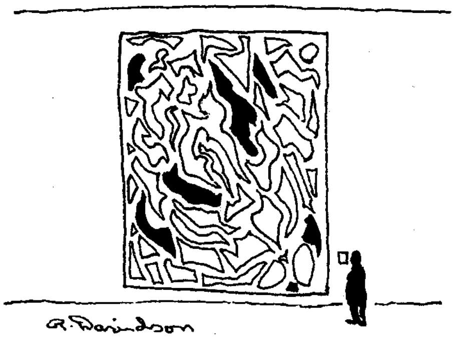
Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Out of the House," a show of works by women artists who either use household objects as subjects (coffee cups by Janet Stayton, for instance) or use techniques that resemble domestic crafts (Miriam Schapiro's collaged cotton apron, for one). Through March 1. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of Stuart Davis's work, including a large-scale mural and seventy paintings supplemented by watercolors and sketches. Through March 19.... ¶ Sol LeWitt's prints from the seventies. Starts Saturday, Feb. 4.... ¶ A dozen dresses, coats, and wraps by two early-twentieth-century Italian designers, Mariano Fortuny and Maria Monaci Gallenga. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians is now open, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of drinking vessels and such, made of metal (often silver) and engraved, embossed, or inlaid with niello, the work of Persian craftsmen of the Sasanian Empire (226 to 651 A.D.). Also related works. Through March 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or a drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Mass-produced dolls, handmade dolls, and those in between (the earliest is an eighteenth-century Queen Anne-style doll), together with miniature furniture, folk art, and silver. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through April 15.... ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs. ... ¶ A showing by two photographers: Mel Wright's depictions of South American life, and Al Fennar's near-abstractions. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 19.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 1: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Kubiak, Grace Bumbry, Kathleen Battle, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and John Macurdy; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 2: "Il Trovatore," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Mignon Dunn, Giorgio Merighi, Ingvar Wixell, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Wieslaw Ochman, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Allan Monk. Giuseppe Patanè conducting both. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 4: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 4: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 6: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 7: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, lico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesus López-Cobos.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 8: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 9: "Thaïs," with

Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 10: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 11: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 11: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Two programs conducted by Dixie Neill and Jean Russak, and staged by Harvey Vincent. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: Scenes from Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," Beethoven's "Fidelio," and Massenet's "Werther," plus Act I of Puccini's "La Rondine," in English. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8: Scenes from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" (in English), and Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Rafael Kubelik conducting—Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano); and Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 10, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting the first two in a series of four concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8, with Lazar Berman, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8, with the Guarneri Quartet. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 5:30, performances of Haydn's "The Creation," with Judith Blegen, soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Eubie Blake, piano, and the Chuck Davis Dance Company. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing, with Cynthia Richards Hewes and Carlotta Wilsen, sopranos; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; David Smith, tenor; and Bruce Fifer, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

John Oliver Chorale—John Oliver directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Cheryl Studer, soprano; Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; and an orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a staged performance of Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David," with soloists, a narrator, and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—A benefit recital by a small group drawn from the Orpheus orchestra. (Great Choir, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Jubal Trio—Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Brown, piano; Daniel Phillips, violin/viola; Peter Zazofsky, violin; and Marcy Rosen, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Marenda Perry—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters—Gunther Schuller directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the first of two programs of contemporary chamber music, with Lynne Webber, soprano. The performances will take place between eight and ten, with periods after each selection devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 3. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

Paula Robison—Flute, in the last two in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 3, a program of music of Germany, with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3, a program of music of Britain, with William Tim Read, harpsichord and clavichord.)

Régine Crespin—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Ida Kavafian and Peter Serkin—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "The World of Guillaume de Machaut (circa 1300-77)." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; and Stephen Kates, cello. The second of two concerts at which composers (in this case Robert Starer) are present and comment on their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Marian Thompson—Soprano, in an all-Schumann benefit concert. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Charles Bressler—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Edgard Varèse, Harvey Sollberger, and Charles Wuorinen, performed by the New Jersey Percussion Ensemble. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano, in the second in a series of three all-Schubert recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Pinchas Zukerman, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

Leo Brouwer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Walter Trampler and Ida Kavafian, viola; Lynn Harrell and Leslie Parnas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

MISCELLANY

50 Years Ago: The Avant-Garde in New York—Music by Ives, Cowell, Copland, Varèse, Sessions, Riegger, Carpenter, and Ruth Crawford Seeger, performed by Continuum, an ensemble this time including Jeannette Walters, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the New York String

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NY 2/6

Quartet; and the Brooklyn College Percussion Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 10. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Sunday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Feb. 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 11. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Thursdays through Saturdays, and Mondays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; last day Monday, May 22. The Stymie Handicap, Sunday, Feb. 5, and the Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17.

Track Meet—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—A reading of Christopher Smart's "Jubilate Agno," by about twenty poets, plus the Holy Cross College Choir singing Benjamin Britten's cantata, "Rejoice in the Lamb." (Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E. 29th St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 4. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Michael Harper and Etheridge Knight reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Winter Antiques Show—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by more than sixty dealers. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 1-4, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 5, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 2-4, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture, decorations, folk art, silver, porcelains, pottery, prints, and paintings; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . CHRISTIE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 2, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture, objects of art, tapestries, and rugs; from the estate of J. Paul Getty and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Feb. 18 (Buffalo), Feb. 21 (Seattle), Feb. 25 (Phoenix), Feb. 28 (San Antonio), March 4 (Boston), and March 7 (Houston). . . . ¶ The Nets at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Feb. 12 (Knicks), Feb. 16 (Seattle), Feb. 17 (Cleveland), Feb. 22 (Seattle), Feb. 24 (Houston), Feb. 26 (Boston), March 1 (Atlanta), March 5 (Buffalo), and March 10 (New Orleans).

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 13-14.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Ranger games on Feb. 12, 15, 19, 23, and 27, and March 1, 5, and 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islander games on Feb. 14, 18, 25, and 28, and March 4 and 7.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. March 4.)

Track Meet—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 24.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Feb. 27-April 29.

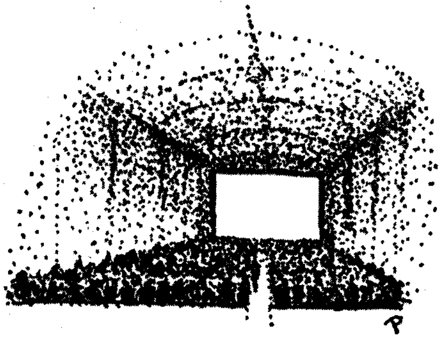
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE (580-9830): The opera season continues through April 15. . . . ¶ Luciano Pavarotti, tenor, Feb. 12. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 23, with Verdi's "La Traviata," and will run through April 30. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 29. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, classical guitarist, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Carlo Bergonzi, tenor, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Gundula Janowitz, soprano, March 8. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Lazar Berman, piano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 14 and March 7. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 17-18. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 20 and 27 and March 3. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, with Laura Thomas, soprano, and Pablo Elvira, baritone, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Viktor Tretyakov, violin, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron Lacroix, harpsichord, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Katia Ricciarelli, soprano, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin, March 4. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, March 5. . . . ¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and Mstislav Rostropovich, piano, March 8. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Paul Schenly, piano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Western Wind, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 19 and 21. . . . ¶ Music with Jens Nygaard, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell, cello, and Emanuel Ax, piano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Michael Ponti, piano, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, March 2. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, March 5. . . . ¶ Sandra Warfield, mezzo-soprano, March 10. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 25. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Salzburg Camerata Orchestra, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Lydia Artymiw, piano, Feb. 26. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Christoph Eschenbach, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, March 3. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, March 4.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "On the Twentieth Century," a musical (taken from the 1932 play and the 1934 film) with a book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, a score by Cy Coleman, and a cast that is headed by Madeline Kahn, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. . . . ¶ John Wood in "Deathtrap," a thriller by Ira Levin. . . . ¶ An all-black musical, "Timbuktu!," based on the 1953 musical "Kismet" and starring Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins. Luther Davis wrote the book and Robert Wright and George Forrest the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ Carol Channing and Eddie Bracken in a revival of the Jerry Herman-Michael Stewart "Hello, Dolly!"

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Sunday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 18-26. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Feb. 25-26. . . . ¶ Park Avenue Antiques Fair, at the 7th Regiment Armory, March 8-12.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 2: "Outrageous!"
From Feb. 3: "The Lacemaker."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 7: "Telefon" and "Carrie."
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 2: "Outrageous!"
From Feb. 3: "Mr. Klein."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Boys in Company C."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Coma."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
From Feb. 3: "The One and Only."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Goodbye Girl."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Duellists."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Coma."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Dersu Uzala."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Serpent's Egg."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 2: "Mado."
From Feb. 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 2: "The Children of Theatre Street."
From Feb. 3: "A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Turning Point."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 4: "Mr. Klein."
From Feb. 5: "Blue Country."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 7: "A Special Day."
From Feb. 8: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Semi-Tough."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 2: "Outrageous!" and "Pumping Iron."
From Feb. 3: "Starship Invasions" and "Greased Lightning."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Boys in Company C."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 2: "Saturday Night Fever."
From Feb. 3: "The One and Only."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 2: "Sasquatch."
From Feb. 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Turning Point."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Goodbye Girl."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Renaldo and Clara."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Semi-Tough."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Mr. Klein."
Theatre 3: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 2: "A Special Day." From Feb. 3: "The Children of Theatre Street."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Renaldo and Clara."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 2: "The Gauntlet."
From Feb. 3: "The World's Greatest Lover."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"High Anxiety."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 4: "The Best Way."
From Feb. 5: "Coup de Grace."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Lacemaker."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Semi-Tough."
Theatre 2: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 3: "Roseland."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Mr. Klein."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 2: "Which Way Is Up?" and "The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings."
From Feb. 3: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" and "Play It Again, Sam."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 1: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon; and "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, directed by Jacques Feyder, with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay.
Feb. 2: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant; and "Father of the Bride" (1950), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor.
Feb. 3-4: "The Conformist" (†) and "Juliet of the Spirits." (†)
Feb. 5-6: "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Mr. Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller; and "Easter Parade" (1948), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Ann Miller, and Peter Lawford.
Feb. 7: "Boy" (1970), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima; and "Passing Fancy" (1933), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Feb. 8: "My Life to Live" (†) and "La Chinoise." (†)
Feb. 9: "The Band Wagon" (†) and "Brigadoon." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 1: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant; and "Father's Little Dividend" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, and Joan Bennett.
Feb. 2: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972) and "Alice in the Cities" (1974), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
Feb. 3: "Stalag 17" (†); and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.
Feb. 4: "The Harder They Come" (†); and "Duck, You Sucker" (1972), directed by Sergio Leone, with Rod Steiger and James Coburn.
Feb. 5: "Oedipus Rex" (†) and "The Trojan Women." (†)
Feb. 6: "The Confessions of Amans" (1977), directed by Gregory Nava, with William Bryan; and "The Bushman" (1967), directed by David Schickele.
Feb. 7: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (†) and "The Band Wagon." (†)
Feb. 8: "Brigadoon" (†); and "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.
Feb. 9: "Lulù the Tool" (†); and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 2: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" (1970), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Gian Maria Volonte.
Feb. 3-4: "Catch-22" (1970), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
Feb. 5-6: "The Three Musketeers" (†) and "The Four Musketeers." (†)
Feb. 7: "Ballad of a Soldier" (†) and "The Cranes Are Flying." (†)
Feb. 8-9: "Emmanuelle" (1974) and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976), both films in French, with Sylvia Kristel (X-rated).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 1: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.
Feb. 2-4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli.
Feb. 5-6: "The Ladykillers" (†) and "The Lavender Hill Mob." (†)
Feb. 7-8: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant.
From Feb. 9: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Feb. 2: "The Cocoanuts" (1929),

with the Marx Brothers; and "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti.

Feb. 3-4: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Feb. 5-7: "Horsefeathers" (1932) and "Animal Crackers" (1930), both films with the Marx Brothers.

Feb. 8-9: "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard; and "Sundays and Cybèle." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 1: "Murder at the Vanities" (1934), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie, Carl Brisson, and Kitty Carlisle; and "Lady in the Dark" (1944), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Jon Hall, and Warner Baxter.

Feb. 2: "True Confession" (1937), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray; and "Hands Across the Table" (1935), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Ralph Bellamy.

Feb. 3-4: "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†); and "Moulin Rouge" (1929), a German silent film, directed by George Pabst, with Lya Di Putty.

Feb. 5: "No More Orchids" (1932), directed by Walter Lang, with Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, Louise Closser Hall, and Lyle Talbot; and "Lady by Choice." (†)

Feb. 6: "The Secret Witness" (1931), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts; and "Honolulu Lu" (1942), directed by Charles Barton, with Lupe Velez, Leo Carrillo, Bruce Bennett, and Forrest Tucker.

Feb. 7: "And Then There Were None" (†); and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

Feb. 8: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester.

Feb. 9: "The Front Page" (†) and "I Cover the Waterfront." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 2 at 2:30: "Tauw" (1970) and "The Money Order" (1970), both films in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 6: "Emitai" (1972), in Diola and French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 8:30: "Xala" (1974), in Wolof and French, directed by Ousmane Sembène; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2:30: "Lambaaye" (1972), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 6: "Dawn" (1928), a silent film, directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Sybil Thorndike, Madame Ada Bodart, and Gordon Craig. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at noon: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, and David Niven. . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 2:30: "Emitai." . . . ¶ Feb. 4 at 5: "Xala." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at noon: "Wuthering Heights." . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2:30: "Reouh-Takh" (1971), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore, English subtitles; and "Diankha-Bi" (1968), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 5: "The Good Earth" (1937), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at noon: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 2:30: "N'Jangaan" (1974), in Wolof and French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 6: "Lambaaye." . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at noon: A program of five short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940), directed by Ben Hecht and Lee Garmes, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rita Hayworth. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 6: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains: The Drugstore" (1973-75), in Chinese, with English voiceover, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, the first section of a twelve-part documentary on life in the People's Republic of China; the remaining sections will be divided among the next six Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Cactus" (1974), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: "Reouh-Takh" and "Diankha-Bi." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8: "N'Jangaan." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 5: Selections from "Rabbit Ears, Parts 1, 2, and 3" (1977) and "Underground Accelerator" (1977), both videotapes by Christa Maiwald. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 7: "Igor Orig" (1976) and "Dead Letter" (1977), both films by Michael Harvey; and "In a Train Station" (1977) and "The Wayfarer" (1977), both films by James Pasternak. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Kuchar, Keaton, Kubelka, Lubitsch, Landow, Freed, Mekas, Murnau, Nelson, and others. Showings Feb. 1 at 7; Feb. 2-3 at 7 and 9; Feb. 4 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Feb. 5 at 8; and Feb. 7-9 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Feb. 2-5: "Ruckus Manhattan" (1976), directed by David Saunders, Red Grooms, Peter Hutton, and the Ruckus Construction Co.; and "Fat Feet" (1966), directed by Red Grooms. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 9: "Landscape After Battle" (1970), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE (1945)—The Agatha Christie story and play "Ten Little Indians" (recently parodied in the boisterous, unfunny "Murder by Death") tells how ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows. On arrival, they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they immediately start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of *4/25/77*.) (Eastside Cinema.)

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1953)—This glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner) is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a rat race to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," and there is the "Rosebud" of Douglas's ill-defined Oedipal confusion, but there are good scenes and, for those who enjoy gossip, incidents derived from a number of famous careers. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll. Vincente Minnelli directed. Five Academy Awards, including best supporting actress (Grahame) and best screenplay (Charles Schnee). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (1959)—A lyrical celebration of young love and patriotism, set during the Second World War. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 7.)

THE BAND WAGON (1953)—The Comden-Green script isn't as consistently fresh as the one they did for "Singin' in the Rain," but there are few musicals as good as this one, starring those two great song-and-dance men Fred Astaire and Jack Buchanan. The plot, about a movie star (Astaire) trying for a comeback on Broadway and falling in love with a ballerina (Cyd Charisse), is a relaxed excuse for some good revue numbers, such as "Triplets," with Astaire, Buchanan, and Nanette Fabray, and, at the end, the "Girl Hunt" dance, parodying Mickey Spillane, with Astaire as the detective and Miss Charisse as the ladies in his life. When Miss Charisse wraps her phenomenal legs around Astaire, she can be forgiven everything, even her three minutes of "classical" ballet and the fact that she reads her lines as if she learned them phonetically. With Oscar Levant, in a good role for a change. Vincente Minnelli directed; the songs are by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 9.)

THE BEST WAY—With Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal; directed by Claude Miller. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 4.)

THE BINGO LONG TRAVELING ALL-STARS AND MOTOR KINGS (1976)—Rowdy, good-natured comedy melodrama about a barnstorming black baseball team. Set in 1939, in the period just before major-league clubs admitted black players, it shows the players' attitudes toward the cakewalking and clowning expected of them by white crowds. It's like a modern, black variant of the thirties lunatic football comedies, such as "Pigskin Parade." The cast is headed by Richard Pryor, Billy Dee Williams, Stan Shaw, and James Earl Jones, whose great, deep voice functions as a joke all by itself. The script, by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, has some sophisticated, double-edged ideas but is short on characterization; it settles for a few too many cheap laughs, such as those involving a fat, rowdy black woman, and too many cartooned black capitalistic club owners as well as sadistic white villains (who, for unexplained reasons, have sinister Scandinavian accents). John Badham directed (it was his first picture, followed by "Saturday Night Fever"). (Olympia; through Feb. 2.)

BLUE COUNTRY—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 5.)

THE BOYS IN COMPANY C—With Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens; directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

BRIGADOON (1954)—M-G-M was having an economy drive, and this adaptation of Lerner and Loewe's musical fantasy, which was scheduled to be shot on location in Scotland, was instead done in the studio. Also by executive decree, the director, Vincente Minnelli, had to do it in CinemaScope—which, for dance in studio settings, was disastrous. Gene Kelly and Van Johnson play the two Americans hunting in the Scottish Highlands who stumble into Brigadoon, a magical village that went to sleep in 1754 and wakes for a day each century. Kelly falls in love with a local girl (Cyd Charisse), while Johnson maintains a cynical attitude. Probably the material was too precious and fake-lyrical to have worked in natural surroundings, either, but the way it has been done it's hopelessly stagy. The movie has one sensational sequence, when the action gets away from that damned idyllic village and Kelly and Johnson go to a jangly, noisy, Manhattan night club with Elaine Stewart; you can feel Minnelli's relief at being able to do something funny and bitchy after staging all those wholesome scenes with grinning men in tartans. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 9.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Columbia I; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 3.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

Coma—With Geneviève Bujold, Michael Douglas, Elizabeth Ashley, Rip Torn, and Richard Widmark; directed by Michael Crichton. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Plaza.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3-4.)

Coup de Grace—With Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich, directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German and French. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 5.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—The Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 7.)

Dersu Uzala—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Baronet.)

The Duellists—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keep them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Fine Arts.)

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain—With Giancarlo Giannini and Candice Bergen, directed by Lina Wertmüller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

The Front Page (1931)—The first movie version, directed by Lewis Milestone, stays closer to the Hecht-and-MacArthur play than the Howard Hawks version or the new one by Billy Wilder. The play is a dialogue comedy, but dialogue of the speediest, most rapid-fire variety, which succeeds in this film as it does on the stage. Adolphe Menjou is sharp and adroit as Walter Burns; Pat O'Brien is a trace too stolid as Hildy Johnson. As the heroine, Mary Brian makes her occasional wan entrances; Edward Everett Horton is the fastidious health-crank reporter. With Mae Clarke as the neurotic prostitute, and Walter Catlett. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

The Gauntlet—Clint Eastwood, as a cop, and Sondra Locke, as a hooker he's bringing back from Las Vegas to testify in a trial in Phoenix, are always in movement. They use a police car, a motorcycle, a train, a bus. You look at the screen even though there's nothing to occupy your mind—the way you sometimes sit in front of the TV, numbly, because you can't rouse yourself for the effort it takes to go to bed. Eastwood directed. (1/16/78) (Playboy; through Feb. 2.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. The forced snappiness of the exchanges suggests two woodpeckers clicking at each other's heads. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Greased Lightning—Richard Pryor as Wendell Scott, the only successful black racing-car driver in the South thirty years ago, playing a pop-eyed Uncle Tom for Uncle Toms in a caustically funny performance. Eat dust, bump fenders, burn rubber; eat white insults, spit them out, burn up the past. The picture, produced by Hannah Weinstein (producer of "Claudine") and directed by Michael Schultz, strikes one as a traditional caricature of the underdog until one watches it more closely and sees its vigor and intensity. (8/22/77) (U. A. East; starting Feb. 3.)

The Harder They Come (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4.)

A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich—With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Larry Scott; directed by Ralph Nelson. (Columbia I; starting Feb. 3.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

I Cover the Waterfront (1933)—Up front, this is a commonplace romantic melodrama about a wisecracking, hard-drinking reporter (Ben Lyon) who exploits his love affair (with Claudette Colbert) in order to get a good story for his paper, but the background is far from commonplace. Colbert's father (played by Ernest Torrence) is a huge wreck of a sea captain who smuggles Chinese to the West Coast; he's a moody, illiterate mercenary who throws his passengers overboard tied to anchor chains when the Coast Guard approaches. There are several strong, memorable scenes, and such unusual moments as the heroine's passing the time of day with the madam of a brothel while waiting to take her boozed-up father home. James Cruze directed; from Max Miller's book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 3-4.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Art; starting Feb. 3.)

Lady by Choice (1934)—An inexplicable resurrection. It's about the idylls and ideals of a fan-dancer, and May Robson and Walter Connolly turn up along the way. David Burton directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a hilarious fantasy of murder; the more grotesque, the funnier it becomes. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost crucified by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a gang that includes Peter Sellers as a plump, awkward Teddy Boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans. Alexander Mackendrick directed, from a script by William Rose. The cast includes Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Frankie Howard, Jack Warner, and Danny Green. (Regency; Feb. 5-6.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness again, here as a fubsy bank clerk with the gleaming eyes of a man who plans to rob the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crichton's direction, the score by Auric, and the assisting performances by Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James make this one of the most charming of all English comedies and a minor classic. (Regency; Feb. 5-6.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Olympia; starting Feb. 3.)

Lulù the Tool (1975; "The Working Class Goes to Heaven")—Elio Petri's film about a factory worker (Gian Maria Volonte) who has been so numbed by doing piecework that his insane drive to beat everyone else's production record has begun to invade his private world. Domesticity and work start to be interchangeably mechanical for him, like his sexual life, in which he talks about himself as if he were a car doing well on a road test. The film is rather too schematic, but the pattern grows eloquently disarrayed near the end, with a rebellious dream that the hero has after talking to an aged fellow-worker: the old man has lived out his days in a mental institution because he had the unforgivable nerve to demand of a factory overseer what end product he was working on. Like him, the over-ordered movie is best when it bursts its own bounds. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

Mado—With Michel Piccoli, Ottavia Piccoli, and Romy Schneider; directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (D. W. Griffith; through Feb. 2.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud,

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Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Feb. 3.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Oedipus Rex (1957)—With co-directing help from Irving Lerner, Tyrone Guthrie transcribed his famous production, as it was performed at Stratford (Canada) in 1954 and 1955. Guthrie uses the Yeats translation of Sophocles' tragedy, and the cast performs in masks. This is certainly authentic, and no doubt onstage it helped to suggest that the actors represented figures larger than life. The hypnotic effect of the masked, endlessly moving robed figures does begin to suggest a ritual experience, and the readings are very fine, but the camera destroys even ordinary stage distance and brings us smack up against painted, sculpted papier-mâché. One may feel benumbed, looking at the mouth openings for a sign of life underneath. With Douglas Campbell in the lead. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The One and Only—With Henry Winkler and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; starting Feb. 3.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Art, Gramercy, and U. A. East; through Feb. 2.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography fuses political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Olympia; starting Feb. 3.)

Pumping Iron (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (U.A. East; through Feb. 2.)

Renaldo and Clara—Directed by, and with, Bob Dylan. (Waverly, and Festival.)

Roseland—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3-4.)

Sasquatch—Searching for Bigfoot. With George Lauris, directed by Ed Ragozzini. (86th St. East; through Feb. 2.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and 86th St. East; starting Feb. 3.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Serpent's Egg—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (1/30/78) (Coronet.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Feb. 7.)

Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty, cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. He had been a sensitive but milder actor before, and even the despairing range he demonstrated in "Sunset Boulevard" hadn't prepared audiences for the edge and distinctively American masculine energy he showed in this role, which is rather like the roles that catapulted Bogart to a new level of stardom in the early forties. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski—two ex-G.I.s who were interned in the actual Stalag 17—is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather broad roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, and Sig Rumann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Starship Invasions—With Robert Vaughn and Christopher Lee, directed by Ed Hunt. (U. A. East; starting Feb. 3.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 8-9.)

Telefon—With Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Donald Pleasence, and Tyne Daly; directed by Don Siegel. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 7.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

The Three Musketeers (1974)—Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film, written by George MacDonald Fraser, author of the "Flashman" series. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (Cinema Village; Feb. 5-6.)

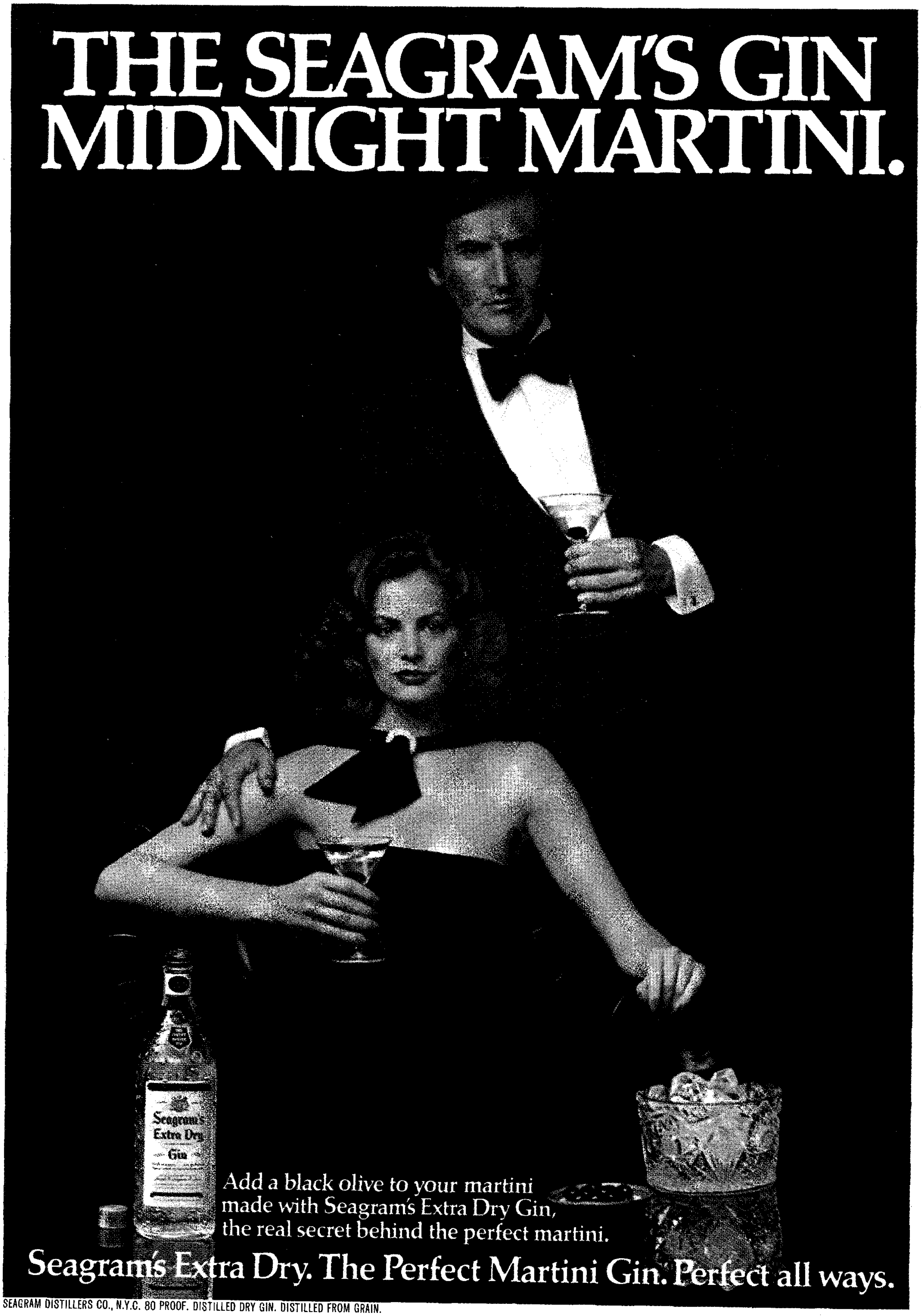
The Four Musketeers (1975)—Richard Lester's cheerful solution of how to turn "The Three Musketeers," which ran four hours, into a manageable movie was to make two films of it. This is the second. Very likable, with Michael York as the extra musketeer, Roy Kinnear as the trudging dogsbody of the three others (Richard Chamberlain, Frank Finlay, Oliver Reed), Raquel Welch, and splendid comic performances by Faye Dunaway, caparisoned with ringlets, and, of all people, Charlton Heston. (Cinema Village; Feb. 5-6.)

The Trojan Women (1971)—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Olympia; through Feb. 2.)

The World's Greatest Lover—This Gene Wilder slapstick farce may not be long, but "long" is a relative term, and a half hour of this is eternity enough. It's set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises to sophomoric humor—it's infantile humor, for young, slow kids, who want everything pounded at them. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. Script by Wilder, with a "thank you" credit to Fellini (for the use of part of the plot of "The White Sheik"). (Playboy; starting Feb. 3.)



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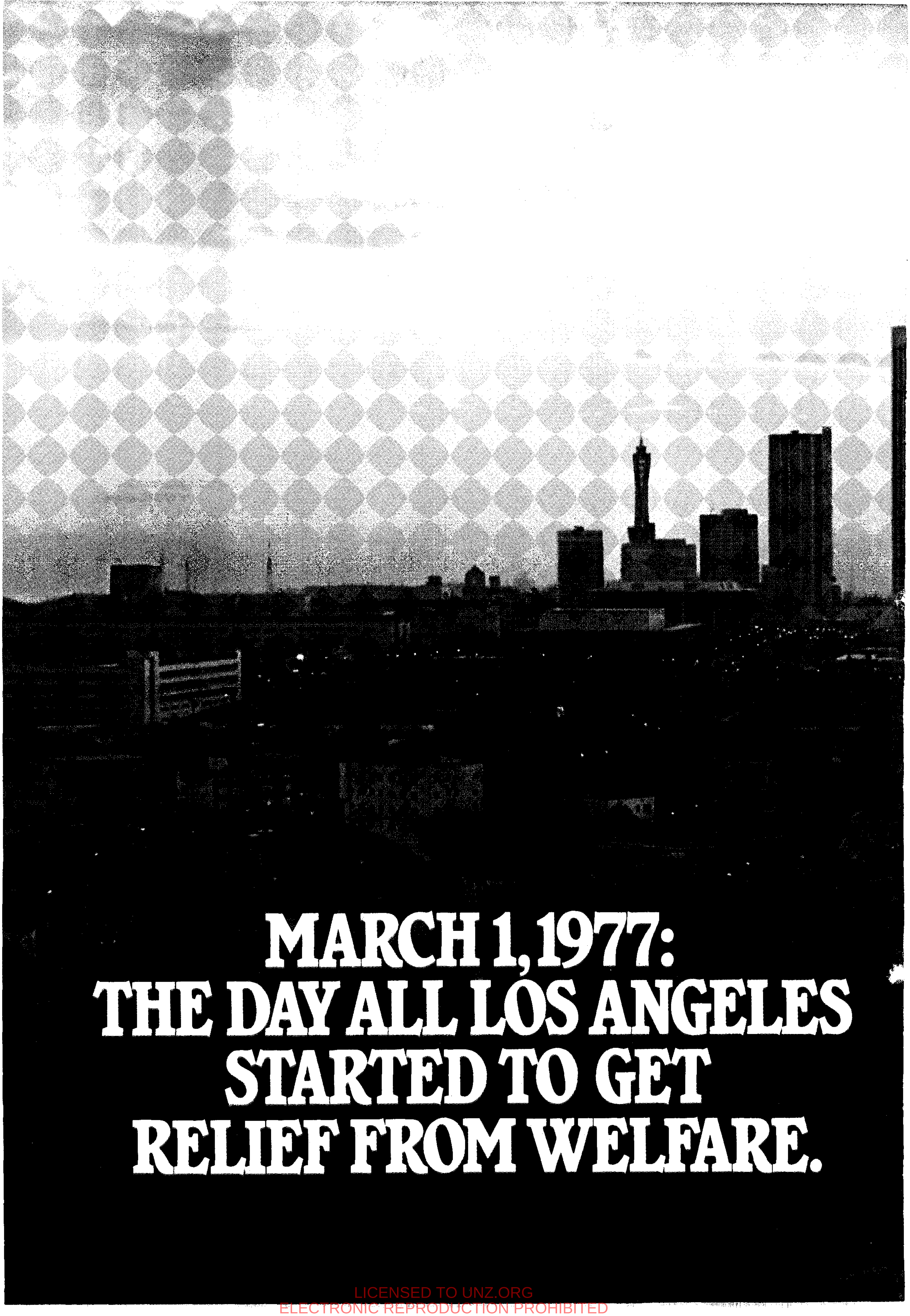
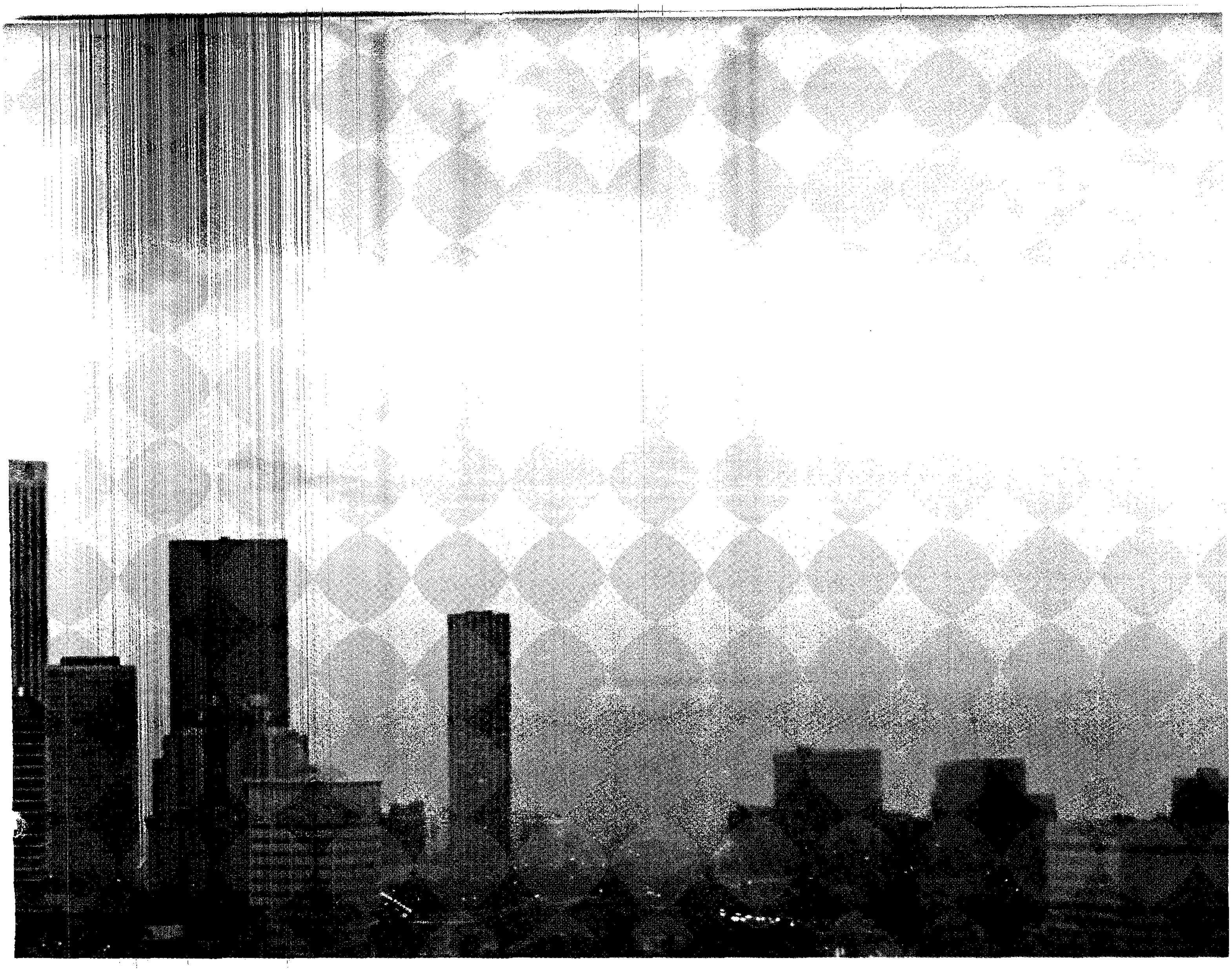

MARCH 1, 1977:
THE DAY ALL LOS ANGELES
STARTED TO GET
RELIEF FROM WELFARE.



A Sperry Univac computer system is helping Los Angeles County provide welfare benefits for everyone—better service for those on welfare; and $10 million a year in savings for taxpayers.

In Los Angeles, a Sperry Univac® data processing system is converting millions of welfare records, scattered throughout dozens of offices, into one central data bank.

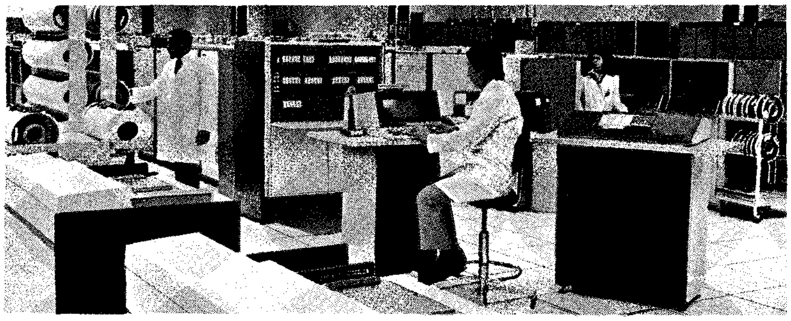
Now welfare workers can find information in seconds, where it once took hours or days. This will help welfare clients get the aid they need, *when* they need it. At the same time, the system will save taxpayers an eventual $10 million a year in administrative costs. In addition, the computer's speed and accuracy will help eliminate fraud.

Simply stated, it means that every citizen of Los Angeles County now stands to benefit from welfare—recipient and taxpayer alike.

The system, which went into operation on March 1, has already become a model for officials across the country—showing how to cut welfare costs millions of dollars a year. Without cutting the rate of benefits a dime.

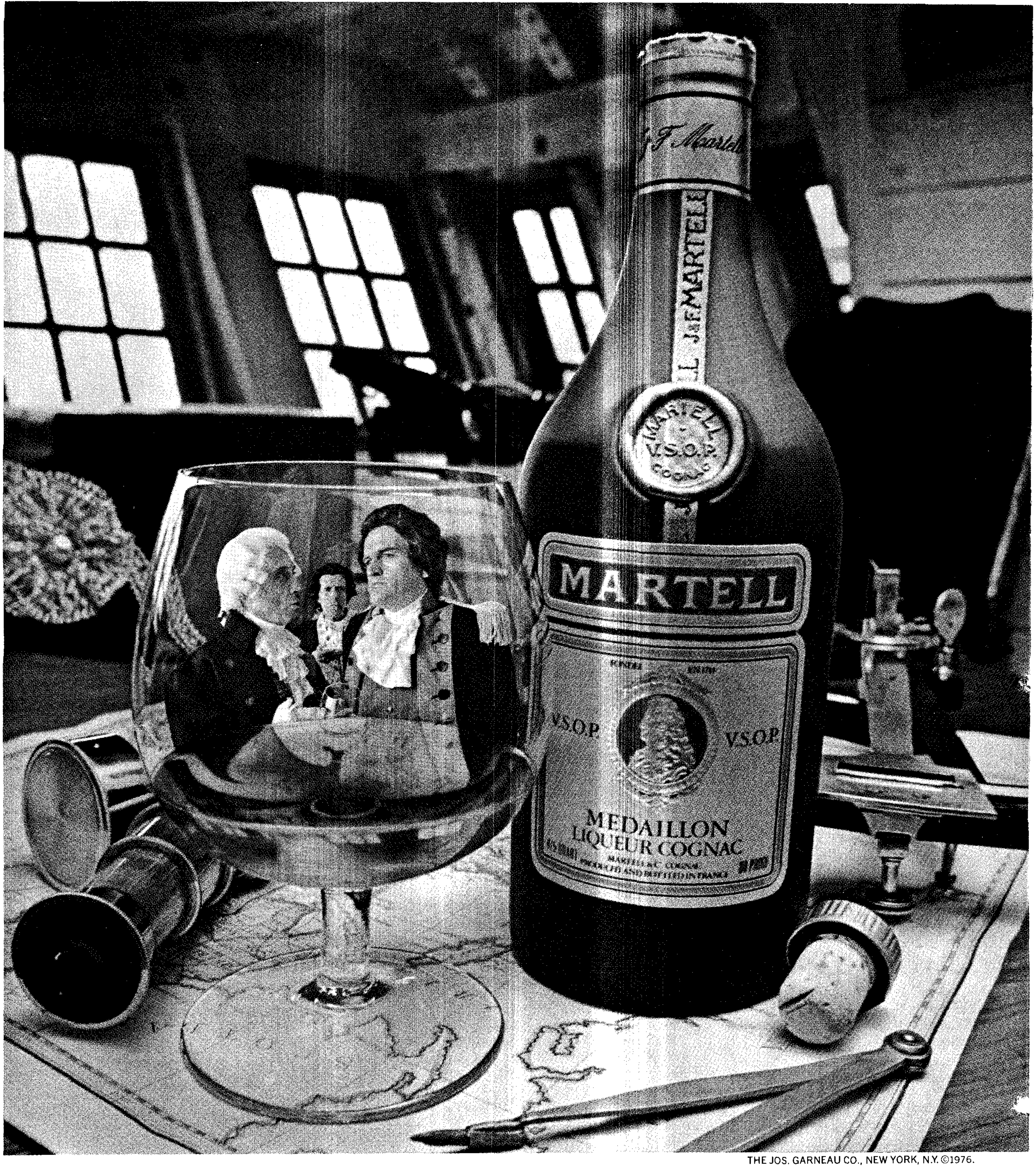
This is one more way Sperry Univac is helping all levels of government provide more service to more people for fewer tax dollars. It's part of Sperry's commitment to the future: Making machines do more so man can do more.

Sperry, Sperry Flight Systems, Sperry New Holland, Sperry Remington, Sperry Univac and Sperry Vickers are divisions of Sperry Rand Corporation, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.



SPERRY

Making machines do more so man can do more.



THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©1976.

In 1779, when John Paul Jones received command of the Bonhomme Richard, Martell may well have been there.

France’s Minister of Marine places the frigate *Bonhomme Richard* under the flag of the United States and the command of Captain John Paul Jones. It is from this ship that Captain Jones will reply, “I have not yet begun to fight,” and defeat the British vessel, *Serapis*.

The turning over of command. What more appropriate time to raise a glass of the renowned cognac from the House of Martell.

For by 1779 important occasions had been celebrated with Martell Cognac for more than half a century.

They still are.

Martell. Taste history.

V.S.P.-V.S.O.P.-CORDON BLEU.
WORLD’S LARGEST-SELLING COGNACS.

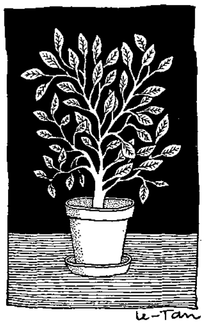
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, we received the following letter from a young man we know:

Heloise Bowles, the premier household-hints columnist of all time, died at the end of 1977, and I was sorry to hear it, because I liked her a lot. I actually knew her only through her column, "Hints from Heloise" (the most widely syndicated column in the world), and from things that people wrote about her, but in 1967 I saw a *Life* article that had a big color picture of her in a Shivalike pose with different kinds of mops and brooms behind her as arms and, on the following pages, had an interview in which she said, more or less out of the blue, "I'd like to meet that German who invented that cannon to shoot dumplings—that's right, *dumplings*—up at planes that flew so near his house the noise made him mad," and after that I felt I knew her much better, and I read her column with a different kind of attention. Sometimes a really good hint in "Heloise" was capable of arousing a pleasure in me so intense as to border on the aesthetic. Within the last year, one of her readers brought up the problem of devilled eggs, and how they always slide together in a disorganized mass after they are put on a tray. This is not, as problems go, a major problem, but it is in fact a problem—one that anyone who has ever served devilled eggs knows about. The solution to the problem which the column came up with was to cut off the bottom of the egg halves to create a flat surface for them to rest upon. I tried this and found that shaving just a little piece off the bottom of half a devilled egg is a skill in itself, worthy of its own guild-and-trade magazine, but maybe I did it wrong. One of her hints that went immediately into my life to stay was the idea of washing out paper coffee filters, drying them, and reusing them rather than throwing them away. This is easy to do, works fine, and is as satisfying, in a certain way, as it would be to have a cannon that shot dumplings at airplanes. Often, I would read her column just for its atmosphere, and there are hints I have no use for that I remember just because I like them: putting girdles in the refrigerator so they'll go on easier; mending cigarette burns in cashmere sweaters with a fine needle and human hair; cutting thick foam rubber with an electric carving knife; protecting your necktie while you're eating on an airplane by slipping the plastic wrapper the silverware came in over it; removing lint balls from clothing with a razor. Sometimes, one of her hints would be like a window in an Easter egg—you'd look through and find a whole, luminous scene, a view of a world complete and utopian. Heloise's idea of what the world should be like was so strong and so clear to her that she plowed her own way through politics and trends. Although people tended to think of her as a conservative, when ecology came along she was ready for it (she knew all about saving things and reusing them), and she colored her hair blue and green and purple fifteen years before that became a punk-rock fad. Besides all this, Heloise was probably the most affectionate columnist who has ever written. She was always praising her readers, thanking them profusely for their suggestions, and telling them she loved them, and her readers returned her love. Her daughter, Heloise II (Ponce Cruse), who had been working with her mother on the column for several years, is doing a fine job, and I hope there will be a Heloise III and a Heloise IV, and that the column will go on for a long time. I have right at hand one of the many Heloise columns I have clipped and saved over the years, and its first sentence is a good example of Heloise's best writing, and of the kind of discourse she invented. "Dear Folks," it says. "How about sitting a spell while we talk about salad bowls?" In the newspaper, you rarely find a more comfortable invitation.

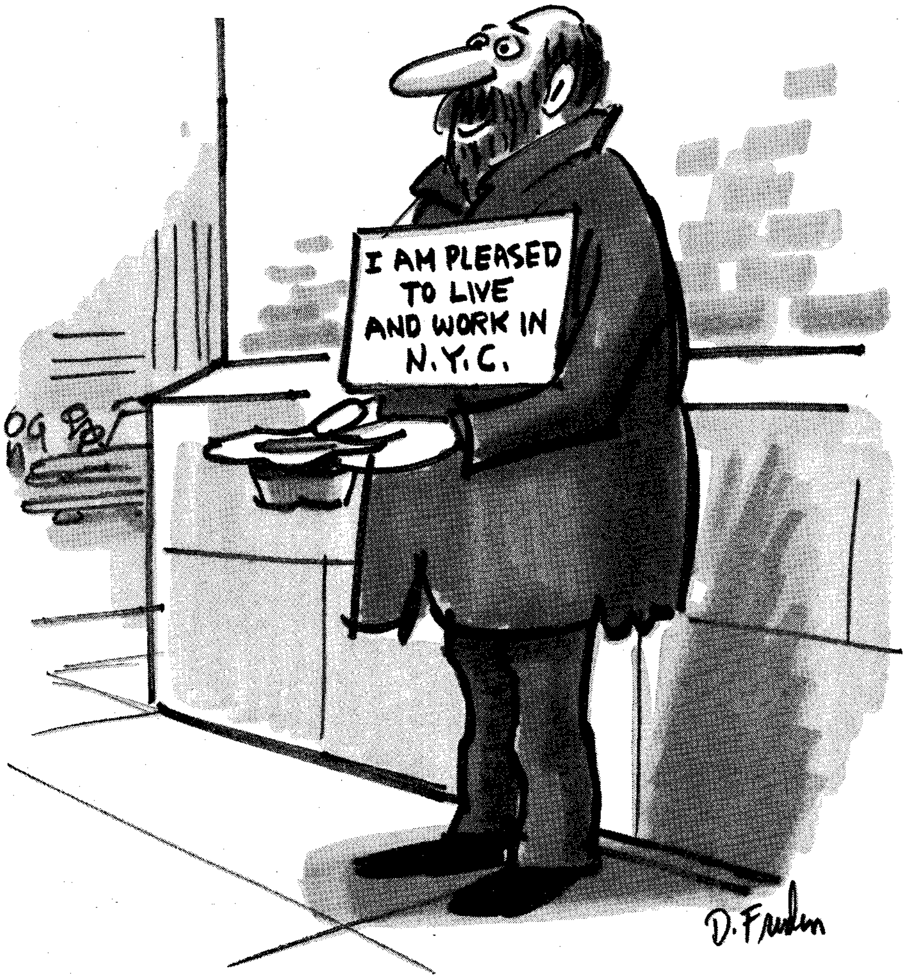


A NEW ENGLAND correspondent writes:

We don't often have deep snow here in southern Rhode Island. When it comes, it changes everyone's life, but it is hard for me to think of it as a disaster. Difficult, perhaps, but not a disaster. Nevertheless, whenever two or three more snowflakes than usual fall on our little state the politicians get on the phone to Washington asking for emergency aid, and for several evenings the news is full of talk about our being a "disaster area." The words are delivered in sepulchral, almost reverent tones. The reverence may be induced by the thought of all the money that will fall on us like warm, green snowflakes if Washington decides to designate our condition disastrous. The day after the recent big storm, while Washington was trying to make up its mind on this point, I conducted my own survey of the effects of the heavy snow. I covered a limited area, bounded by the shopping center, the post office, the Atlantic Ocean, and my snow-covered orchard and barnyard.

I began at the shopping center, and, for what it's worth, I can report that the place looked absolutely normal. The bleak expanses of parking lots were just as bleak and grimy as on any other day, and only a bit slushier. Within the supermarket, the shelves and aisles were crammed with things and people, as they always are. Under the fluorescent lights, the fruits and vegetables shone with strange, unnatural colors, as they always do. As far as I'm concerned, the only disaster is that the shopping center is there at all, in place of the general stores of yesteryear. Anyway, Washington, I don't think you need send help to the shopping center. I found the post office also looking normal. The flag was flying. A man was hacking ice off the steps. There was, as usual, no place to park, and I had to leave my car a block away. However, when I went in I learned that the New York *Times* had been delayed. Whether this rates as a disaster depends on what is in the *Times*, and I will have to postpone judgment until my copy finally comes.

I visited the ocean by driving south a few miles on Route 1 and turning off on the Moonstone Beach Road, which comes to a dead end beside one of a series of salt ponds with which our area is blessed. Disaster looms over these ponds, but it has nothing to do with snow. The New England Power Company wants to build a nuclear power plant alongside one of them. The ponds are wonderful winter havens for water birds. As usual, I found several bird-watchers scanning the frozen distances with field glasses. I stopped to talk with a man wearing a blue cap and a plaid lumberjacket, who gave me the exciting news that "the smew" had returned. Smews are little white diving ducks that normally live in Northern Europe and Siberia. They sometimes visit Alaska but are otherwise almost unheard of in the United States. Two years ago, a smew suddenly appeared on a pond in Newport, just across the bay from us. How it got there no one knew. It just blew in. It flew off in April, and had not been reported since. Well, the man told me, just two weeks before the big storm a smew was spotted on Quonochontaug Pond, a bit southwest of Moonstone Beach. The news spread, and joyous birders flocked to welcome the distinguished visitor. There is no way to be sure, but everyone believes this to be the smew of '76, and its return is considered a fine testimonial to our neighborhood. The smew must have found the great snowfall delightfully homelike, and after the storm passed it was seen bobbing happily on the icy waters. I thanked the man for telling me all this, and crossed the dunes to have a look at the ocean. The ocean was looking wonderful. The water was as clear and as green as bottle glass. The beach was as neat as a pin, the sand smooth and clean. Every beer can had been swept away, every old bathing cap and Clorox bottle buried or carried out to sea. In their place was some interesting driftwood. I hope Washington will note that the ocean in our area has never been better.


I AM PLEASED TO LIVE AND WORK IN N.Y.C.
D. Fradon

Back home, I found my first evidence of disaster: a dead blue jay lying stiff under a big tree. I picked him up and examined him for cause of death. I could find no sign, and put the body back on the snow. His surviving companions, clustered at the bird feeder, all looked strong and healthy. At the front door, I found a second disaster—the oil bill that the deliveryman had left tucked into the doorjamb while I was out. I put it on my desk. Early the next morning, in bright sunshine, I resumed my survey. I found that the snow around the house was of a tricky and difficult depth. If I could ski, it would have been perfect. But since I can't I had to be content with a less glamorous sport called floundering. I started floundering out to the stable, breaking through the thin crust. Looking down at the glittering whiteness beneath my feet, I could see that I was not the first abroad. Where the wind had blown the snow to lesser depths, the roofs of mouse-made tunnels were visible, forming wandering patterns like veins. I paused to wonder about the vista inside the tunnels from the point of view of the mice. Is there icy-blue light when the sun shines through, or is the light golden? I imagine that the walls of the snow tunnels look a bit like the white tile in the Holland Tunnel, but that, unlike the Holland Tunnel, a mouse tunnel is filled with clean, white air. There is no engine roar, and only an occasional squeak at traffic intersections. One of the ways mice survive in snow is to eat bark from young trees—especially from expensive fruit trees. I noted that several tunnels led in the direction of apple trees I'd planted last spring. Burpee sells plastic collars to put around trunks to fend off mice. I ordered several and forgot to put them on. I am chalking up the probable apple-tree disaster to my own carelessness, and am not asking for help from Washington. Floundering on to the stable, I rounded a corner and surprised a fox snoozing on the manure pile. This, I realized, must be the warmest spot in town. Its internal heat, plus its steep slope and the sun on its dark surface, had melted the snow, creating a sort of Red Fox Riviera. It seems foxes have known about alternate energy sources all along. Reluctantly, the fox got up, shook himself, and trotted off lightly on the delicate crust of the snow. No floundering for him. His coat was a lovely shade of orange. He was beautifully made: long, slender legs, slender body, elegant brush. He paused behind a bush to stare at me and then moved on. I hoped he had found the dead blue jay and had it for breakfast.

That evening, I was pleased when the findings of my survey were confirmed by the TV newscast. The governor, it said, had withdrawn his request for federal aid, and Rhode Island wasn't a disaster area after all.

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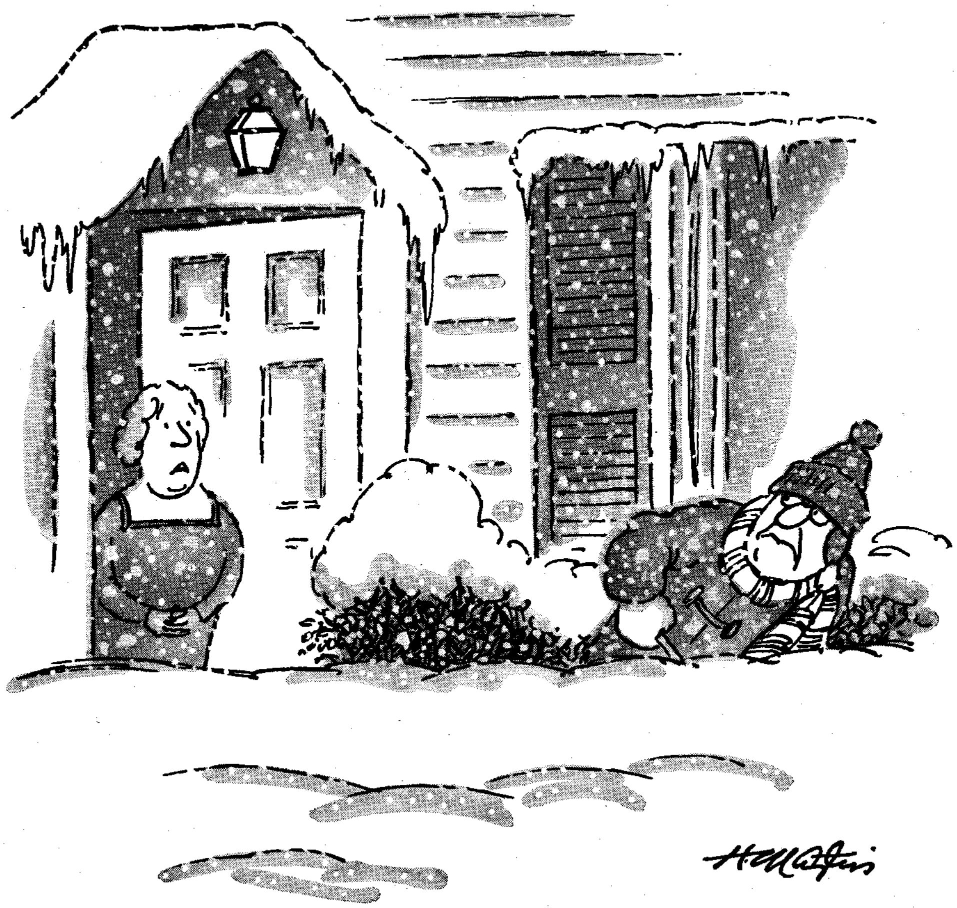


"Oh dear. I'm afraid you have me to blame for all this. I thought snow."

• •

Jams

THE members of the junior auxiliary of the Human Zamboni have some strong opinions about what constitutes suitable ice-skating music. Specifically, they contend that Barry White's "It's Ecstasy When You Lay Down Next to Me" or the Bar-Kays' new single "Let's Have Some Fun" makes for more enjoyable skating than, say, organ solos of "The Impossible Dream" or "Strangers in the Night." The Zamboni is a highly maneuverable vehicle, about the size of a small tractor, that is used to smooth the surface of skating rinks. Madison Square Garden owns a Zamboni; Rockefeller Center has one; the Wollman Memorial Rink, at the southern end of Central Park, has one, and so does the Kate Wollman Memorial Rink, in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. Any public skating rink that does not have a Zamboni can be thought of as inadequately equipped. By this standard, the Lasker Rink, at the northern end of Central Park, lacks something. On the other hand, Lasker has the Human Zamboni. At the conclusion of each skating session, a crew of a half-dozen city employees—all of them skating guards at Lasker—take to the ice and skim the worn surface with broad-bladed shovels. This is the Human Zamboni in action. The task requires about fifteen minutes of skating and skimming. Following that, the ice receives a light spray of hot water, which leaves the surface almost as slick as if it had been mechanically Zambonied. On weekends and after school, the Human Zamboni is augmented by a group of eight Harlem teen-agers who wear red or blue hooded sweatshirts inscribed, with metallic iron-on letters, "LASKER SKATE CREW." The members of the Skate Crew are the Human Zamboni's junior auxiliary.

Clinton Johnson, the head foreman of the Lasker Rink, does not charge the Skate Crew any admission fee to skate there. This turns out to be a considerable bargain for the City of New York, because when the Skate Crew members are not Zamboniing they are running Lasker's sound system. During an afternoon session one recent Sunday, James Brown, a high-school senior, who is the unofficial leader of the Skate Crew, was seated in a room one story above the rink. In front of him were two record turntables, an amplifier, a record-cuing machine, and a microphone. The microphone is for making public announcements and for broadcasting the rules of the rink. ("No speed-skating. No horseplay. No sitting on the rails. No smoking on the ice. Etc.") James wore a pair of stereo earphones and was tapping his skate blades to the tune of Southroad Connection's "You Like It, We Love It (Just Laying It Down)," which was playing on the left-hand turntable. At intervals, he would cue a record on the right-hand turntable and mix in sound effects from other albums. Out on the ice, a crowd of a hundred or so moved in time with the music, which was heavy on the percussion. Al Haygood and Angelo (Pete) Colon, two especially dexterous skating guards, back-slid and twisted. They moved their hands and feet a great deal but made no discernible forward progress. They were dancing.

"This place is like, you know—well, every other rink has what I call *nostalgic* music," said James. "Here we have what the majority of the people want to hear, what they like." He had temporarily finished with Southroad Connection and had cued a cut by the Blackbyrds called "City Life." "The tape system here hasn't worked for a while. People were just skating with music from the radio. All of us on the Skate Crew have been skating here for a long time. We were trying to figure out how to make the rink more fun, and we came up with the idea of bringing in our own record-player and records. The thing we're aiming for is non-stop music. Making it happen all the time."

Because the average disco record has a life even briefer than an Italian government's, the members of the Skate Crew do their best to make certain that the record collection at Lasker is constantly replenished. "It's just a matter of hitting the record stores, listening to the radio, and knowing what's hot," said James, who then showed us what he called the jams—the top new tunes of the week. The jams included "The Force," by Kool & the Gang; "Supernature," by Cerrone; "Maximum Stimulation," by the Jimmy

Castor Bunch; "Funkentelechy vs. the Placebo Syndrome," by Parliament; "Sons of the Gods," by Ripple; and "Cocomotion," by El Coco—all of which will presumably be useless relics by the time the spring thaw arrives.

After about twenty minutes at the controls, James turned the headset over to his younger brother, Alonzo. With proper fraternal loyalty, Alonzo candidly acknowledges that James is the best d.j. at Lasker, which is not to say that the other members of the Skate Crew—Darryl Smith, Keith Josephs, Andre Johnson, Kevin Robinson, David Jones, and Wendell Ferguson—aren't also pretty good. While Alonzo sat at the turntable controls, the rest of the Skate Crew wandered in and out of the room. James stuck his head in at the door at one point and shouted, "Play some *jams*, man! We got all these jams that nobody's hearing out there!" Alonzo cued up "Le Spank," by a group called Le Pamplemousse, and while it was blaring he mixed in the synthetic sound of a waterfall, from Kraftwerk's "Trans Europe Express," and then the sound of ghoulish laughter, from the Bar-Kays' "Whitehouse Orgy."

"The trick is in the mixing," said Alonzo. "You've got to make the afternoon sound like one record. One continuous record."

"We call this Station WBSR," said Darryl Smith. "World's Best Skating Rink."

"That stuff down at the Wollman Rink is supermarket music," added Andre Johnson. "When you skate there, you're just skating. When you skate here, you *move*."

This last remark suggested that, in obedience to the strictures of the equal-time doctrine, we had better head for the other end of the park and pay a visit to the Wollman Rink, where none of the members of the Lasker Skate Crew would be caught dead. We went to Wollman that same afternoon, and sought out Al Manolt, the foreman, who happened to be in a philosophic mood. "I've been working with ice twenty-three years now," said Mr. Manolt, who has wavy gray hair and a goatee and wears sunglasses on clear days to reduce ice glare. "It's a wonderful challenge. You're breaking your chops all the time. The hardest part is the music. You'll satisfy a certain proportion of the population but not the rest. Especially the figure-skating crowd that we get here, the dedicated skaters. They're very particular. Disco music would not go over well here—not with our clientele."

During our conversation with Mr. Manolt, a long-playing tape machine in his office rolled out organ arrangements of "Cabaret," "Strangers in the Night," "Lara's Theme," "Cottonfields," "On a Clear Day (You Can See Forever)," "Edelweiss"—in other words, *skating* music. Most of Wollman's skating music, we learned, comes to New York by way of Leavenworth, Kansas, where a man named Jerry Baker records it on a Wurlitzer organ in his basement. Mr. Baker has been doing this for twenty years now—not quite as long as Al Manolt has been working with ice but long enough to know better than to try to capture the Bee Gees' latest jam on the Wurlitzer. We spoke with him by telephone the other day, and he said that he plans to give up recording skating music soon, but that he will stick with waltzes, foxtrots, polkas, and the like for the duration. Mr. Baker added that bowing out of the skating-music business will enable him to devote more attention to his new job, at the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, where he is the staff organist.

Ask Mayor Koch

ON the Sunday after the big snow, we dropped by the WCBS radio studios around one-thirty in the afternoon for a firsthand look at "Ask Mayor Koch," a question-and-answer show that may establish our new mayor as the first New York politician since LaGuardia to make effective use of the airwaves. The intimacy of radio suits the Mayor's relaxed, rather garrulous style, and the program's format—callers were screened, but questions and answers were unrehearsed—permitted Mr. Koch to display his formidable grasp of municipal government and his outrage at various city ripoffs. He spoke for two hours without a note, and seemed to enjoy every minute of it, although there were moments when his press secretary, Maureen Connelly, looked uneasy. The callers were critical but polite, and the questions ranged from personal problems (a heatless building, a snow-blocked street, a tire damaged by a pothole, a delayed police promotion) to citywide issues (redlining by banks, educational reform, the control of illegal prostitution and pornography, crime in the subways) and more general topics. (One woman asked the Mayor to stop assigning male and female police officers to the same patrol car, because it would inevitably lead to sex. The Mayor disagreed. Another woman wanted to know why the Mayor hadn't made more Irish appointments, because, the woman said, "we voted for you." The Mayor replied that his appointments weren't made on an ethnic basis, and then cited Police Commissioner Robert McGuire and Miss Connelly.) The dominant themes of the afternoon were economy and efficiency in government and the old problem of making large municipal agencies more responsive to individual needs. To one caller Mr. Koch said, "My job is to cut city expenses by a hundred and seventy-four million dollars. We're going to reduce the payroll twenty thousand by attrition. If we reach the point where that's not adequate, we'll consider layoffs." To another he said, "Isn't it ridiculous that we give police officers two days off to give a pint of blood? Now I think it's been reduced on the new contract to one day off. I just don't think it's right at all. I think we should do what an ordinary citizen does: if you want to give blood, give it on your own time. Just because we've been ripped off in the past doesn't mean that we can *continue* to be ripped off." To a third he said, "I will not stand by and allow the city to let sixty per cent of the children read at less than grade level. I want the power to hire and fire the chancellor and the top people at the Board of Education. If at the end of a suitable period the children are not reading and writing with adequate skills, I want to be able to say 'You're out!' "

The show took place in a rectangular studio that had a large glass window at one end for the control room, a double row of chairs at the other for the press, and a triangular table in the center which was equipped with microphones and a pitcher of water. The Mayor, looking dapper in a brown-and-beige plaid sports jacket, a pink-and-white striped shirt, a navy tie, beige slacks, and brown shoes under rubbers, arrived fifteen minutes before air time and sat down at the table to give the engineer a voice level.

"This is Mayor Koch," said Mayor Koch. "I'm glad to be here. I think this is my first radio show since the election. Maureen's been keeping me off the air, because she's afraid."

"We'll see who's right after the performance," said Miss Connelly, a pretty, dark-haired woman, who was sitting at the Mayor's right.

"I promise not to read the comics," said the Mayor, shaking hands with Rob Sunde, the producer, and Lou Adler, the moderator. "Do you really think we can sustain this show for two hours?"

"Frawley, Rothwick, and Kellerman. They have the bomb."

• •

"Absolutely," said Mr. Adler. "We can take about twenty-five questions, and we've already had several hundred calls."

"But what if I say 'No comment, no comment'?" the Mayor asked, with a smile.

"Five minutes to air time," said a voice from the control room.

We asked Mr. Sunde how calls were being handled, and he explained that they were coming in on a special number, which had a choke arrangement. "This prevents an overload of the phone system which could jam several nearby exchanges," he said. (The phone company reported later that about forty-two thousand calls were placed, of which five hundred were actually answered at the station.) "We have ten people answering phones. They write down each caller's name, address, phone number, and question on a white slip. Then I select the questions. When the show gets started, I'll phone the callers back and keep four of them on hold for Lou Adler to choose from. So far, sixty per cent of the calls have been about snow removal, but we're going to use only two on the air, so that there will be a broad range of subjects discussed. We're also on a fifteen-second tape delay to prevent abusive language."

At 2:02 P.M., the Mayor began responding to questions. He leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling as the caller's voice came, amplified, into the studio. Then, as he answered, he turned to face the reporters. Two hours and thirty-four questions later, he slumped down in his chair, stuck out his tongue in mock fatigue, and said, "I'm exhausted, but I enjoyed it immensely."

Mr. Sunde came in to say that there were two callers—Cindy Grossman, aged eight, and a Mr. Sidney Heilman—who were still on hold. The Mayor picked up a phone and said, "Hi, Cindy. . . . Sure, you can come down to City Hall when we have a Town Hall Meeting. Write to Maureen Connelly and she'll arrange it. . . . Hi, Mr. Heilman. How'd I do? You can ask me anything." He listened for a moment, and said, "I'll certainly include that in my discussion of the subject." Turning to the press, he said that the caller had asked him to explain to Senator Proxmire the importance of New York's cultural institutions.

"How's the snow removal going?" asked a reporter.

"The Sanitation Department is doing a magnificent job with meagre resources," replied the Mayor. "You know, a snowstorm is like any other natural calamity. You've got to enjoy it even when it hurts."

"What kind of a reception do you expect in Washington?" asked another reporter.

"I hope it will be fair," said the Mayor, looking sombre for a moment. "When you get to the bottom line, what we've asked for is reasonable, and I think they'll provide it."

"How do you feel about your job now?" asked a third.

"We've run the gamut from snowstorm to budget in the first twenty-two days," said the Mayor, "and if you make it through the first twenty-two days you have a pretty good chance of getting through the first four months."

"Where are you going now?" asked a young woman, who had observed that the Mayor wasn't wearing a coat.

"To the movies," said Mr. Koch, flashing his puckish grin. "And I won't tell you which one."

A CROSSING

FRIDAY night Lucille Hovater, fifteen, is standing with Dorsey Hensley, same age, holding hands in the Clayton Shopping Center. They stare straight ahead, going steady. There is no need to look at each other. They thrive on stillness, thinking tender thoughts of one another. Several of their classmates from Stilson Junior High, on their way to movies at the Double Twin Cinema, have passed them in the Great Central Mall, acknowledging their linked stance with silence.

Lucille and Dorsey are only a half mile from their homes, but to walk here they would have had to cross eight lanes of the Beltway, six lanes of the airport road, and make a final approach on an ascendant cloverleaf ramp. Possible, but dangerous and against the law. Two boys might have tried it on a dare, but not a boy and girlfriend.

Lucille drove to Clayton Center with her mother, who wanted to eat and shop. Dorsey stood at his corner in the Clayton Forest development and waited for a ride. A boy who had knocked him down once in gym class, and had since forgotten his face, gave him a lift. Lucille and Dorsey had agreed to meet on the second level, on the Palm Promenade in the South Hall, in view of the central fountain. Lucille likes the vaulted ceiling here and the sound of falling water.

Mrs. Hovater sees the children as she walks out of the China King restaurant, ready for shopping. "Isn't that silly?" she says to herself. "The way they just stand there." She hates the way her daughter stands on parade with the Hensley boy. It looks so cheap, she thinks.

DORSEY and Lucille like the shopping center. Its three levels, elevators, stores, and amusements make a city under roof. It has been here as long as they can remember but still looks new, always swept and polished. Dorsey has been up the Interstate once to another city's Beltway and a shopping center much like this one. His father told him, "Sure they're the same." It made Dorsey think of Lucille. He might come there someday with her.

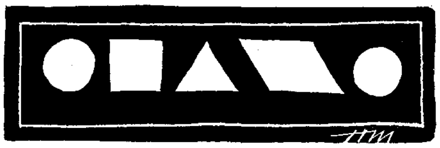
Dorsey wants to do so well by Lucille. They have plans for escaping their families when they grow up, and for living together. They share a notion that escape alone will be enough to sustain them, but they expect to have jobs. They want to make each other happy. They suppose themselves unique, and of course in detail of atom and eyelash, even in the way Lucille bites her lip when Dorsey's hands move toward intimacy, they are right. Even if a hundred miles down the Interstate another couple of the same age stand hand in hand and silent in another mall beside a fountain whose water plays on the same blue-tinted tile as theirs, while classmates and strangers pass and honor their love by ignoring it.

Something stirs in Dorsey. He pulls Lucille's hand gently and she follows him down the South Hall toward the Grand Concourse. Now they are walking above an acre that used to belong to a cousin Dorsey has never met. They have one hour before Lucille must join her mother in the parking lot. Still in tow, Lucille follows the suggestions of Dorsey's hand. His grip tightens; they move a little faster, clicking on red tile over an ancient cornfield.

The story of his cousin's cornfields intrigues Dorsey. Only the moral bores him. His father is very fond of the story. It connects his family with wealth and at the same time leaves them content with their own lot. Dorsey and Lucille are close to the place where Farmer Kreutz sat in his mule wagon and ambushed Sturgill Frank, Clayton's first taxi-driver. Whenever Dorsey's father sees the shopping center he is reminded of some piece of history that lies beneath it. Dorsey has heard it all.

They come out into the parking lot under stars, and Dorsey leads Lucille across the asphalt. They are still moving above old fields that turned his cousin, a marginal farmer, into a millionaire who began to take family vacations in plaid jackets—some of whose buttons were not meant to be used—to places like Florida and London, England, struggling to spend his found money wisely. But his wife divorced him. "So you see?" Mr. Hensley would say.

LUCILLE is trying to pull Dorsey toward her mother's car. "Not here," Dorsey says. Billy Kushner was caught with his girlfriend in the back seat of a car in the same parking lot. A shopping-center guard held them under the beam of his flashlight while they clutched their loose clothes to themselves until the county police arrived. Kushner and his girlfriend were common, Dorsey thought. They had not even known whose car it was.



Lucille stands with Dorsey at the front of the parking lot under a billboard whose movable letters say:

WORLD'S LARGEST MINIATURE
CIRCUS
CENTER MALL

This side of the parking area is bounded by State Highway 21 and a row of car showrooms. Lucille pulls Dorsey to a darker side of the lot. He follows, uncomplaining but doubtful. The boundary on this side is the high brick wall around the Clayton Terrace apartments.

Lucille's back is against the wall. She is accepting the attentions of Dorsey's mouth and hands. Cars begin to fill this end of the parking lot. Dorsey and Lucille are displeased with themselves. Their love is not cheap. They come back across the lot, past the whole length of the shopping center, and stand at the last boundary they have not tried. Beyond the airport road they can hear the hum of traffic on the Beltway. They stand at the top of the cloverleaf ramp, looking toward home.

"Come on," Dorsey says. He is heading down the ramp.

"No," Lucille says, "we don't have time." But she follows. "Over there," she says. "There's some grass." She is pointing toward the middle of the ring enclosed by the ramp.

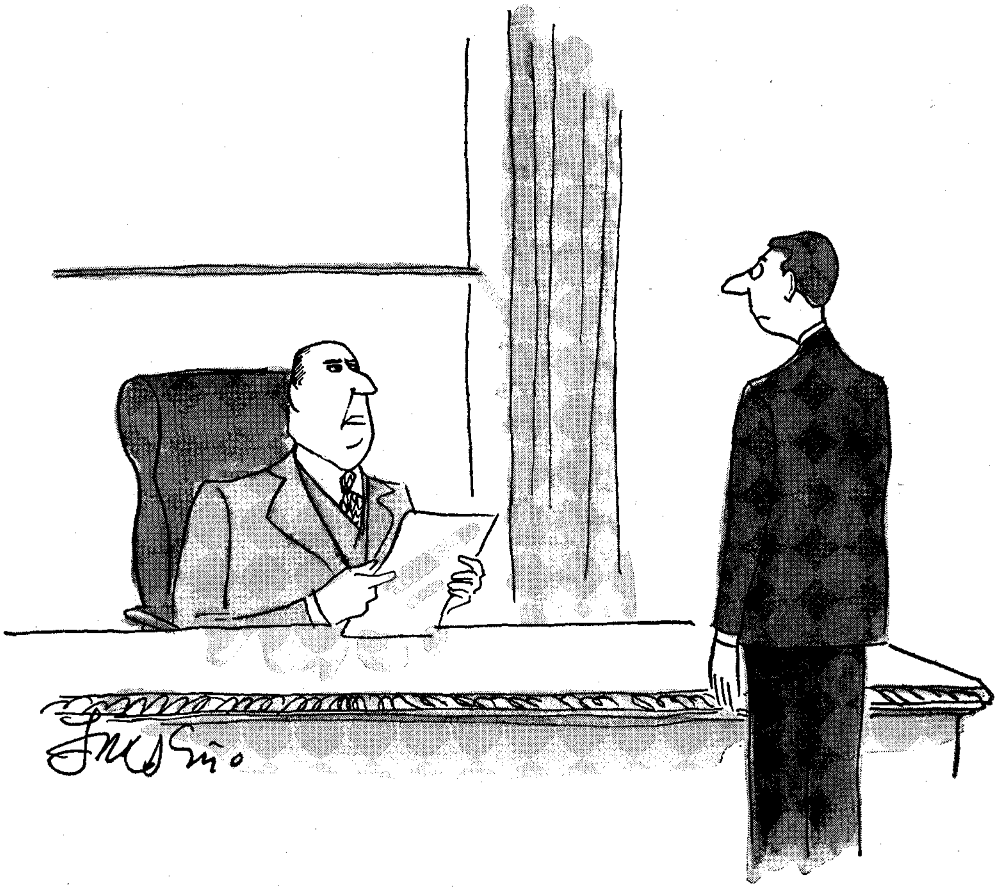
"No," Dorsey says. "Every car coming up here can see us." Driving up this ramp, his father always points to the same spot and says, "About there is where Kreutz waited for Frank to come by in his taxi." Then he explains that people had seen Kreutz sitting there in his wagon but didn't know he had a gun. "They just thought he was watching the Scotch movies," Mr. Hensley will say. By this he means the passing scene that can be watched for nothing.

"I have to go back," Lucille says. "My mother's probably waiting."

CLAYTON CENTER is a favorite place of Mrs. Hovater's. She could spend whole days here if it weren't for her children. There is more here than she can browse through, more than she can understand. The inclusiveness excites her.

The Center is nourished by seven fast-food franchises and five independent restaurants. There are the finest names in fashion, jewelry, and silverware from the biggest cities, and the ordinary stores where Mrs. Hovater feels most comfortable and finds her bargains. There are shops dealing exclusively in britches, lampshades, records, boots. Some are redolent of incense, some of patchouli, which Mrs. Hovater believes is the scent of dope. She gives these modish shops a wide berth. She thinks she would not know what to say to the merchants in them. There are boutiques and a penny arcade, where her husband likes to shoot the electric rifles and watch tanks and planes explode in light. Her children prefer the newer video games. When all the machines are busy, her husband says the sound reminds him of wild turkeys.

Mrs. Hovater can't imagine what more Clayton Center could contain. But it may be doubled in size. With one more zoning variance by the Stilson County board of supervisors and approval of the citizens in public assembly, it may claim to be the future home of the world's largest shopping complex. Tonight, if there is time, Mrs. Hovater wants to see the world's largest miniature circus. Its seven rings under hand-sewn tents occupy six hundred square feet in the Center. All its performers and animals are hand-carved by a man and his wife, who move their show up and down the Interstate from one shopping center to another.



"I've been looking over the application you filled out when you joined us, Armstrong, and it seems you forgot to write in your lucky number."

DORSEY has coaxed Lucille down the ramp and over the airport road. Lucille has cut her hand on one of the chain-link fences. Now they are in the middle of the Beltway, four lanes still to cross. They are pressed against the guardrail on the concrete median, laughing and waving at cars passing on either side. They are giddy, a little scared. Lucille's mother will have left the Center without her by now. Already in trouble, they are in no hurry. It is the small patch of woods between here and their homes they want to reach.

These are the trees of Clayton Forest. Dorsey's father says the builders left barely enough of them to give their development its name. Driving on the Beltway in winter, one can see through the trees to the houses behind. Now in early autumn the foliage still hides the homes. Lucille and Dorsey had a blanket just inside the woods that they'd used in the summer. It was in a surplus waterproof bag with candles and matches and some of Lucille's magazines. The forest has a thick undergrowth. There is only one path through it. There are many places to hide.

Waiting for the flow of cars to ease, Dorsey and Lucille promise each other special favors on their blanket. They are proud and excited because they have not just signified but said these things out loud, over the noise of traffic.

"Now," Dorsey says. He crosses two lanes but darts back to the guardrail when he sees Lucille has not followed. A car brakes, squealing, and they can hear its driver yelling.

"Why didn't you come?" Dorsey complains.

"They were too close," Lucille says. "I can't tell how fast they're coming." It was the best chance they'd had. Several more minutes pass. Lucille makes a false start, and a minute later starts again but loses her nerve.

They have been on the median for a quarter of an hour before Lucille tries again. "We're lucky a police car hasn't seen us," Dorsey says. Lucille begins to shake a little. "Don't look into their headlights," Dorsey says. "They'll blind you."

He's right, Lucille thinks, the lights are blinding me, and in her new fright of this lost faculty she tells Dorsey she is scared. This scares Dorsey. He thinks he can get himself across but he cannot make Lucille follow, and he cannot leave her. They might have to wait an hour at least before the Friday-night traffic slows.

Lucille begins to think the cars in the nearest lanes are aimed at her. "Doesn't it look like they're coming right at us?" she says. Dorsey agrees. "We can't stay here," Lucille says.

"Not yet," Dorsey says. But Lucille has started across again. She covers three lanes before she realizes she cannot make the fourth. She comes back toward Dorsey and finds herself in the middle of the road with cars passing on both sides of her. They are flashing bright and dim lights, honking, changing lanes, braking and sliding.

Dorsey runs out to meet her. A car swerves to miss him and almost hits Lucille, who is screaming. Dorsey reaches her and grabs her arm, but she pulls away from him, back toward the median. They are separated by one lane. Two cars pass between them. Forgetting each other for a moment, they move in opposite directions, and Lucille finds herself back on the median and Dorsey in traffic. She comes out to meet him. Hand in hand they tug back and forth at each other, threading their way by fits and starts between cars, backtracking one lane, then gaining two, then three, and four.

A man in the repair lane on the other side of the Beltway, who has been working under the hood of his car, sees the whole thing. "Incredible," he mutters, turning his flashlight back on his engine. They could have been hit fifty times. With this notion he looks up again, trying to think just what has happened, but cannot remember the sequence—how many times the two bodies moved forward and back, or how many cars passed around and between them. He sees them standing at the edge of the woods for a moment before they disappear into the trees.

DORSEY and Lucille have scrambled up the bank to the edge of the woods. "Did you see the last one?" Dorsey says. "He was shaking his fist." Cars are still braking and honking far down the Beltway in delayed reaction to the crossing, but there has been no accident. Lucille and Dorsey are elated.

"I'll never do it again," Lucille says, trying to think what she *has* done. She can't remember exactly how it happened. Neither can Dorsey. But they are both sure they have done something quite miraculous. They want to tell someone what has happened. They embrace as heroes, expectant of praise and reward.

"Not here," Lucille says. "Let's find the blanket." They move into the woods. A dozen yards into the trees it is dark enough to hide themselves. They forget the blanket and fall to the ground. On their knees, facing each other, they begin to undress. They have done this so many times there is no awkwardness. Lucille says she hopes Dorsey will be careful. Dorsey says he will. But first they want to talk.

"They were coming so fast," Lucille says. "I thought they were going to hit us."

"I know," Dorsey says. He imagines a car aimed at Lucille, but it turns toward him and he twitches.

"What?" Lucille says. "Did you hear something?"

"Nothing," Dorsey says.

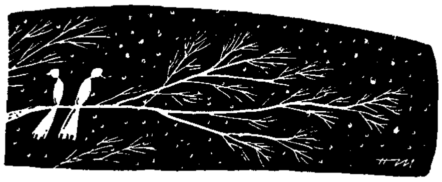
Lying next to each other in the dark, they are comforted by the noise of cars on the Beltway. They imagine what their parents will say when they get home. Lucille's mother will restrict her to the house for the weekend. "I can sneak out," Lucille says. Dorsey's mother, like Mrs. Hovater, will complain about their aimlessness, the way they stand around together staring, but his father won't care. He'll say, "Scotch movies are free."

Dorsey has another reverie. He and Lucille are two shadows on a concrete screen, darting between beams of light. Stirring from this notion, he sees his confusion of the Beltway with the screens of the video games in the penny arcade. Electronic pucks glide back and forth across the screens and give a click when struck by a panel of light. We were safe, he thinks. No clicks. Lucille must have been at the controls. He explains his daydream to Lucille, who slaps him twice, but gently, for insulting her coördination. Dorsey parries, grabs her wrist. Her resistance is a giggle and his attack a pantomime until, seriously, they complete what they have lain down for.

"Were you careful?" Lucille asks. Dorsey promises he was, but wishes Lucille would take responsibility for this the way her girlfriends do. They begin to talk about their favorite subject—their future.

"We won't live in Clayton," Dorsey says. He has proven he can take her anyplace. It doesn't matter where.

"What will you do?" Lucille asks. Dorsey says he doesn't know, but it will be something that pays enough—not a lot but enough—and leaves him time to be with her.



THEIR future defined, they begin to dress. Lucille is in a hurry. Her mother has told her a crazy man walks in these woods. Dorsey says her mother made up the story to scare her, to keep her from coming here. Dorsey has his own story of the little forest, learned from his father. "This is where the taxi-driver came after he got shot," he says.

"How do you know?" Lucille says.

"I know," Dorsey says. "He got out of his car and started running and died right in these trees."

"What was that?" Lucille says.

"A squirrel or something," Dorsey says. Lucille is coaxing him to finish dressing. "Maybe it's the taxi-driver's ghost."

"Don't," Lucille says.

"Did you hear that?" Dorsey says, hearing nothing.

"Come on," Lucille pleads. They start toward home. Dorsey pulls free of her hand and moves ahead to hide and scare her. But he trips in honeysuckle, and Lucille stumbles into him. They continue, hands in front of their faces, fending off low branches. They are beyond the noise of the Beltway, looking for the path. Dorsey thinks they may have passed it; they turn back toward the road.

"They ought to clean these woods out," Dorsey says. "They're not used for anything." His father says it's the

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BRIGHTON ROCK

And so you are returning, livid flush of early dusk. The chalk
Sussex rocks fling seaward the smell of dry grass and
a long shadow, like some black useless thing. The rippling
sea hurls landward the roar of the incoming surge and
scraps of ultramarine. From the coupling of the splash of
needless water and needless dark arise, sharply
etched against the sky, spires of churches, sheer
rock faces, these livid summer dusks, the color
of landed fish; and I revive. In the bushes, a careless
linnet cries. The horizon's clean-cut clothesline
has a single cloud pegged out upon it, like a shirt,
and a tanker's masts dip and sway, like an ant
fallen over on its back. Into my mind floats someone's
phone number—the ripped-out cell
of an empty trawl. A breeze fans my cheek.
The sea swell lulls an anxious splinter,
and a motionless boat lies awash in its reflection.
In the middle of a long or at the end of a short
life, one goes down to the waves not to bathe but for the sake
of that dark-gray, unpeopled, inhuman surface,
as like in color to the eyes, gazing unwinking at it,
as two drops of water. Like silence at a parrot.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Alan Myers.*)

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“Well, I like it five to one!”

• •

only piece of Clayton that’s never been bulldozed.

They cannot find the path. They turn again, deciding to make their way back without it. They move through the underbrush for several minutes and imagine they must be close to home, but then hear the noise of cars again, and a moment later they are back at the edge, looking over the Beltway.

“How did that happen?” Dorsey says.

“Come on,” Lucille says. “We can go around the woods.”

“No,” Dorsey says, heading back into the trees. Lucille follows, and soon they are tangled in honeysuckle. Dorsey is trying to pull his foot free of a vine. “Let go,” he says, and for a moment Lucille thinks something has grabbed his leg. Her wail excites a flock of birds nesting in the undergrowth, and there is a rush of wings and rustling of leaves as they rise into the night and then settle back again.

“That scared you, too,” Lucille says.

Dorsey does not deny it. “We’ll find the path in a minute,” he promises.

Twenty minutes later they have followed a circular course which puts them in the middle of the woods, lost. They are moving slower, picking their way through a rhododendron thicket. Dorsey is thinking of snakes but does not tell Lucille, who is thinking of the crazy man. “We could go back to the Beltway,” Lucille says.

“No,” says Dorsey, who no longer knows which way the Beltway is. “Wait,” he says. He hears a noise. Lucille thinks he is trying to scare her again. Then she hears it, too. It is dogs howling, chasing, then the rolling growl of pitched battle, tooth to throat.

Lucille and Dorsey are crouching, motionless. The fight seems to move closer to them. There is a final cry before silence. They wait, then turn together toward a rustling behind them and, through the rhododendron leaves, see two sets of eyes gliding at them just above the ground, then past. It is two dogs trotting side by side down the path Dorsey and Lucille could not find.

ON the path, they turn away from the direction the dogs have taken. They have turned themselves so many times they are not sure which way is homeward. It doesn’t matter.

Dorsey’s foot bumps into something soft. He does not bend over to feel the warm body of a dead animal but steps aside and continues. In a minute they are looking over the Beltway again. They could turn back on the path now and be home in several minutes. Instead, they skirt the edge of the forest.

Presently they are moving through back yards of their development. Mrs. Berthelot has forgotten to take her laundry in. The Fowlers have left their sprinkler on. A puppy comes yelping and nuzzling at Dorsey’s ankles. Lucille says she wishes she had a puppy.

The dog follows them across two more yards before retreating to its own lawn. The Jamison brothers are in their floodlit driveway arguing about the rules of a basketball game they are about to play, while they shoot fancy layups at a hoop on their garage.

DORSEY escorts Lucille up her front walk. Mrs. Hovater opens the door. “Do you know what time it is, young lady?” she says. But Dorsey can tell Lucille’s mother is not angry. There will be no weekend confinement. He looks at Lucille. Mrs. Hovater would rather catch them kissing on the front step than see the familiar way they are staring their good night. Before he turns to leave, Dorsey nods and Lucille, whose mother is pulling her inside, understands they will meet tomorrow night in the shopping center.

—JOHN ROLFE GARDINER

RUTH

THERE'S a day in late spring, year in, year out, when my mother phones me at breakfast time and says, "You know what today is." Her words, once a question, are no longer so. The rising inflection has long since been flattened into a statement carrying a sharp hint of accusation. Usually I pause for a few seconds before answering, irritated that she should persist with this annual reminder. Then I say, "Yes, it's the day my sister was born, isn't it?"

A short, ritualized conversation ensues, during which I stare from my window into the garden. As soon as I'm able to, I change the subject. I might say that my lawn looks well, that I may try growing swedes this year, that we're in for some rain; any topic will serve. Nearly always she's happy with this convention of ours. After she has firmly established what date it is in May, she will chatter contentedly about the weeds in her rockery, the abundance of wisteria flower at her porch, the song thrush that has nested in the ivy. About five minutes of this and we're able to hang up. This year, though, we didn't get round to the gardening small talk. There was something approaching acrimony in the way she spoke. "She'd have been forty years old today—a middle-aged woman," my mother said. And then, briefly, I heard half-stifled sobs before she rang off.

It was seven-thirty, a Saturday. My wife and daughters were not yet up. I'd been outside in the sun, sipping a mug of tea as I paced between the vegetable rows. I'd not yet shaved and dressed. I replaced the phone, picked up some shreds of grass I'd trodden into the house. My slippers and the bottoms of my pajamas were wet with dew. I sighed. All week long I'd been looking forward to a day of pottering about at home, sloppy and unshaven. For an hour or two I might have scanned through the newspapers, sitting in the speckled shade under the pergola. The roses were in tight bud, the quinces were formed on the twig, the morning was already deliciously warm. The phone bell had brought me running indoors into the chill, curtained living room still musty with last night's smoke. I'd wondered, peevishly, who it could be—who had chosen to disturb my peace and calm so early in the day.

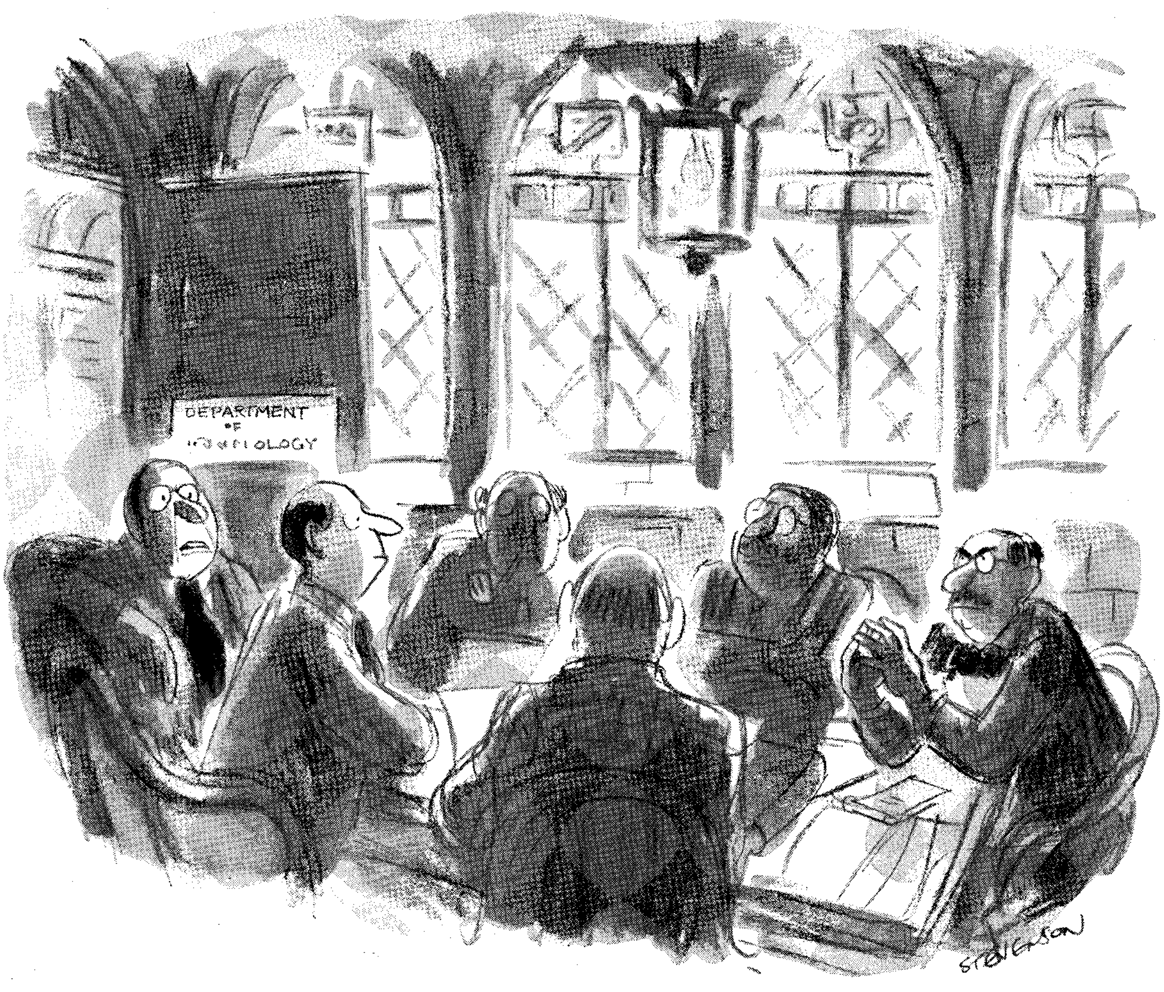
Again I'd been caught out by the anniversary. Damn. Not that it mattered too much, but for the distressing sound of my mother's genuine weeping.

My sister, forty years old! I sensed in myself the welling guilt of an old neglect, and as I gulped down the cold dregs of my tea I felt bound to pay a little of the conscience money outstanding on an ancient and accumulating debt. There was no option—I'd have to drive the thirty miles to my parents' house at once. Phoning back while my mother was still upset would be no use. Though there was no way I could make adequate reparation for so many years of indifference toward my dead sister's birthday, at least I could compose some comfortable words or invent some sympathetic gesture. I could make the journey in less than an hour.

I ran upstairs, woke my wife, and told her where I was going. I said I'd be back by lunchtime.

Two or three hours should be enough, I thought, as I lathered my face: time enough to smooth things over. After lunch there would still remain a long afternoon and evening for swanning about in the garden. But as I put on my tie I heard the blackbird's song outside, and I resented having to spend the best part of the day cobbling together my mother's frayed composure. Why on earth did she have to resurrect that baby girl every Maytime without fail?

Brisk and workaday by now, a light breeze cool on my cheek, I slammed the garage door shut with a grousing, Monday-morning petulance. My precious weekend ruined! Never mind about lazing around; there were chores I could have attended to before lunchtime—Brussels sprouts to be planted, the yard to be swept, a window catch to be fixed. I would much sooner have buckled down grimly with trowel, broom, and screwdriver than lacerate myself



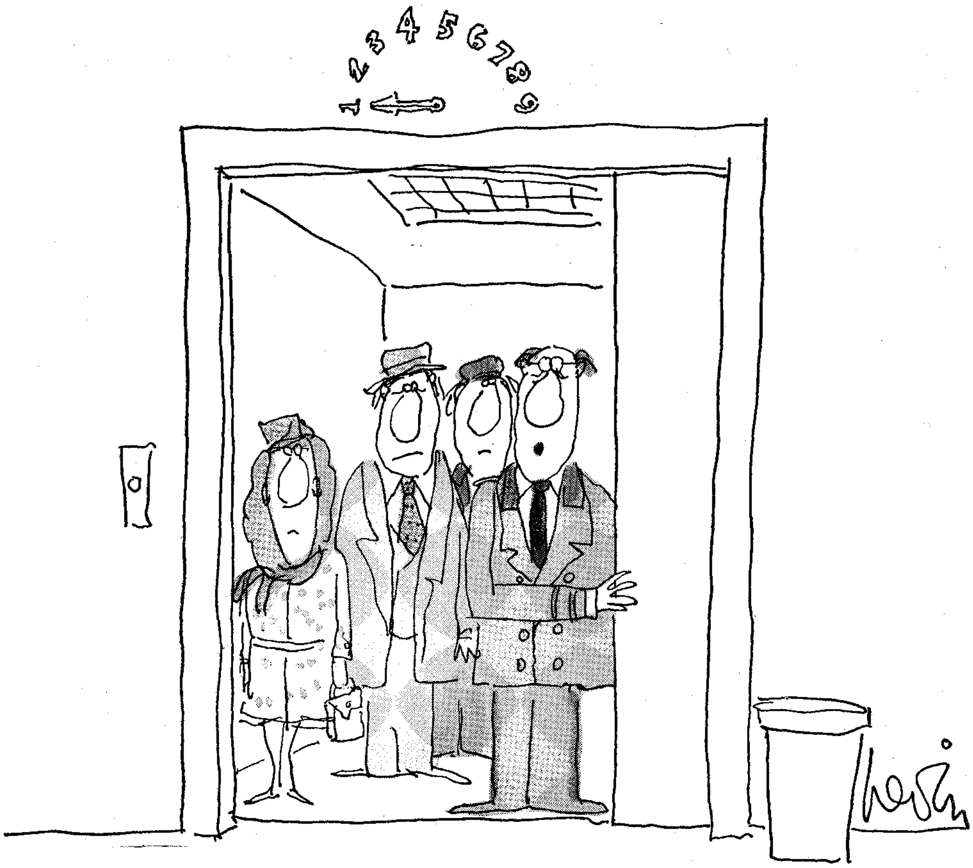
"*Oh-oh. Lauder is getting ready to call something into question.*"

until noon scratching for words to define an emotion I did not feel.

For what should I feel? Four decades ago, when I was three, a baby girl was born. She had only one lung. She survived for twenty-one days. She was baptized, and after she died she was buried in the cemetery close to the busy road I would be driving along within three-quarters of an hour of leaving our quiet avenue. I never saw her. There are no photographs of her. I did once see her birth certificate and her death certificate, both inscribed in the Victorian copperplate hand of the local registrar.

It didn't seem reasonable that lingering grief alone prompted my mother to revive the child's memory. Something more disturbing haunted her. Whereas I could only visualize a white, five-pound bundle being lifted from a cot into a pathetically small coffin, it was as though my mother had a sense of a life enduring, of that baby growing up through girlhood and then ripening from adolescence into maturity. Ruth had been the child's name. To my mother, still, she was Ruth. Now, with the hawthorn in blossom once more, my mother was aware of the woman who might have been: in middle age, perhaps graying, perhaps plump, maybe already nearly past the years of child-bearing herself. And yet it wasn't—I felt certain—any question of my mother's believing in a ghost, in a presence watching and informing her own life, for she's an intensely rational woman, and many's the time I'd heard her talk scathingly about "spiritualist cranks" and the like.

As I drove along our avenue I noticed that the houses were mostly still asleep: curtains closed, milk bottles on the doorsteps, morning papers jammed in the letter boxes. A baker's roundsman was ringing a doorbell with the resigned air of one prepared to wait. I shifted into high.



"Ground floor, out you go."

• •

Ruth. It wasn't a name I could ever have chosen for a daughter. Had she lived, her life would have been tinged by the melancholy sound of her name. Maybe it would be cheering, I thought, to concoct some image of my parents' forty-year-old daughter over coffee in their sun parlor. It might work; it was worth a try. Ruth, I would say, would have been sweet-natured. Endlessly generous, warm, and compassionate, she'd have been the hub round which the rest of the family revolved. Christmastime, Easter, we would all have stayed with her. I would have been proud of my nephews and nieces and full of respectful admiration for her husband, my brother-in-law.

Turning onto the main highway, I built up my speed to sixty, sixty-five. There was no sense in wasting the morning by crawling along. The more I thought about my idea, the better it seemed. All I had to do was to describe some notional version of my sister, down to the finest detail. Then, in twelve months' time, maybe my mother wouldn't need to phone and remind me of the day. At least, it might be less of a strain to us both if I could convince her that Ruth seemed real to me. I assembled a picture of her in my mind's eye. Ruth, I would insist, would have been a cozy, tweedy person. There'd have been no malice in her when she bantered with us at family reunions. She would have had small hands, exquisitely kept. Her hair, shoulder length, would have been a lighter shade of brown than mine; her eyes would have been hazel, her fresh complexion would have freckled in the summertime.

The traffic suddenly thickened and I slowed down. I'd never get away with this. I can be glib, true, but not that glib. I knew perfectly well that I'd never make all that spurious rubbish credible. The woman I'd been creating was no sister I could ever have had but, rather, a composite of the features and attributes of my wife, my daughters, a girl with whom I'd once had a disastrous affair; of my mother, even. In all probability, Ruth would have been only too much like me. Thinking this, I saw her clearly—a stout, mouse-haired, bespectacled, selfish, unappetizing, soft-soaping habitual liar. No. I'd have to dream up something else—and yet anything dreamed up was bound to be every bit as false.

THERE were only ten miles to go. Miserably, I stopped outside a parade of shops. At the doorway of a florist's, a nylon-smocked girl was arranging tulips and freesias in buckets. Flowers might help, I thought. No doubt my mother had far better specimens than these in her garden, and she was bound to chide me with "needless expense," but she would appreciate the gesture—or, at any rate, pretend to. I asked for an assortment of spring flowers. The girl garnished an inferior bouquet with asparagus fern, meretricious ribbons, and silver paper. It was sham made palpable, but I made no protest. I paid my couple of pounds, tossed the flowers in the back of the car, and drove on slowly. This wouldn't do, either.

The cloying scent of the flowers

TRADER

1
There you'll encounter
The headhunters and the hearteaters

There you'll remember
A doctor's hut a copra station

And the gulls faint as a hint of snow
That dot a shallow bay

There in a dream
As you'll run to it your life unrolls

It chills the spine
Brings you home to the body

Even *after the valley's past the harvest lost*

Or below the azure gulf
The flags of prophets
That chant the light
The animals without emblems
Just the rocks and the flies

The smiles of those whose faces
Save you from the impulse to die

2
There in spring
The maps never alter

In the ashes of evening
The women drift

The men wear *nothing*
But emerald palm

On a clear hill
The graves of the islanders bleed

Yet ageless
Caught in the feathers and knives at dawn they'll
  disappear

You'll not go with them

Among the wet echoes of the coral
The icy footfall of the combers
Half with the hungers half with the ancestors
That speed them apart in diagonal canoes

A bell tingling at a starveling's gate

The "Trout" Quintet on the gramophone

Dwindling they'll persist wandering you'll halt

In the wake of the sun   in the feasts

That are always inland where you are taboo

—ROBERT MAZZOCCO

• •

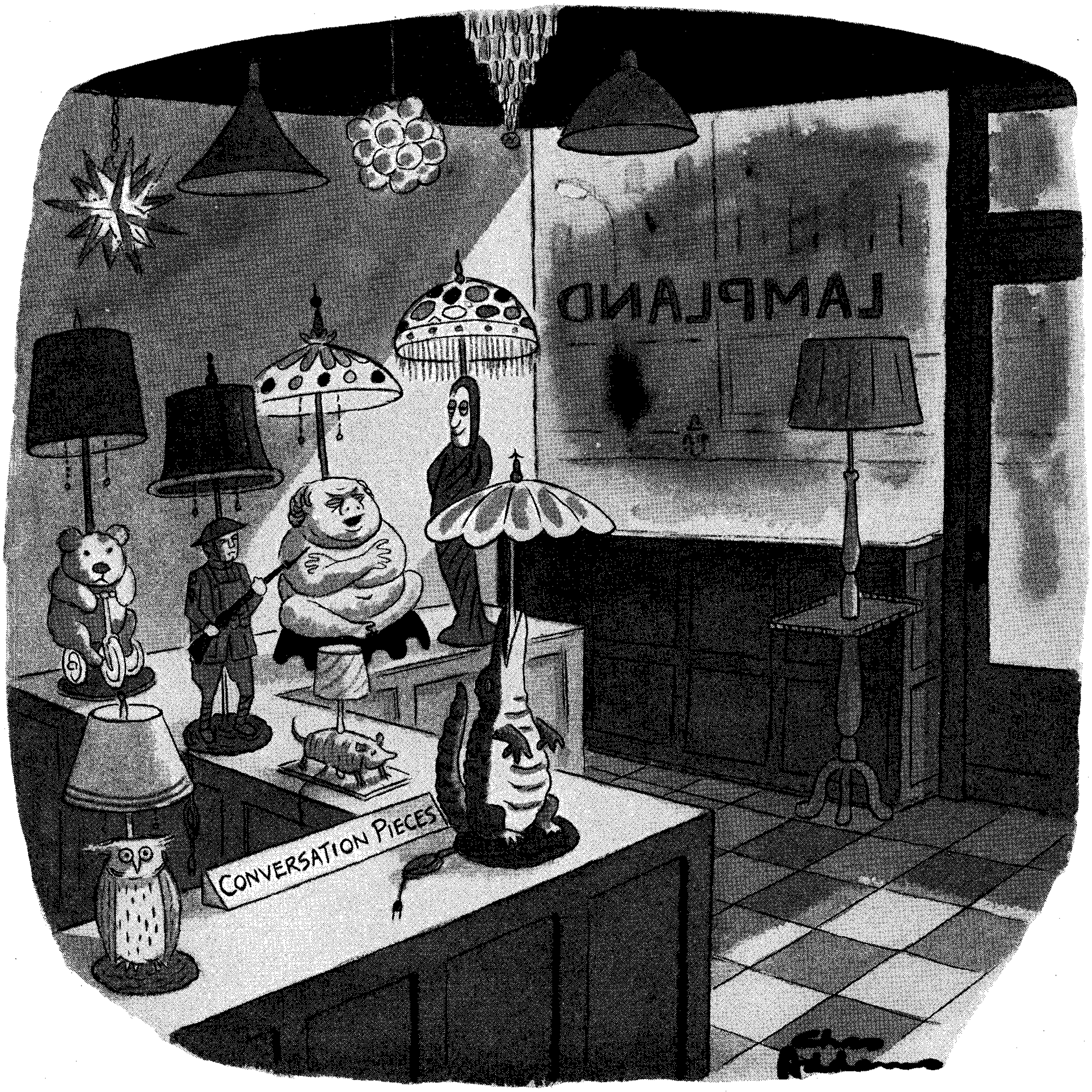
made me feel nauseated. It was the smell of death, of funerals, of wreaths and sprays piled high in airless, half-darkened rooms. I wound down the window and breathed at the edge of the welcome gust of wind. When I was five, stacked roses fell off the lid of my grandfather's coffin, there were so many of them. Fleshly white lilies, stiff to the touch, were on a level with my eyes as strangers in black carried them past me from the sun parlor's unwonted gloom toward the morning ablaze at the frame of our front door. I've always hated the presence of flowers in sunless, constricted spaces. There was something else mingled with the smell of the bouquet behind me—another odor, elusive but insistent, which went back even further in time than when my grandfather died. I wound the window back up. Inhaling deeply, I shuddered. The upholstery, which my wife had cleaned with leather polish the day before, gave off a smell as distinctive as any other I associated with childhood. It was, I realized, the smell of my pram. Lovingly cared for, splendid in its chocolate coachwork and pigskin hood, it cluttered our hallway for many years after I had outgrown it. I must have been ten—twelve, even—before that pram at last disappeared from the house.

How many times my mother must have wheeled me the three miles to the cemetery—I, snug in the lamb's-wool blanket she'd crocheted, and garden blooms, as tightly wrapped, resting upon the apron. I couldn't actually remember being a baby in the pram, but this is how it must have been; and certainly I could remember, when I was a little older, being strapped into a pushchair for our weekly visit to the cemetery, the flowers just beyond my reach on a kind of rack at my feet. That pushchair had a leather hood, too, but it was the pram in the hall I remembered now. It prompted the memory of other smells of those earliest years—the stink of sour milk on the bedroom floor, the pungent fresh dung dropped by the greengrocer's horse as it tossed its nose bag high above our fence—but it was that beeswax-and-leather aroma which came back to me most strongly.

Anne Burgess

I wound the window down again and lit a cigarette.

Along Penhill Road there had been a line of black poplars where my mother and I would always stop, so that I could be lifted up to pick the broadest leaf I could reach. We must have gone that way winters, too, but I could bring back to mind neither bad weather nor the poplars leafless; whenever we went to the cemetery, it seemed to be high summer. Once through the gate, our small ceremonies were changeless. Kneeling, my mother would unpack her brown-paper parcel of garden tools and lay them, with the flowers she'd brought, on the grave next to Ruth's. Then she would hand me the earthenware pot of faded flowers and tell me to throw the stalks and sour water on the compost heap, and afterward to rinse out the pot under the tap by the gate and fill it up to the brim. When these tasks were done, I was allowed to play between the rows of stone monuments, not only in the children's sec-



"Not bad for an old man. How are you?"

• •

tion of the cemetery but also where the vast tombs of the grownup dead were, some with curbs, some with chain borders and layers of granite chippings. Sometimes I crept up silently behind my mother as she bent to her work of trimming and planting, and I'd hear her crying and mumbling words I didn't understand. There was one day (it must have been during the Battle of Britain) when she looked round suddenly, dropped her shears, and ran toward where I was standing. It wasn't until she'd swept me up in her arms that I saw a plane diving in flames into the hills and out of sight. Another time, I asked her how men and women knew who it was they were supposed to get married to. She lifted me up that day, too, but then she was laughing. Remembering this, I saw plainly in my mind's eye my mother's young face, the face of her photographs, her hair a mass of curls, the astrakhan collar of her coat, which had felt like a poodle's soft ear against my forehead. Sometimes, though, she would cry at the things I said or asked. Why didn't Ruth's grave have a little girl with wings, as many of the others had, I'd once wanted to know. And if I died, whom would she have to wash the pot and bring it to her full of fresh water?

It had been a good thirty years since I'd set foot in that cemetery, yet I still knew where everything was. In the center, where the four broadest paths met, there was a pine tree that shed its cones onto the rustic bench beneath. Under the brass tap was a worn slab of bluish Horsham stone. At the farthest corner was a headstone in the shape of an anchor entwined with rope. Of course, I also still knew where Ruth's grave was: five rows in, five mounds along. I'd learned to count on my fingers there. One, two, three, four, five, as the wheels of the pushchair crunched along the gravel; one, two, three, four, five, after I'd been released and my white canvas shoes scuffed and stubbed along the grass.

It was obvious what I should do. Before going to my parents' house, I'd break my journey at the cemetery and lay the flowers I'd bought on my sister's grave. My mother would like that.

After a few more miles, I glimpsed the tall pine. I turned into the rutted, flinty lane that led to the cemetery gate between hedges of beech. Perhaps the last of the spring bulbs would be in flower on Ruth's grave. It was even possible that the same dun-colored earthenware pot would still be in use; if so, it might contain early rosebuds or a bouquet of my mother's garden flowers. The grass around the grave would be neatly trimmed—that much was certain.

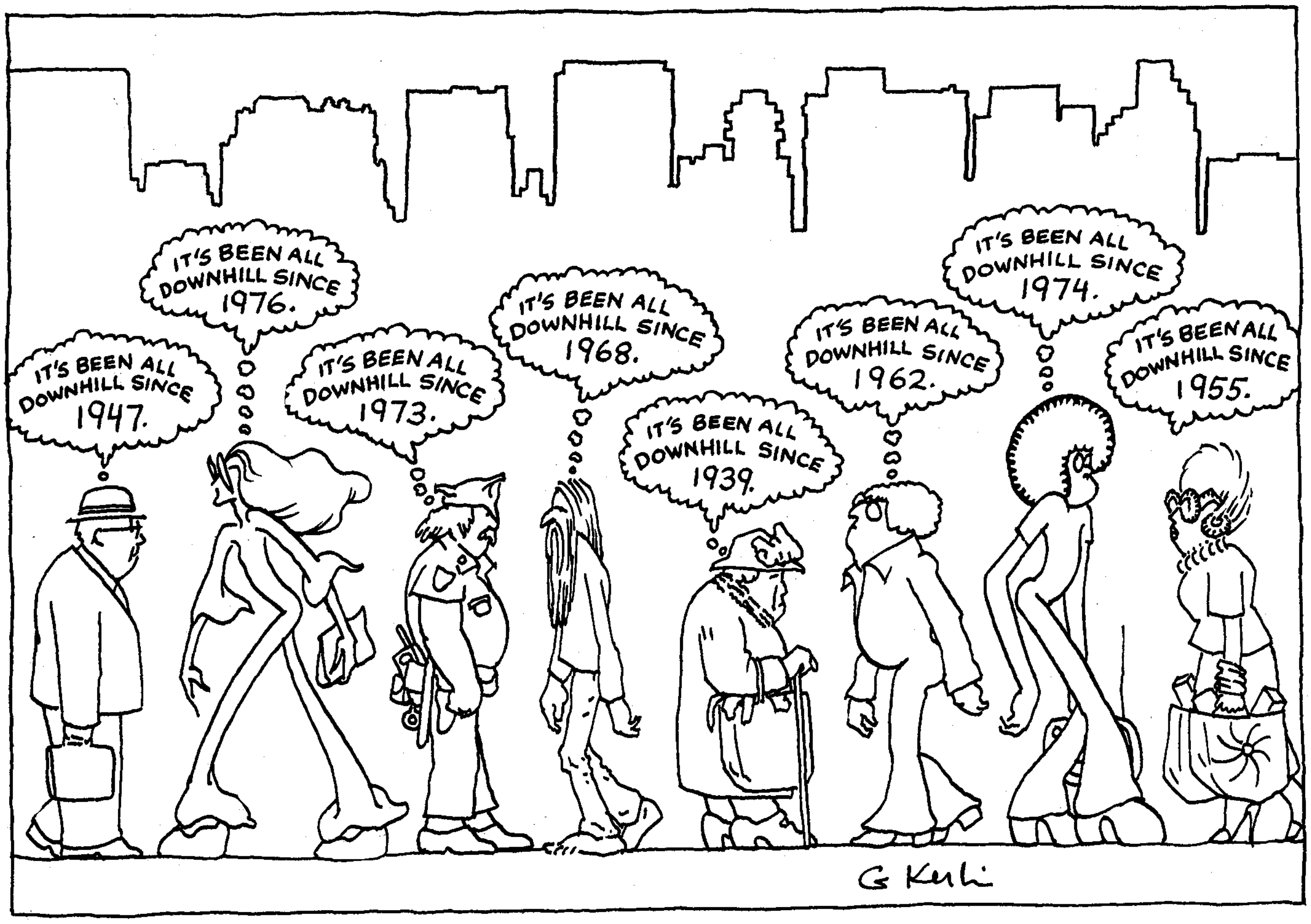
I rounded a bend in the lane and saw that a funeral party had just arrived at the gate, a hundred yards away. The priest's white surplice was dazzlingly bright as it flapped in the sunshine. The small group of mourners stood apart from the hearse in a tight knot as the bearers began to draw the coffin out. Not wishing to intrude, I parked the car close in to the hedge, some distance away. The sight of the priest reading from his prayer book, framed in the massive timbers of the lych-gate, was strangely beautiful and moving. When the last mourner, a teen-age boy in patched and faded denims, was out of sight, I reached for my flowers and got out of the car. The drivers of the hearse and the other cars were already lighting their cigarettes and lolling about in the attitudes of men on a break. They took no notice of me when I passed them.

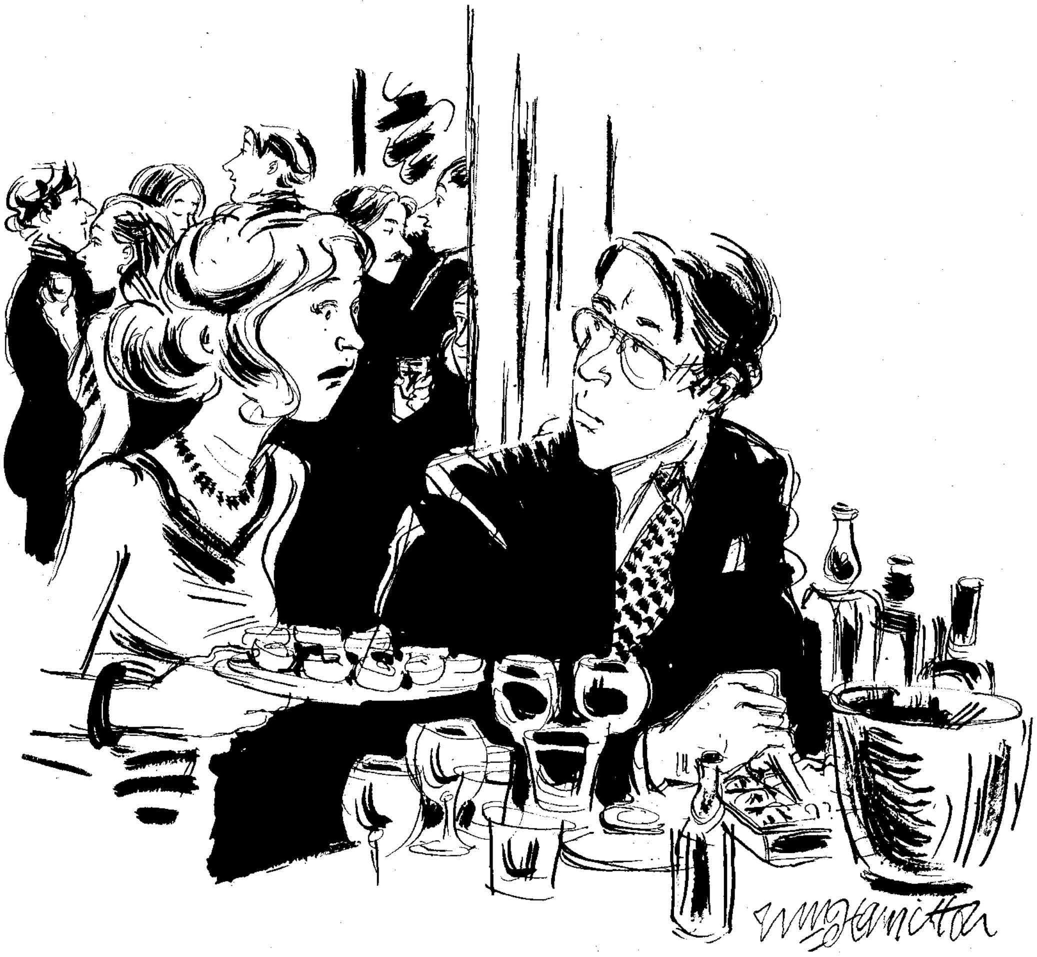
What I saw next shocked and appalled me. The children's section of the cemetery—upward of an acre of ground—had been entirely flattened out and grassed over. Here and there, flowering shrubs had been planted in arbitrary groups. In the middle of the expanse of barbered lawn, there was a great block of rough-hewn granite, like a sarsen stone, to which was attached a brass plaque bearing the words "In this, God's consecrated garden, lie at peace the children of this parish 1902-1952."

Stupidly, and full of a sudden anger that left me short of breath, I strode about the grass, trying in vain to visualize exactly where, in this neat and anonymous rectangle, Ruth's grave had been. It was impossible to tell. There were no points of reference. The path was not where it had once been. The brass tap had gone. The sexton's shed had been replaced by a solid brick storehouse on the edge of the unbroken ground where the funeral party was now standing. As far as I could judge, my sister's grave would have occupied a square yard of the ground in the dappling shadow cast by a Japanese cherry.

I hated the look of the place. I wished it could have been left alone—a straggly muddle with carefully tended little islands amid unkempt areas of forgetfulness and neglect. I guessed that some parson in the early fifties—perhaps prompted by self-congratulating parish counsellors—had presided over this soulless transformation. The place was without character—as hygienic, bland, and laborsaving as a tiled bathroom. Even the trees and shrubs, varieties that might be found in a suburban park anywhere but England, offended me. They might at least have planted a few oaks, a yew, a spinney of mountain ash. I left my bunch of flowers beside the chunk of granite. They looked more wholesome now than when I'd bought them. I guessed that they would be officially removed the moment I left.

I got into the car, backed down the lane, waited impatiently for a gap in the traffic, and turned once more onto the main road. Within two minutes I


IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1947.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1976.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1973.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1968.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1939.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1962.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1974.
IT'S BEEN ALL DOWNHILL SINCE 1955.
G Kuli



"Everybody's working on a project he can't talk about yet."

was passing the town dump, where, doubtless, under countless tons of garbage and trash lay all the little headstones, the crosses, and the sentimental marble angels from the children's cemetery. I wanted to know whether the parents of those dead children had been asked permission for what seemed to me a desecration. More probably it had been the familiar story of some impersonal authority taking small account of ordinary people's feelings. The burial plots had been leased, perhaps, and the leases had expired. I should have to make it my business to find out, by phoning the chairman of the Parochial Church Council—though I guessed his explanation would be glib. Not that I'd earned the right to be so indignant: for a quarter of a century I'd not taken the trouble to stop at the cemetery for even a minute or two as I went to pay my obligatory monthly visit to my parents' house.

I accelerated past the long line of Saturday-morning shoppers and families setting off for a day's outing in the first really warm weather of the year. There was less than a mile to go, and still I could think of nothing to say when I arrived. Certainly I wasn't going to mention what I had seen at the children's cemetery. If my parents had known about it, they would have told me; assuming, then, that they didn't know, they were best left in ignorance.

Ruth. I could have done with having a sister, I thought. Childhood wouldn't have been so lonely. I might have grown up with fewer inhibitions; perhaps I'd have been less self-centered and more likable, more comfortable with my parents. There were times—and this was one of them—when I needed a woman of my own age as a confidante, one with whom there'd be no sexual tension, no son's sense of duty, no husband's hovering just short of the truth, no father's reticence. A man ought to have a sister. No other woman, save very rarely, can be his friend.

I coasted the last few yards and switched off the engine. The house where I had grown up, with its flaking brick, its green-painted woodwork, its two dormer windows like heavy-lidded eyes, was changeless. Only the garden, very slowly, year by year, season after season, transformed itself, the saplings maturing into trees and the hedges thickening from their twigs.

I got out of the car. I decided that if I'd neglected the memory of my sister, why, that was my fraternal privilege.

I LET myself in the back door and found my mother at the kitchen table, sorting through a box of seed packets.

"Well, fancy seeing you," she said. "It's not your day to come over, is it?" We exchanged our usual peremptory kisses on the cheek.

"No," I said, sitting down. "I just thought I'd come. Where's Dad?"

"Gone for a walk on the beach. He'll not be long." She glanced toward the window.

"I came on my own," I said. "Nobody else was up when I left."

"Not often there's just the two of us together in this kitchen," she said. "It's nice."

I saw that she was going to plant nasturtiums and sunflowers. A sunflower seed the size and shape of a child's tooth had fallen from its packet.

"I'm sorry to have been so stupid on the phone," she said after a pause. "I daresay that's what brought you over."

I looked up at her, relieved that she'd raised the subject. There was no trace of tears. She was calm. She smiled, and I realized how young she still appeared, despite her age. Her hair had little gray in it; her skin was still fine and unwrinkled.

"I couldn't bear to hear you crying," I said. "It's just that I never quite know what to say when you tell me it's Ruth's birthday. Every year—"

"I understand. There's nothing you can say, really. And if it wasn't for your father, I don't suppose the subject would ever be brought up."

"Dad?"

"Oh, yes. Every year, without fail, he asks me to phone you, to let you know. He gets so upset, and he can't bring himself to talk about it to anybody but me. The older he gets, the worse it takes him."

"But it's such a long time since Ruth died."

"Ruth is only part of it. Hasn't it ever occurred to you? In the space of a few years his daughter died, his father died, his two brothers were killed in the war. They all died in the month of May. So did my sister. He can't stand the sight of spring flowers. Haven't you noticed how depressed he gets for about a week or two? He loses his confidence, doesn't feel up to driving or going shopping or having to meet people. Before he retired, he even used to take a day or two off work. The May blossom makes him think about dying. He gets upset and likes to be on his own."

"The poor old chap. I didn't know."

"He's never been a great one for saying how he feels. If you ask me, he makes me phone you because it's his way of letting you know how much you mean to him. You survived, you see, and all the others didn't. He'll be all right. As soon as May is out, he'll be right as rain for another twelvemonth."

"I really ought to have guessed," I said.

"How could you have? This morning, as soon as I'd dialled your number, he began to cry. He'd never done that before—that's what started me off. And then he told me something he'd kept to himself for forty years, something terribly sad. After he'd visited me in hospital, the day Ruth died, he took a last look at the baby in her cot and then went to sit in the hospital grounds for a while—you know, that beautiful formal rose garden outside the maternity ward. Well, he saw an orderly go inside, and he watched him come outside again with a white bundle under his arm. Your father knew what the bundle was. And then he saw the man stroll down to the mortuary with her still under his arm, as though he were simply disposing of rubbish or calling at the laundry with his wash."

"That's horrible," I said.

"And there was nothing he could do. He just sat there. He says it wasn't until much later, when he got home and gave you your tea and put you to bed, that he wished he'd run after that orderly and taken the baby from him and carried her in his arms with a bit of dignity. That's why, for a long, long while, he made me look after her grave. Ruth had been *entitled*—that was the word he used. We always hoped for a baby girl to replace her, but we didn't have the luck. You weren't meant to be an only child."

"He's on the beach, you say?"

"Yes. You know his favorite spot. He'll be ever so pleased to see you. But don't let on that I've told you all this. He wouldn't thank me. Bring him back. I'll put the kettle on."

He was sitting on the groin where often, as a boy, I would find him fishing of an evening. The tide was low. Gulls and sanderlings were pacing the froth at the sea's edge. He was staring far beyond them, rocking to and fro, his knees clasped in his arms.

As I walked the hundred yards along the shingle toward him, I remembered a certain spring evening when we'd quarrelled bitterly here. I had been involved with an archeological dig—a Bronze Age site on the South Downs—and I'd brought home sackfuls of human bones. Some had been the bones of children—skulls no bigger than a grapefruit. I'd tipped them onto the kitchen table without ceremony. Then I'd spent a few evenings cleaning them with a toothbrush and wiring them together. On the night of the quarrel, my father, usually a quiet and even-tempered man, became uncharacteristically angry about my casual attitude toward the remains, and he actually made as if to strike me. Instead, he threw his fishing rod down on the stones and ordered me to give the made-up skeletons "a decent, Christian burial." They'd lain at peace all those centuries, he said, and it was utterly wrong to have disturbed them. He wasn't easy with me until they were out of the house. I was eighteen then, so it must have been 1952.

I suddenly realized that he must have just learned about what had happened to the children's cemetery. The facts, the dates fell into place.

Twenty-five years, forty years, a century, a millennium or two—beyond how many years does it no longer matter whether the earth is disturbed a second time? The tumulus I'd opened was as large as a fair-sized room; Ruth's grave was scarcely as big as an overnight travelling bag. Three thousand years or half a lifetime old, strangers or kin, the occupants should be left alone.

"Hello, Dad," I said. We shook hands, rather shyly—the way we always do. —TED WALKER

Three Lives

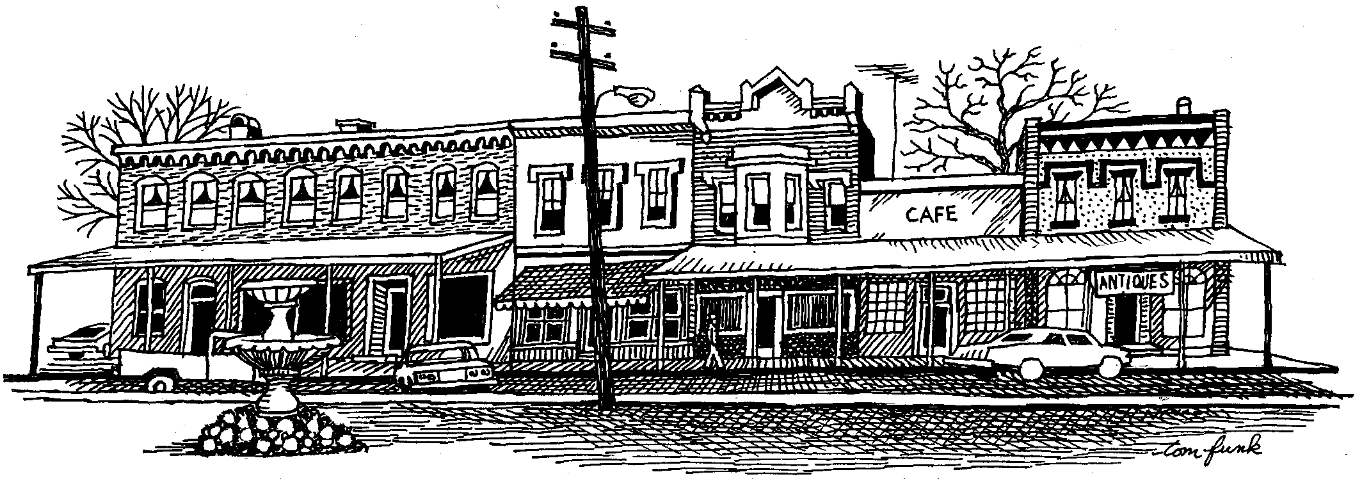
●

The provisions of the preceding sentence shall not be applicable with respect to the taxable year beginning January 1, 1975, or any succeeding taxable year which begins before January 1, 1978; and, for purposes of such sentence, January 1, 1978, shall be deemed to be the first January 1 occurring after January 1, 1974, and consecutive taxable years in the period commencing January 1, 1978, shall be determined as if the taxable year which begins on January 1, 1978, were the taxable year immediately succeeding the taxable year which began on January 1, 1974.—*Section 3302 (c) of the Internal Revenue Code.*

And if you taxpayers don't like it, you can lump it.

PROFILES

FROM RABUN GAP TO TYBEE LIGHT—I



“Georgia—that’s the place you march through, isn’t it?” Thus spake a British justice in 1957 when the name of what had once been the thirteenth of King George III’s American colonies was mentioned in his court. English jurists are notorious pretenders to wit. This one was no doubt trying to become better known. To Georgians of a generation back, though, that sort of sally was as familiar as it was predictable; they were resigned to the fact that few people outside their own extensive borders knew much about them beyond their involuntary reception of General William Tecumseh Sherman and, perhaps, their having been connected with Bobby Jones, “Gone with the Wind,” Coca-Cola, and lynching. The widespread ignorance about Georgia, a state that is today, by contrast, so much in the cosmic consciousness, was evident as late as the fall of 1975. The then and now governor of the Peach State, George Dekle Busbee, was in England himself that year, trying to drum up trade for Georgia, and he was asked on BBC television to name his home town. “Albany, Georgia,” Governor Busbee replied. His questioner then asked if he was not correct in thinking that that was somewhere near Utah. A year later, Governor Busbee was again on BBC television, was asked the same question, and gave the same response. This time, the follow-up question was “How far is Albany from Plains?” Thirty-eight miles, as the tourist flies.

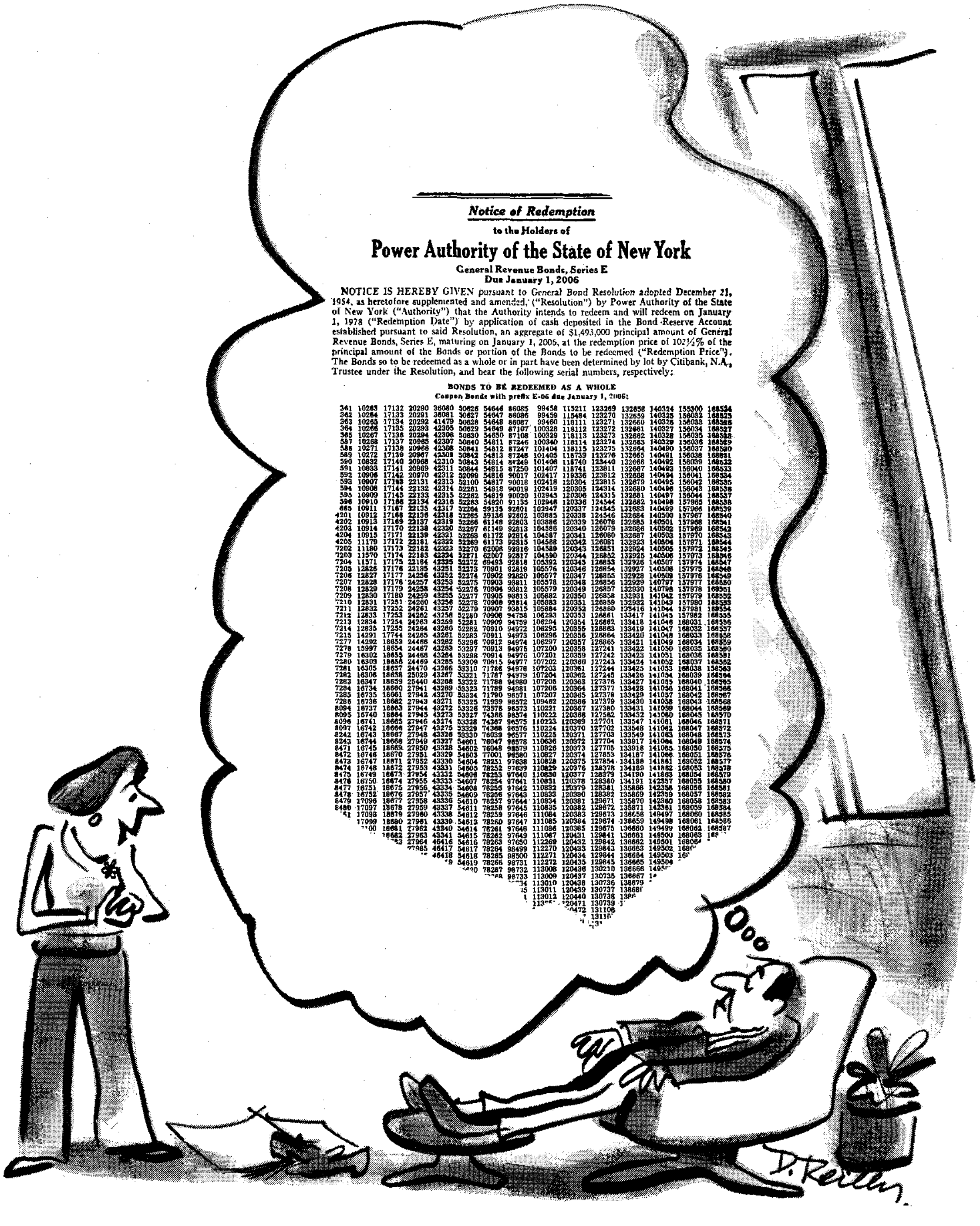
Although to many Georgians the two most heady victories in the first week of November, 1976, were that of the University of Georgia football team over Florida and that of a thitherto unsung golfer—Bill Kratzert, a University of Georgia graduate—in the next-to-the-last event of the year’s professional golf tour, it was, of course, the triumph of a Georgian in the United States Presidential election that had the biggest impact on the rest of the world. Even the state of Florida, which for many years had tended to regard Georgia as a place that people marched through—or, more precisely, drove through or flew over—en route to its own yawning cash registers, began grudgingly to concede that Georgia was a geographical entity worth reckoning with. And whereas Georgia communities had for some years been advertising themselves, wistfully, as being “one comfortable day’s drive north of Walt Disney World,” billboards now began appearing in Georgia to inform passersby that the state of Florida was only one hundred miles from Plains.

As one of fifty states, Georgia is in a few respects a statistician’s paragon: it contains close to one-fiftieth (about five million) of the country’s population, and just about two per cent of, for instance, the nation’s non-farm employees, its retail-sales volume, and what demographers call “buying income dollars” (nineteen billion of them, whatever they are). Georgia’s birth rate is somewhat higher, its death rate a trifle lower than the national norms. It has fewer robberies than the American average, about the standard number of forcible rapes. It has twice as many hospital employees, however, on a per-capita basis as the rest of the country, and its murder and manslaughter rates for 1975 were second to none. (Georgia also leads all states in accidental deaths per capita from gunfire. Even so, the 1977 session of the state’s legislature voted down a proposal to make it a felony, rather than a mere misdemeanor, to sell guns in Georgia to minors.) And whereas the whole nation has three librarians for every ten thousand inhabitants, Georgia can muster only one and a half. Whatever it may mean now to have Georgians in high Washington offices, at last report Georgia received only twenty-six dollars and forty-nine cents per person in the distribution of federal general revenue sharing, and thus ranked only thirty-seventh among the sovereign states. On the other hand—in no small part because Georgians had long chaired both the Senate and the House Armed Services Committees—nearly one billion dollars of the Defense Department’s whopping annual payroll is currently disbursed in Georgia; only six other states get more of *those* federal dollars.

Georgians, though, do not perceive themselves as living in a state that is at all average, and they are probably right. They take pride in their state’s being the largest in area (almost fifty-nine thousand square miles) east of the Mississippi. (In 1790, two years after it ratified the Constitution, Georgia extended all the way to that river, and in pre-Revolutionary days its theoretical borders stretched majestically from the Atlantic to the Pacific.) Georgians on the subject of Georgia are something special. On being introduced to a stranger, a member of Congress from Georgia will say “Georgia’s a great state” almost before their outthrust hands have touched. A bank chairman in Atlanta can and will tell you authoritatively that you can fly non-stop from the airport there to no fewer than one hundred and two other airports—the kind of information that David

Rockefeller probably doesn't have about Kennedy or LaGuardia. "In actual dollars and cents," a Georgia state planner will say, "we're behind Alabama in capital investments, but you can cross the border and look around and if you think they're better off than we are you're crazier than hell." (The recipient of this intelligence did drive into Alabama not long afterward for a look around, but, soon after spotting several unfathomable roadside signs saying "Police Jurisdiction," retreated hastily to Georgia.) Georgia is the kind of chauvinistic place in which a motorist espies not only bumper stickers against gun control and for Jesus Christ but also some that read, simply, "I'm Proud to Be a Georgian." (It may also be one of the few places where, not long after the present Administration took over in Washington, bumper stickers were to be seen saying "Impeach Carter.") When some Georgians go on a vacation to, say, Minnesota, they take along a bushel basket of peaches and a sack of hush-puppy fixin's. A loyal and enterprising young Georgia businessman who not long ago spent a few months in Japan began promoting a product there called Georgia Coffee, and he hawked it with such loving zeal that it sold quite briskly, none of the buyers apparently caring any more than the seller did that though Georgia grows many estimable and aromatic crops coffee is not among them.

"TELL him about our firsts." The speaker is a woman in Madison, Georgia; she is urging her husband, a retired Air Force colonel, to enlighten an outlander. The colonel's lady guides Gray Line of Atlanta bus-tour passengers when they disembark at Madison, and one of the places she often shepherds them to is her mother-in-law's home, a stately antebellum mansion whose interior décor hasn't changed a whit in more than a century. The mother-in-law is a member of the sixth generation of her family to occupy the premises. The newest work of art to be seen there is a sketch of Queen Victoria made before her coronation. "We've never had the pleasure of selecting our own furniture," the incumbent chatelaine tells visitors. On special occasions, she puts her handsome antique footscrapers out on the front porch, but she can't leave them there permanently because, these ill-mannered days, they keep getting swiped. Fortunately, they usually end up in the custody of a local junk dealer, who returns them to their rightful owner. Her son the colonel has been on active duty in three twentieth-century wars, but when in conversation he refers to "the war" he means the War Between the States. As an Air Force officer after the Second World War, he naturally had to don its conventional blue uniform; when he was wearing it his grandmother was loath to let him inside her house. (One hears the same sort of story in Americus, in southwest Georgia: A young woman married a Clevelander with the first name of Lincoln, but her mother couldn't bring herself to utter the name aloud and always called her son-in-law Stonewall.) Madisonians feel that they occupy a singular niche in Georgia history, because their town, which is fifty-five miles east of Atlanta and was a principal stop on the stagecoach route be-



Notice of Redemption

to the Holders of

Power Authority of the State of New York

General Revenue Bonds, Series E
Due January 1, 2006

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN pursuant to General Bond Resolution adopted December 21, 1954, as heretofore supplemented and amended, ("Resolution") by Power Authority of the State of New York ("Authority") that the Authority intends to redeem and will redeem on January 1, 1978 ("Redemption Date") by application of cash deposited in the Bond Reserve Account established pursuant to said Resolution, an aggregate of $1,493,000 principal amount of General Revenue Bonds, Series E, maturing on January 1, 2006, at the redemption price of 102½% of the principal amount of the Bonds or portion of the Bonds to be redeemed ("Redemption Price"). The Bonds so to be redeemed as a whole or in part have been determined by lot by Citibank, N.A., Trustee under the Resolution, and bear the following serial numbers, respectively:

BONDS TO BE REDEEMED AS A WHOLE
Coupon Bonds with prefix E-06 due January 1, 2006:

"A penny for your thoughts, dear."

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Royal Copenhagen After Shave and Cologne.

An aristocratic new fragrance for men,
inspired by the distinguished 200 year tradition of
Royal Copenhagen of Denmark.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN™

The ultimate in a man's fragrance.

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6 FL. OZS.
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COPENHAGEN™
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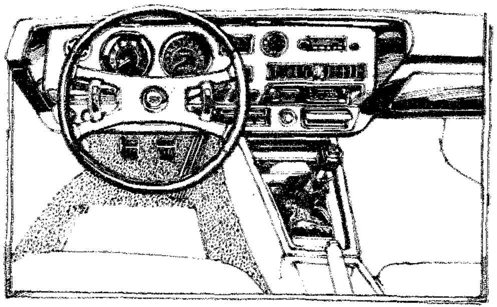
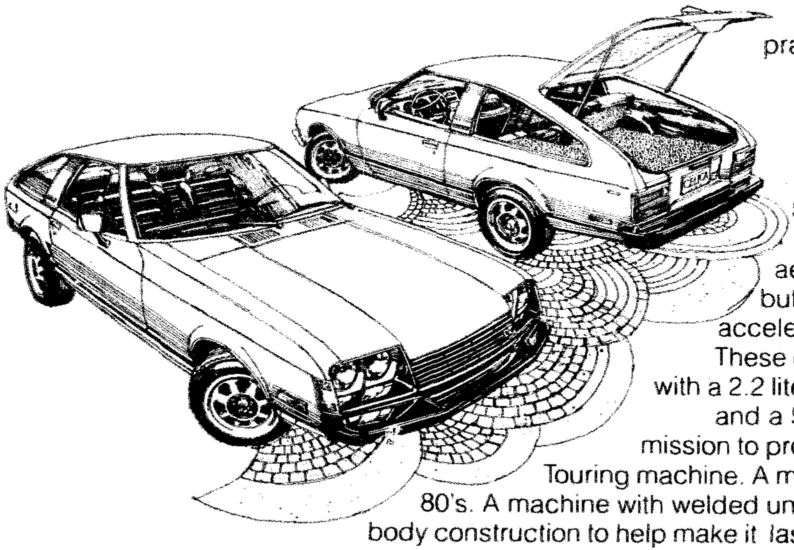
6 FL. OZS.

With Permission of Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory, Ltd., Copenhagen, Denmark. SWANK, INC. Sole Distributor

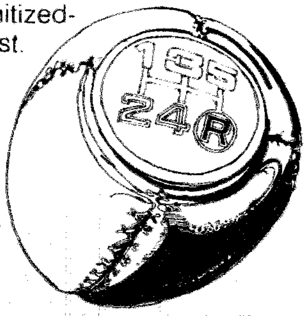


Motor Trend Magazine's Import Car of the Year. The new 1978 Toyota Celica. An aerodynamic beauty enveloping the best Toyota engineering of our time. A car which meets or exceeds all 1980 Federal fuel economy and safety standards. The car which best met Motor Trend's criteria for styling, quality, comfort, acceleration, braking, handling, fuel economy and ride. The Import Car of the Year. The 1978 Toyota Celica. Here's what the Car of the Year and the car of the 80's offers you…

Efficiency and comfort. Exemplified by: a cockpit full of instrumentation. A newly designed GT driver's seat featuring an adjustable lumbar support. And the GT Liftback's practical, split, fold-down rear seat.



Style and engineering. The 1978 Celica's new aerodynamic body contributes to increased stability, acceleration and interior room. These characteristics combine with a 2.2 liter overhead cam engine and a 5-speed overdrive transmission to produce a beautiful Grand Touring machine. A machine designed for the 80's. A machine with welded unitized-body construction to help make it last. The Celica. Three models—the ST and GT Sport Coupes and the GT Liftback (pictured).



Toyota quality is a line of cars. If a Celica is not what you had in mind, one of the 26 other Toyota models probably is. Many with Celica features, like 5-speed overdrive transmissions. All built Toyota tough. If you can find a better built small car or truck than a Toyota…buy it.

YOU GOT IT.
LIFTBACK
TOYOTA

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 197

tween Charleston and New Orleans in pre-Civil War days, was largely spared by General Sherman on his march to the sea. The General's mercifulness was in response to an appeal from Joshua Hill, a Madisonian who, while in Congress, opposed secession. Madison boasts some thirty-five houses that existed before 1864, the year Sherman cut his incendiary swath across Georgia. One legend has it that his soldiers parked their cannons in the front yard of one of these houses and, in token of their peaceful intent, stuffed the barrels with roses plucked from surrounding bushes. Madison has an unusual cemetery, which is actually two cemeteries—one on each side of the railroad tracks.

Because Madison was an important railhead in the two decades before that war, it attracted a good many educated people, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, though its population was a mere three thousand (plus six thousand slaves), it had nine private schools and two colleges. Alexander Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, taught there. A tiny, homely man, he fell in love with one of his pupils, but he considered himself so ill-favored that he never dared propose. He had guessed wrong, the Madison story goes, with the result that both he and his inamorata died brokenhearted and single. Today, Madison is proud of the fact that it has achieved integration of its public schools with comparatively little abrasiveness. "We've had integration in Madison all along anyway, with whites and blacks all living together on the same block," an old Madisonian tells a newcomer. "Of course, the whites live on the front of the block and the blacks out back."

Madison is still further notable as the onetime home of Lula Hurst, a nineteenth-century levitational phenomenon. She confounded audiences across the nation by climbing up on a cotton-bale scale and then, with one hand, hoisting a chair containing one or two grown men, with no apparent change in her recorded weight. Colonel James W. Fannin, a hero of the 1836 Texas war of independence, was another legendary Madison figure. Most of the Georgians who volunteered to fight in Texas perished there, with Fannin, at Goliad, but they left their mark: the first Lone Star flag ever made was sewn for the ill-fated Georgia Battalion by Miss Joanna Troutman, an innkeeper's daughter—the Betsy Ross of her time.

The colonel knowledgeably rattles off more Madison firsts. Dr. Alexander Means introduced the first workable electric light bulb to Georgia, and Lancelot Johnson blended the first white-lead paint. (It had a cottonseed-oil base, and its creator was so pleased with it that he painted his house with it from top to bottom and dubbed the place Snow Hill.) The Reverend Robert Francis Goulding was so distressed by all the time and effort his wife had to spend making clothes for their large brood that he invented an early lock-stitch sewing machine. Unfortunately, before he could apply for a patent he lost his drawings for the invention when the Oconee River ferry capsized in a storm. Madison had the first concrete state highway in Georgia, the first female vice-president of a Georgia bank, and the first woman United States senator ever—in 1922, when she was eighty-seven. She was Rebecca Latimer Felton, a writer and suffragette who, though in a strict sense she was from Decatur, since she was born near there, is claimed by Madison because she attended Madison Female College and married a physician whom she met when he delivered the commencement address at her graduation. Mrs. Felton, though she did not believe in universal suffrage—she once delivered an anti-Negro speech in which she urged her listeners to lynch "these ravening beasts a thousand times a week if necessary"—is only one of two reasons that Madisonians sometimes declare their picturesque home town to be the cradle of the women's-liberation movement. In the old days, when a woman got married in Georgia her husband automatically controlled the disposal of her property. One young lady was left a plantation, it seems, by her father; then the bounder she espoused lost it in a poker game. The bereft couple's fellow-townsmen (with the possible exception of the winners in the game) were so outraged that they successfully petitioned the state legislature to invest Georgia women with inalienable property rights. Madison is not one-sidedly feminist in its asseverations of distinction: in 1965, its garden club became the first such organization in the state to admit the male halves of couples to full-fledged membership.

Throughout Georgia, one detects a fascination with primacy, and the feeling was rampant long before the state gave the nation its first truly Deep South President. (Georgians do not consider Lyndon Johnson's Texas to be part of the South.) Stone Mountain, that granite monolith just outside Atlanta in one flank of which have been carved huge equestrian figures of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson, stood maturely upthrust there, Georgians will tell you with awe and admiration, long before the Himalayas and the Andes were born. (Today, Georgia leads the country in the production of crushed granite and kaolin.) Ether was first used as an anesthetic at Jefferson, Georgia, in 1842, during a tumor operation performed by Dr. Crawford W. Long. The first known Christian baptism in North America occurred when priests travelling with Hernando de Soto immersed two compliant Indians in the Ocmulgee River, near modern Macon, in 1540. (His soldiers also fired the first cannon ever set off in the interior of the continent.) The first book ever written on American soil was penned, about eight years later, by another Spaniard, a missionary known as Brother Domingo. It was a grammar for the Yamassee Indians. Their gratitude was not overwhelming, for several years afterward they murdered five Catholics who were seeking further to uplift them. (Georgia leads all states of the Union in the number of criminals—four hundred and fifteen—on whom the death sentence has been carried out since records of executions began being kept, in 1924.) Eli Whitney was a schoolteacher from Connecticut, but at the time he invented the cotton gin, in 1793, he was tutoring General Nathanael Greene's children on a plantation outside Savannah.

Georgians do not brag about things but brag *on* them. Savannah's Chamber of Commerce brags in published lists on the firsts scored by that quaint old city, which embraces the largest acreage (two and a half square miles, the site of more than eleven hundred buildings) ever to have been designated an urban historic landmark by the National Park Service (it happened in 1966); first agricultural experimental station (1734) in any of the Colonies; first Girl Scout troop (1912) in the country—the birthplace of its founder, Juliette Gordon Low, is itself Savannah's first National Historic Landmark (1965); first ocean-going steamship (1819), appropriately named the S.S. Savannah; first motorized fire department (1911) in America; first black church (African Baptist, 1788) in the nation; and, not to overlook esoterica, first garden for the blind (1963) in the southeastern United States. Perhaps Savannah's first of all firsts is that it was the first capital of Georgia. James Edward Oglethorpe landed there, on February 12, 1733, when, aged thirty-six, he arrived from Gravesend, England, with one hundred and fourteen colonists, some of whom he had rescued from debtors' prisons. He pitched his tent, a damask-lined one, on Yamacraw Bluff, overlooking the Savannah River.

WHAT is now Georgia used to be part of the colony of South Carolina. In 1732, when King George II decided to create a new colony, and graciously permitted it to be named after him, South Carolina did not object to its diminution; it was delighted to have a buffer territory set up between it and the potentially menacing Spanish who were encamped down at St. Augustine. The king gave control of Georgia to twenty-one trustees, of whom Oglethorpe, then a member of Parliament, was one. Each of the male settlers who accompanied Oglethorpe was outfitted with, among other things, a musket, a bayonet, a hatchet, a hammer, a handsaw, a gimlet, an iron pot, a frying pan, a watch coat, and, among other comestibles, forty-four gallons of strong beer. No harder liquor was to be allowed in the new colony—and no slaves, either, although Oglethorpe was at one time a shareholder in a British slave-dealing company. (The ban on slaves was lifted in 1749, and by 1770 there were almost half as many in Georgia as there were white settlers—ten thousand six hundred and twenty-five as opposed to twenty-three thousand three hundred.) Some early settlers, moreover, were entitled to a white manservant or an apprentice, who received two frock coats and three pairs of shoes—one English, two Colonial. Immediately after arriving, Oglethorpe made peace with the Indians in the vicinity, abetted in no small part by the interpretive services of a half-breed, Mary Musgrove. The Musgrove Plantation, on St. Simons Island, which President Carter has been using as a home-state hideaway, is named after her.

In 1831, after a visit to the Georgia coast, John James Audubon wondered if he "had landed on one of those fairy islands said to have existed in the Golden Age." More than a century earlier, Georgia had been thought by many Englishmen who had never laid eyes on it to be a sort of tropical paradise. Sixteen years before Oglethorpe's arrival, a Scottish real-estate promoter named Sir Robert Montgomery had attempted, with notable lack of success, to sell lots in a new settlement he called the Margravate of Azilia, which, according to an imaginative brochure he put out, was situated in "the most delightful country of the Universe," where investors would realize a hundred-and-fifty-per-cent profit every year from land that could grow, among other delectables, pomegranates, almonds, figs, currants, olives, tea, and coffee. Oglethorpe's aspirations were more modest. One of his objectives was to produce silk, in order to obviate Englishmen's having to buy it from France and Italy. To that end, the colonists were expected to plant ten mulberry trees on each acre they cleared, and their roster included a silk-winding expert. There were early plantations around Savannah called Mulberry Grove and Silk Hope. A silkworm and a mulberry leaf were incorporated into the design of Georgia's Colonial seal. When Oglethorpe went back to England, in 1734, to report on the progress of his colony, he was able to take with him (in addition to several Indians) enough silk to provide a dress for Queen Caroline. But the silk industry soon declined, and the colonists switched to rice and cotton. They came to realize that Georgia was not exactly the Edenic spot that Sir Robert Montgomery had visualized. They were scourged by yellow fever. The poverty of the colony drove people away, and by 1752 the trustees of the colony of Georgia had lost so much money and were so discouraged about its prospects that they gave it back to the king.

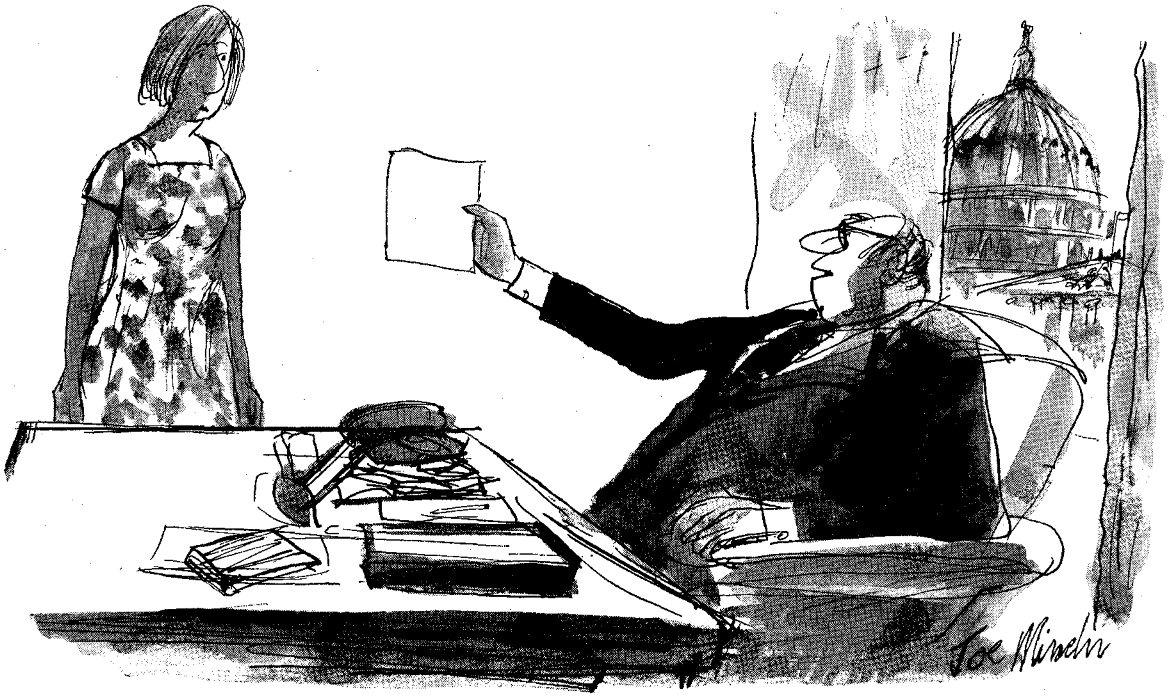
Savannah remained the capital of Georgia until 1786. (Augusta was the next capital.) Among the immigrants who arrived in the next few decades were quite a number of Irishmen, and there has been a strong affinity ever since between the Irish and Savannah. St. Patrick's Day is the city's biggest holiday. On March 17th, Savannah schools are closed; there would be no point in keeping them open, because nobody would show up. On one St. Patrick's Day, the Savannah River was dyed green. By the time the Colonies declared their independence, Oglethorpe had long since vanished from the Georgia scene, but in Savannah he left behind a carefully and attractively laid-out community, built around twenty-four parklike squares, twenty-one of which remain, verdant tributes to his foresight. As late as 1840, Savannah gave two dollars to anyone who planted an oak, wild-orange, or elm tree within the city limits. The names of some of the old squares have changed over the years—Percival Square, for instance, named after the first president of the original board of trustees, became Wright Square, after the colony's last

British governor. The squares honor some of the illustrious figures who came to Savannah: Oglethorpe himself, the Marquis de Lafayette, and Count Casimir Pulaski, among others. George Washington slept there, too, in 1791; he bestowed on the city a brace of cannon he'd taken from Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. Pulaski was mortally wounded at Savannah in 1779 while he was commanding Washington's cavalrymen against the British. The grapeshot that felled him is on display at the Georgia Historical Society, which has its headquarters, as Savannahians deem only appropriate, in Savannah. An Army fort that was built in the early nineteenth century on Cockspur Island, a few miles southeast of the city, was named after the Polish nobleman. Robert E. Lee, shortly after his graduation from West Point, in 1829, spent a year and a half working on the redoubt as an engineer officer. Fort Pulaski had twenty-five million bricks built into it, and was thought to be impregnable. Early in the Civil War, the Yankees put some newfangled rifled artillery ashore on Tybee Island, south of the fort, and breached its walls, whereupon the garrison surrendered. Tybee's lighthouse was for many years an important navigational beacon, and Georgia politicians who have traversed the state from north to south can often be heard uttering the encompassing words "from Rabun Gap"—in the lower Appalachians—"to Tybee Light."

SAVANNAH is the principal city of Chatham County, and it is so far removed from the rest of Georgia in attitude and heritage (some Savannah families are quite old; some other Georgia families just pretend to be) that it and its environs are sometimes known, both among other Georgians and among Savannahians themselves, as the State of Chatham. Savannah has been a seaport of significance ever since its founding, but even though its docks are still fairly busy it has become, all in all, a quiet, sleepy sort of place, and this is one of its charms. Even when Savannah really hummed, it seemed to hum serenely; William Makepeace Thackeray, stopping off there on a lecture tour in 1855, described it as "a tranquil old city, wide-streeted, tree-planted, with a few cows and carriages toiling through the sandy road, a few happy negroes sauntering here and there . . . no tearing Northern hustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds." (As aloof, and even smug, as the State of Chatham may sometimes appear to the rest of the State of Georgia, other Georgians still assert that Savannah has it all over Charleston, South Carolina.) General Sherman didn't set fire to Savannah, either, though its tindery wooden buildings had already been several times subjected to fierce conflagrations. As a result, many of the homes that were constructed from about 1850 on were made of a soft, gray-red local brick called Savannah Grey. The old houses' distinctive ornamental ironwork was often forged from the ballast jettisoned by cargo ships that came from Europe to take back cotton. By the nineteen-fifties, many of the fine old homes had fallen into dismal disrepair, but, thanks to the efforts of several groups of civic-minded residents, they have been retrieved from slumlords and others uncaring of history and have been agreeably and attractively restored.

James Oglethorpe himself never considered Savannah worth settling down in. He chose instead, as the site of his only American residence, St. Simons Island, where in 1736, in deference to the threat posed to his colony by the Spanish in Florida, he also constructed another brick fort, the ruins of which are now tended by the National Park Service. Oglethorpe named it Fort Frederica, in honor of his king's son Frederick Louis, who was the father of George III. Georgia has a hundred and fifty-nine counties today. In 1741, it had only two—Savannah and Frederica. Oglethorpe, faithful to his original economic mission, had six thousand mulberry trees planted at Frederica, but they didn't fare very well; indeed, the garrison there was often so preoccupied with its military training that it had to ignore agriculture, and for a spell in 1738 the settlement subsisted largely on alligator meat. The fort was manned in part by Scotsmen, whom Oglethorpe had recruited after his 1734 voyage back to England. They introduced golf to America. The Georgia town of Darien, on the mainland just across from St. Simons, derived its name from an earlier Scottish colony—one that had been established, abortively, on the site of what became Panama.

Fort Frederica proved useful in 1742, when its soldiers marched out and, a couple of miles away, trounced an invading Spanish force, in the Battle of Bloody Marsh. The enclave also nurtured, albeit somewhat inhospitably, the seeds of a new religious movement. In addition to the Scots, Oglethorpe imported to Georgia, in 1736, two young Anglican ministers—John and Charles Wesley, then thirty-two and twenty-eight, respectively. John stayed mostly in Savannah, where (still another first) he founded the first Protestant Sunday school on earth. Charles



"You left out 'with extreme regret.' We accept all resignations with extreme regret."

• •

went to Frederica. He was not very popular. His most persistent adversary was Beata, the wife of Thomas Hawkins, the local physician and pharmacist. Dr. Hawkins was arrested one Sunday morning for firing a gun instead of listening to the Reverend Mr. Wesley preach. Beata Hawkins—a termagant, by all accounts—spread such malicious rumors about Wesley that his washerwoman quit doing his laundry, and his congregation dwindled to two Presbyterians and a Baptist. The brothers soon returned to England, bearing scars. John Wesley's principal physical scar was on one arm, where he had been bitten by Mrs. Hawkins, whose wrath he had also aroused, in a scuffle at her home.

But the Wesleys left their mark on Georgia, too: the Methodist Church is now solidly entrenched there. On St. Simons, not far from Fort Frederica, there exists a community called Epworth-by-the-Sea—the Wesleys were born in Epworth, England—where quite a few retired Methodist divines have elected to reside. When, in 1823, a Christian collegiate community was established in north Georgia, forty miles east of where Atlanta looms today, it was called Oxford, because the Wesleys had gone to Oxford. Even without the Wesleys, Georgia, like most of the rest of the Deep South, would probably have become a profoundly religious place. Today, two Georgians meeting for the first time are likely to seek a common bond by mentioning not the street they live on or the office they work in but the church they worship at. Following the establishment of its initial two counties, some of the state's subsequent political subdivisions, when it became large enough to feel the need for any, were based on the boundaries of Anglican Church parishes. Nowadays, no politician in the vicinity of Atlanta at the appropriate time would dream of skipping the Governor's Annual Prayer Breakfast, a gritsy affair, which evoked a few raised eyebrows last winter when the main speaker, the eminent president of a Georgia university, told a mildly racy joke. (It was the old one about the blonde at an American Legion convention who, on being presented to the audience, said, "I've been called upon to give a short address. 33 Apple Street. Apartment B.") The next speaker compounded the consternation by specifically crediting God with having inspired the preceding oratory, but the few murmurs that *that* evoked were soon drowned out when the entire assemblage rose and solemnly sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Nobody knows for certain how many churches there are in Georgia today. Driving around the state, one sometimes gets the impression that there are more churches than houses. North of Columbus, close to the Alabama border, there is a rural byway called Double Churches Road. The state contains about three thousand Baptist and at least fifteen hundred Methodist halls of worship; Chatham County alone has a hundred and eighty-nine Protestant churches—almost exactly one for every thousand people of all denominations and absence thereof. There are perhaps more churches than there would have to be if this were a simpler world: most Georgia churches are still segregated.

Wherever one goes in Georgia, one senses the impact of faith on the lives of its citizens. There cannot be many other places where one is likely to be confronted by a billboard that says "God Makes House Calls." Even more visible are billboards with political messages: "Get the United States Out of the United Nations" (this one in the congressional district that used to be Andrew Young's), or, in red, white, and blue, "Larry McDonald Is a Great American" (that one in the home district of Representative McDonald, a urologist and self-proclaimed John Bircher, who not long ago was accused of coaxing some of his patients into signing federal firearms forms, thus enabling him to stash away a considerable arsenal). Even more evident are billboards that stress the agricultural nature of the state: "Nail Beggarweed in Peanuts," "Brake Nematode Losses in Soybeans," "Pecans by the Handful or Truckload." The Georgia Agribusiness Council recently put up a billboard that said "Georgia Agribusiness—We're Helping America Eat Her Heart Out." So many people misunderstood that one—or, rather, couldn't understand it at all—that its sponsors soon removed it.

FROM Oglethorpe's first mulberry trees on, Georgia's lot has in large measure been determined by what Georgia's soil—often fiery-red clayey soil—can be made to yield. So dominant has farming been as a way of life that as recently as 1910 only one-fifth of the state's inhabitants were to be found in towns with a population of over twenty-five hundred. Many Georgia farmers, for more than a generation after that, were impoverished sharecroppers, not much better off economically than the slaves whom they had supplanted—and in whose grubby shacks they sometimes dwelt. Farm owners, often of the absentee variety, would take advantage of their frequently illiterate tenants in any way they could; characteristic was the storied landlord who, if the year was 1928, would add $19.28 to his year-end reckoning of what a tenant owed him, because there the figure was, right on the sheet of paper under the uncomprehending tenant's nose.

Lately, the farm population has declined, as it has throughout the nation. In Georgia, it was nine hundred and fifty thousand in 1890, peaked to a million seven hundred and six thousand in 1920 (at which time there were three hundred and eleven thousand farms in the state), and dropped to two hundred and twenty-eight thousand by 1970 (when fewer than seventy thousand farms were left). Agriculture remains Georgia's primary industry, but now it employs only four per cent of the state's workers instead of fifty-eight per cent, as in 1920; and a good deal of the flora in Georgia is ornamental. In 1974, Georgians spent just about as much on landscaping and horticultural services as they did on planting, cultivating, and harvesting their vegetable crops. As for other edibles, Cornelia, in the northeastern part of the state, is the apple center, and boasts a huge concrete apple alongside the old railroad station (its paint is freshened annually) to prove it. Cordele, to the south, is the watermelon center, and Albany, in Dougherty County, the pecan center. At last count, Dougherty County had two hundred and eight thousand pecan trees. These take twenty-five or thirty years to reach maturity. It used to be traditional for rural newlyweds in that part of Georgia to plant a pecan tree; the idea was that its produce would support them when they got too old to work.

Georgia harvests seven hundred and seventy thousand tons of peanuts annually, and it is forever trying to expedite consumption of this mountain of goobers by holding Peanut Recipe Contests and suitably rewarding the inventor of Cream of Peanut Soup or Peanut Butter Dream Cake. Delta Airlines, which is based in Atlanta, serves Georgia peanuts on most of its flights. (Sumter County, in which Plains is situated, is not Georgia's principal peanut-growing area. That distinction belongs to Early County, southwest of Sumter and abutting Alabama. Sum-

Pruning as a means to more nearly perfect wines.

To us, pruning—the cutting off of parts of the grapevine during the winter dormant period—is the single most important practice in the entire culture of grapes.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the amount of crop our vines will bear, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that crop will make to our wines.

That is why, we do not consider a man thoroughly experienced until he has been pruning for at least three years.

Why We Prune

The whole purpose of pruning is to direct our vines to grow fewer but better grapes—grapes of optimum maturity and with the full potential of their variety.

Vines which produce too many grapes—a condition called overcropping—can lead to a thin, watery wine.

A carefully pruned vine will produce grapes that have acid and sugar contents in perfect balance, and their wine will be full-bodied, deep and brilliant in color, and with a bouquet that is true to the grape.

Our Unique Next Step

Sometimes, despite judicious pruning, a vine will overproduce anyway—perhaps because of optimum conditions for exceptional fruitfulness, or because it did not produce as much as it should have in the previous year.

In such a case, we resort to thinning.

Thinning involves the actual removal of whole grape clusters from the vine—the sacrificing of a part of our crop in order to ensure the quality of the rest.

Sometimes this can mean removing as much as one-third the crop from an overproducing vine in order to maintain vine vigor. Or all of it, if we wish to give the vine a rest to regain its vigor.

Gallo, we might point out, is one of the very few wineries to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the best possible wine grapes.

How We Prune

Pruning is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our pruning practices in the 1940's. At that time, every single variety of grape was given its own program to determine the best method of pruning for that particular vine.

As a result of our tests, we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each spur—that part of the new wood which remains after pruning—we never leave more than two buds for future growth. This ensures optimum grape quality.

We do, however, vary the number of spurs on each vine. This depends on the variety.

For example, the Chenin Blanc and Ruby Cabernet vines are allowed not more than twelve spurs, the French Colombard fourteen, and the Barbera ten.

In general, the varieties having larger grapes and grape clusters are left with fewer spurs so as not to tax them beyond their capacities, and the varieties having smaller grapes and grape clusters are left with more.

Who Prunes

Because so much depends on the judgment of our pruners—in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which wood—we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must work under a foreman.

That is why, as mentioned earlier, it is usually three years before we consider him a thoroughly experienced pruner.

Our Goal

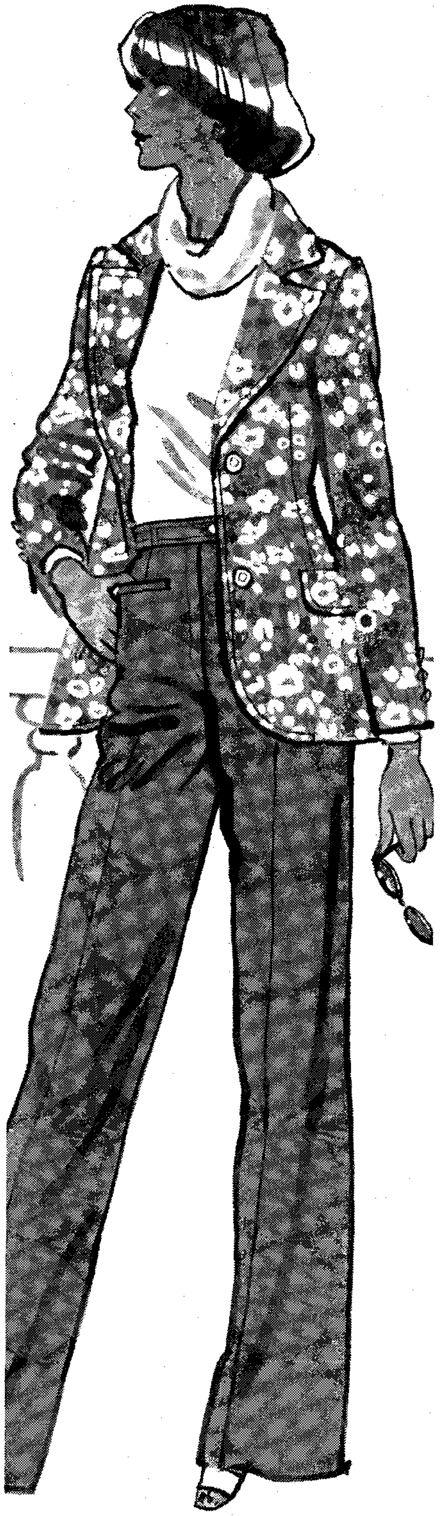
Obviously, the reason we here at the Gallo Vineyards are so particular about pruning is the direct relationship it has with wine quality.

Our experience is that excellent wines can only be made from excellent grapes, and that perfect wines require perfect grapes.

Therefore, because our goal is to make the finest wines possible—to give you pleasure by bringing you only the fullest perfection of flavor, taste and bouquet—we are totally committed to growing and using only the best quality grapes.

That insistence on perfection, really, is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our wine-making lives.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California



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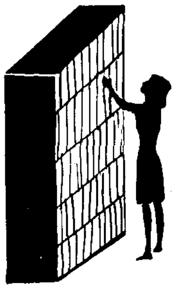
ter, which raises only fifty million pounds or so a year, lags behind thirteen other counties.) In 1976, the Georgia peanut crop was worth over three hundred million dollars. By contrast, the state's peach crop weighed in at a mere seventy thousand tons and was appraised at only sixteen million dollars. The Peach State, in fact, produces little more than five per cent of all American peaches. On the other hand, it accounts for forty-five per cent of the country's peanuts and forty per cent of its pecans. Every so often, a Georgia legislator will try to get the state's nickname changed to the Peanut State or the Pecan State—so far without success. Georgia is sometimes also called the Empire State of the South.

Georgia's principal economic crop, however, is timber. Of the state's thirty-seven and a half million acres, twenty-five million are wooded. Georgia turns out fifteen thousand tons of pulpwood a day. In Savannah, there is a factory that spews forth twenty-five million paper bags every single working day. Commerce aside, Georgia's trees are superior and often spectacular—its live oaks, for instance, are huge, gnarled masses festooned with Spanish moss, and in season further decoratively garlanded with wisteria. The wood of the live oak is so hard that it scoffs at nails. Cannonballs bounced off the sides of the U.S.S. Constitution ("Old Ironsides"), part of whose hull was made of St. Simons Island oak. At Thomasville, in southern Georgia, there is one venerable oak that measures sixty-eight feet in height and twenty-four feet in circumference and whose branches spread a hundred and sixty-two feet. Its birth date has been estimated as 1685. When, in 1936, it had attained the creditable age of two hundred and fifty-one and was still going strong, it was admitted to membership in something called the Live Oak Society. Georgia may be one of the few places on earth where trees are treated anthropomorphically. At the summit of a steep cobblestone side street in Athens, Georgia, stands a tree with property rights. It owns itself. "For and in consideration of the great love I bear this tree and the great desire I have for its protection for all time," says a marker attached to a fence that surrounds it, "I convey entire possession of itself and all land within eight feet of the tree on all sides." The legacy took effect in 1875, on the death of the tree's unusual admirer, one William H. Jackson. Few trees attain immortality, even in Georgia; when that one perished, in 1942, the Junior Ladies' Garden Club of Athens planted a replacement on the same spot; no real-estate developer has challenged its right to remain there. Not long ago, an Athens man who wanted to build a shopping center razed a grove of local oaks on land he unarguably owned himself, and some of the letters that the Athens *Banner-Herald* received about this dendrocide were well-nigh apoplectic.

ATHENS is called Athens because it was established—in 1801—as a seat of learning. (Georgia is the only American state that has major cities named Rome and Athens. Georgia's Romans may not get as agitated about trees as its Athenians do, but the home of Rome's most celebrated educator, Martha Berry, the founder of the Berry Schools, is called Oak Hill; Rome also has a statue of Romulus and Remus which was given it in 1929 by Benito Mussolini.) The Athens-based University of Georgia, with twenty-two thousand students and a faculty of two thousand, is the largest employer in that city of fifty-one thousand. The main gate to the central campus has three Greek pillars, similar to those pictured on the state seal and the state flag. The pillars stand for Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation. The university was integrated in 1961, but black students are still not widely evident; when a white boy invited a black girl to dinner at his fraternity house not long ago, he was severely chided. The university's fraternities and sororities have taken over and preserved some of the sprawling old mansions—designed in Greek Revival style, naturally—that once housed the Athenian élite. (Outside one dilapidated Victorian pile in the nearby town of Washington, where there is no major academic institution, a real-estate agent recently put up a sign reading "Hi! Please Buy Me and Fix Me Up—You'd Be Surprised How Good I Could Look.") There is something touchingly old-fashioned about the Athens campus; last spring, a few students were espied streaking. There are a few undergraduate living quarters called "zebes"—zebra-striped shanties on what was once a big estate. The zebes used to be slave cabins.



Everybody in Athens talks football. The University of Georgia football team is known as the Bulldogs, and

Bulldogism is a kind of lay religion. A guide to Athens put out for students by the local Chamber of Commerce has a bulldog on its cover and is entitled "Official Junkyard Dog Training Manual." It describes the city as "groovy" and "hairy," and as a place where one can "get involved in an in-depth analysis of the last Auburn game with your neighborhood garbage man." The manual says, "By August, banter about the gridiron prospects of the Bulldogs takes precedent [*sic*] in the majority of conversations about town." There is a whole page of Bulldog jokes. Two samples: "They've come out with a new jig-saw puzzle that's very popular at [Georgia] Tech. It has only one piece," and "One Alabama player was so excited over winning his letter in football that he asked the coach to read it to him." No one in Athens schedules any event, however culturally elevating, without first ascertaining that it does not conflict with any activity remotely pertaining to football.

Georgians are proud of the University of Georgia, which was the first (the first!) state-chartered university in the nation. Today, it is the key institution in a public higher-education system that includes two other universities—Georgia Tech and Georgia State—and a slew of four- and two-year colleges. When a Georgian says he has a degree from the university, and is asked which university he means, he replies with astonishment, "Why, the University of Georgia, of course. There is no other university in Georgia to me." When Margaret Mitchell, the author of "Gone with the Wind," once said of her brother, "He took his law degree at Harvard, and not at the university," she did not feel that the assertion required clarification. The state-university system embraces a hundred and twenty-seven thousand students, and to accommodate them, and also to keep political fences neat all around, the state Board of Regents decreed in 1965 that there had to be some source of higher education within commuting distance of every Georgian who aspired to it. As a result, in sparsely settled areas of the state there are a few junior colleges with low enrollments and staggeringly high expenses.

The University of Georgia is blessed in more ways than one: the chairman of the Georgia Senate Appropriations Committee, Paul Broun, is a Firestone dealer in Athens. Senator Broun finds town-gown relationships there generally admirable, and the two factions do seem to get along fairly well (a filling-station proprietor mutters during an academic recess, "I can't wait for

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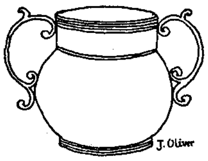
school to start again!"); but the Georgia Museum of Art, which, since its inception, in 1945, has been part of the university, has had difficulty—Athens being on the whole a conservative city in a mostly conservative state—obtaining enthusiastic community support for some of its more avant-garde exhibitions, such as a group show of conceptual art in honor of President Carter's Inauguration. One of the works in it consisted in large part of a hunk of red Georgia clay. The townsfolk feel more comfortable, all things considered, with more traditional collections—notably, a trove of twelve thousand letters written by Margaret Mitchell (a Smith student), which now reposes in the university's library, along with thirty-five thousand other memorabilia that she amassed up to her death in 1949. (She had a real sense of history; she even kept notes on her phone conversations.) The university also recently acquired nine hundred and sixty copies of various editions, foreign and domestic, of the books of another internationally known Georgia author, Erskine Caldwell. That gift followed his being invited to lecture on campus in 1975, an appearance that signified, in a sense, his home state's having forgiven him for writing "Tobacco Road" and "God's Little Acre" (each published in about thirty languages)—works presenting Georgia in a light that many Georgians have found less than effulgent. Indeed, many of them have believed that his benighted Georgia didn't—couldn't—exist. (Tobacco Roads exist, all right; one runs off Route 25 between Augusta and Waynesboro. There is also a town in Georgia called Between; it is between Monroe and Loganville.) Many of the incidents in "Gone with the Wind" stemmed from stories that Miss Mitchell heard in her childhood. The green dress that Scarlett O'Hara had made from window curtains is thought in Madison to trace its origins to the draperies of Boxwood House, an old place there where some of the curtains had to be used to reupholster sofas and chairs whose original coverings were worn out by five daughters a-courtin' on them. Today, many Georgians, in fond tribute to their favorite native author, have what they call their "Gone with the Wind" stories, which usually relate to a horse that General Sherman did or did not steal, or to a student in a young ladies' seminary who did or did not hide a Confederate soldier beneath the crinolines in her clothes closet while dastardly Yankees were scouring the premises for him. Georgia is a state of indomitable anecdotalists. In Savannah, one is apt to be told stories about its favorite local literary lion, Conrad Aiken, who, for reasons that are never quite satisfactorily explained, is said to have enjoyed going with his wife to a cemetery and, in that odd setting, companionably drinking Martinis. One day, the tale goes, the poet looked up and exclaimed, "Oh, God, we're out of ice!" At once, it began to hail.



HAVING been for most of its existence an almost exclusively agricultural state, Georgia had little of the kind of wealth that industry generates. What money there was came largely from cotton—the first shipment of cotton to England left Savannah in 1764—and from textiles. With the unwelcome arrival of the boll weevil, in 1921, Georgians began rapidly losing interest in cotton as a crop; today, eight other states produce more bales, although some shops in Macon still nostalgically sell cotton bolls to tourists coveting authentic regional souvenirs. (Macon was laid out, in 1823, in tidy rectangles, but mule drivers toting cotton to the Ocmulgee River barges that ferried it to the coast insisted on taking a shortcut; Macon thus has one diagonal downtown thoroughfare—Cotton Avenue.) So petty was Georgia's supply of cash that not until 1950 did the state's per-capita income reach the thousand-dollar mark, and not until 1917 was there a bank in the entire state with capital amounting to ten million dollars.

A prosperous attorney in Americus, J. Frank Myers, often recalls what happened to him when he started practicing, in 1947. "Up to twenty years ago or so, if I'd had an open-and-shut patent for perpetual motion I couldn't have got it financed in Americus," says Myers, who has thrice been mayor of that city. "I came back here after the war with a couple of degrees from the university and four years as a Navy pilot, and I went to the leading local bank—one that both my grandfather and my father had dealt with—and I said I wanted to open a law office and needed five hundred dollars for a desk and some books and a typewriter but had no money. The bank asked what I had for collateral, and when I said I had nothing but what I wanted to buy, it said sorry. I finally got a loan from another bank, but only after I reduced my request to three hundred.

Meanwhile, my brother, a veterinarian, had decided to start up a practice in Paxton, Illinois, where he didn't know a soul. He walked into a bank there and got five thousand dollars on his signature. I did manage to buy some land around Americus at a good time, but mainly because some friends lent me the money. If I'd waited until the regular financial institutions were ready to lend it to me, I'd still be picking cotton." In 1961, during one of Myers' terms as mayor, Martin Luther King, Jr., came around for a civil-rights demonstration. "I've always been liberal," Myers says today. "I've always believed in treating people right. I've been able to help what I prefer to call 'individual freedom,' rather than 'civil rights,' not by words but by actions. I integrated the Americus fire department and the clerical staff at City Hall, and I worked hard to integrate the schools, and when King came down and everybody wanted to put him in the city jail, I refused, so he had to be put in the county jail."

As late as 1920, Georgia, deep in the financial doldrums, contained very few miles of paved roads. Conditions there at that time were not much different from those described in a now famous speech that Henry W. Grady, the managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, made in New York City in December, 1886—it was made the same year that J. P. Morgan and other affluent Northeasterners bought Georgia's Jekyll Island as a private pleasure spot. Grady's lifelong ambition was for a new, far more than agrarian South to emerge from the rubble of Reconstruction. (He came nowhere near seeing it fulfilled; he died at thirty-nine, in 1899, of pneumonia caught in the North.) Grady is much more highly esteemed in the South today than most editors are anywhere at any time. His sculptured image sits in the center of Henry Grady Square, in downtown Atlanta. What had been a landmark of the capital city's Peachtree Street for many years, the Henry Grady Hotel, was demolished in 1972 to make way for John Portman's spectacular Peachtree Plaza Hotel, but that seventy-story inn does at least have two adjoining meeting halls called the Henry Room and the Grady Room. In another address by Grady, made in 1899, he described a Georgia funeral: "The corpse was a poor, one-gallus fellow. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry—they cut through marble to dig his grave—and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him

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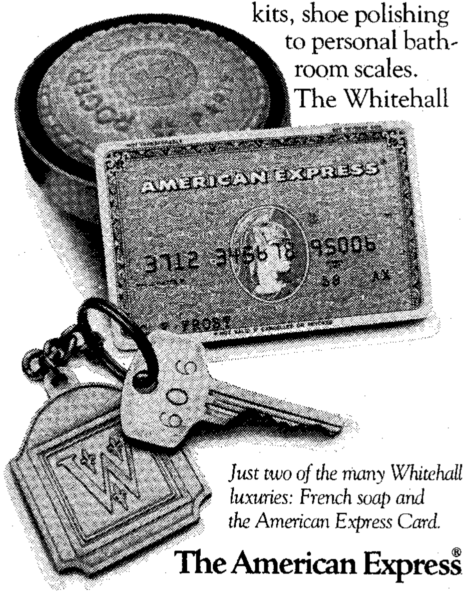

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in a pine forest, yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, yet the nails in the coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburgh. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on earth, yet the wool in the coffin bands and the bands themselves were brought from the North. They buried him in a New York coat and in Boston shoes, in a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati. The South didn't furnish a thing for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground." Present-day Georgians still call outsiders' attention to Grady's sardonic utterance, and then quickly make it clear why they do. "We can provide everything Grady talked about right here in Georgia now," the explanation is likely to go, "with the possible exception of the corpse, which may have originally come from the North."

Nowadays, Georgia has reasonably accommodating banks scattered all over the state. The Citizens & Southern National Bank has more than three billion dollars in assets and a hundred and twenty-four branches, a hundred of them in Atlanta alone. There are even black-owned banks, although, not surprisingly, blacks control a disproportionately small share of Georgia's wealth. "We are just now really beginning to get the hang of how the money game is played," one black businessman in Atlanta says. "We used to have to put up twenty-five or thirty per cent in cash if we wanted to invest in a piece of property, say, and, even then, to get a mortgage to cover the rest of the purchase price we'd have to pledge as collateral everything we had, down to and including the gold fillings in our teeth."

Georgians, whether black or white, are no longer predominantly rural; two-thirds of them now live in what are considered urban communities. Up until the Second World War, moreover, Georgia was a fiefdom of white Anglo-Saxon Protestantism. The second-class citizenship status of blacks was, of course, one reason for this; another was that because Georgia had so few factories it didn't attract many of the European immigrants, who tended to drift toward smokestacks. In the thirty years between 1940 and 1970, however, the number of Georgians employed in manufacturing rose from just over two hundred thousand to nearly half a million. Most of what industrial activity there was used to be clustered around Atlanta, because that was where most of every other kind of nonagricultural activity was. No longer: more than eighty per cent of all the industrial plants established in Georgia in the last decade have risen in communities with populations of less than fifty thousand. Today, Georgia regards itself as particularly attractive to outsiders looking for new industrial sites, because it has a temperate climate, reliable sources of water and power, and a right-to-work law. Only fourteen per cent of all Georgia jobholders are unionized, and these mainly because they work for companies that have contracts with nationwide unions. Furthermore, Georgia has a statewide network of vocational schools; almost anywhere a business chooses to settle, it can expect to find a pool of at least semiskilled labor.

As far back as 1852, a history of Georgia concluded that the state's future prosperity would be assured by "the admirable provision by which she has of late years encouraged manufactures generally, and in an especial manner those for the fabrication of cotton-cloths—a branch of business for which the state is admirably adapted." By 1882, a Boston newspaper was warning its readers grumpily that "another Lowell is growing at Augusta and another Lawrence at Columbus." Textiles are still consequential on the Georgia scene. Most of the nation's tufted textiles—carpeting, largely—come from north Georgia. Dalton, which has two hundred and eight carpetmaking plants, with a total of twenty-two thousand carpetmakers, considers itself the Carpet Capital of America, and it carpets the pedestrian islands at its principal street crossings. There are almost two thousand lumber and wood companies in Georgia, but they have only twenty-five thousand employees altogether; a far smaller number of textile firms—six hundred and seventy—provide a hundred and twenty thousand jobs.

The poultry business, which forms a bridge of sorts between industry and agriculture, is also significant in Georgia now—especially, again, in north Georgia. Most of the poultry-processing machinery on earth is made in Gainesville. (The Gainesville hero who is memorialized in its courthouse square is neither a Civil War general nor the inventor of an automatic egg candler but, rather, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Gainesville was badly hit by a tornado in April, 1936, and Roosevelt heard more about it than he might have if he had been in the White House, for he was then in the Deep South. On his return trip to Washington, the President had his train stop at Gainesville so he could assess the damage, and he quickly promised substantial federal funds to help the town put itself back together.) The poultry business currently earns Georgians more than seven hundred million dollars a year, and the state sometimes calls itself the Poultry Capital of the World. It is second only to Arkansas in output of broilers and to California in output of eggs. Georgia produces more than four and a half million pounds of chicken and more than a million dozen eggs every day. Some smallish Georgia towns have no restaurant but merely a short-order roadside stand; at these it is often possible to buy a meal consisting entirely of fried chicken giblets.

Today, the poultry business is mostly automated, and a hundred and fifty thousand chirping birds may be fattening under a single roof. It was different a generation ago, when many north Georgians supplemented their meagre cash incomes by raising chicks in back-yard broiler houses. They got chicks and chick feed free; they would later be paid a dime apiece for a full-grown broiler. One could raise four broods a year, and if one could manage, say, four thousand chicks at a clip, one could make sixteen hundred dollars for an awful lot of custodial effort. Also, inasmuch as the broiler houses were generally warmed by wood-fired heaters, one often had to sleep out there on winter nights to make sure the stove was kept stoked. "A lot of homes here in north Georgia were built with chicken money," a Clarkesville woman says. "A lot of local parents educated their children on moonshine money, too." North Georgia is a primarily dry area, but that has never inhibited the production of corn whiskey—before, during, or after Prohibition. In 1967, when the last more or less agreed-upon tabulation was made, seven hundred and fifty illicit stills were said to be operating somewhere or other in Georgia.

THE beverage that has had the most thumping impact on the state, though, is Coca-Cola, which some Southerners believe is to their region what oil is to the Middle East, and which Georgians loyally gulp with greater intensity than any other people

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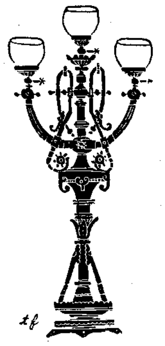
on earth. (Rome, Georgia, has the highest per-capita consumption—five hundred doses a year, which far exceeds the national average of about a hundred and twenty.) For many years, the economic strings that tugged Georgia this way and that were manipulated chiefly by the Georgia Power Company, the Trust Company of Georgia, and the Coca-Cola Company, not necessarily in that order. A house in Columbus that was occupied by John S. Pemberton, the pharmacist who concocted the original formula for Coke (some Georgians contend irreverently that the recipe, along with the cotton gin, was invented by and stolen from slaves), is regarded by the Historic Columbus Foundation as "of international importance," even though Pemberton, a native of Knoxville, Georgia, lived in Columbus for only five years and didn't brew his first Coke syrup until seventeen years after he had moved east to Atlanta. Pemberton never made much money out of Coca-Cola, and in that respect he was unimpeachably historic. In a 1950 biography by Charles H. Candler of his father, Asa, an early driver of the Coca-Cola bandwagon, the author noted, "The estate of practically every person of substantial wealth which has been administered in Georgia and surrounding states within the last twenty-five years has included a disproportionately large amount of Coca-Cola stock, which the records disclose was, in the main, acquired by the decedents at relatively low cost and, in many instances, with funds derived from dividends on stock already owned."



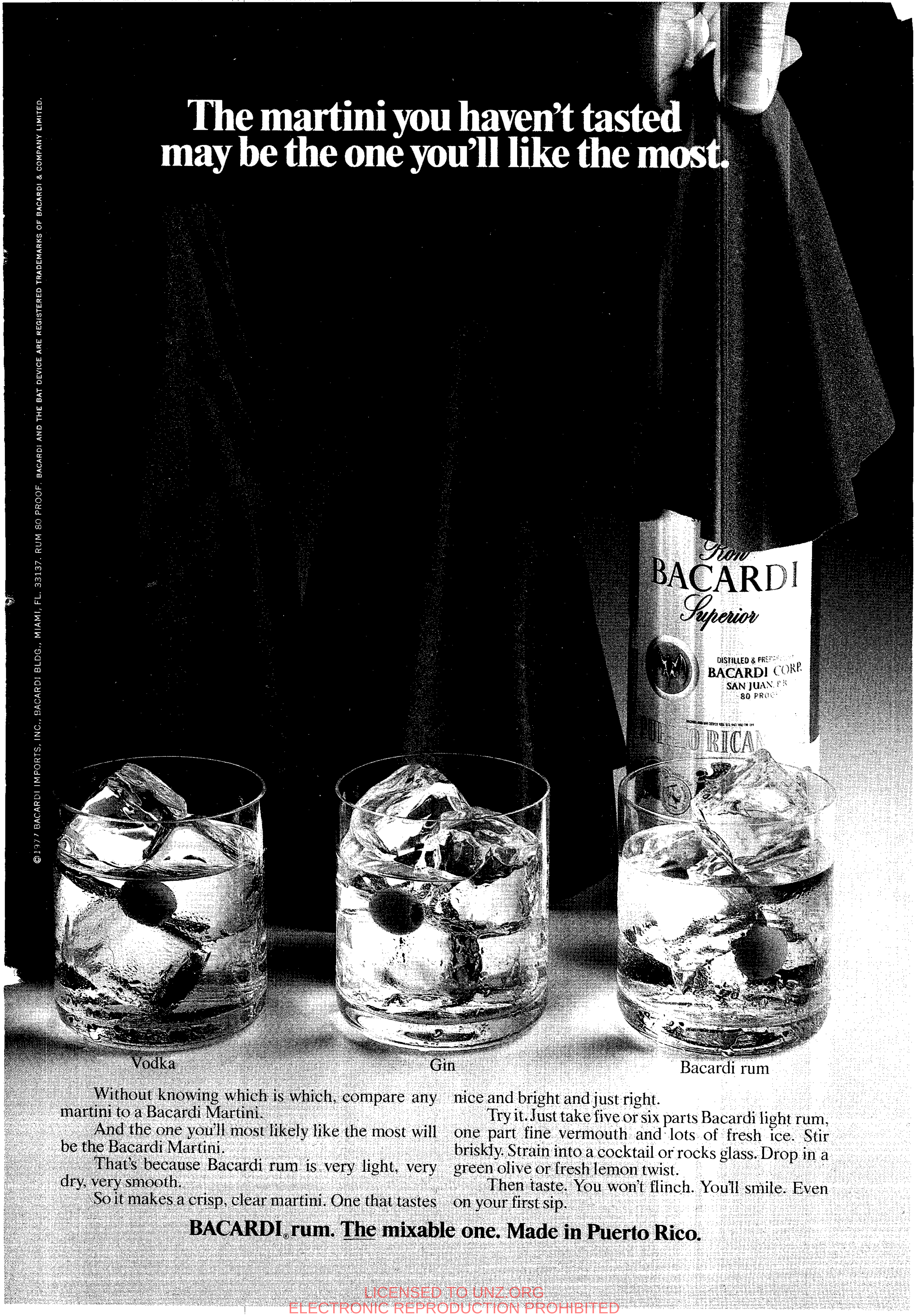
No man has derived more wealth from Coca-Cola than Asa Candler's successor as its helmsman—Robert Winship Woodruff. For the last forty years or so, Woodruff, who is now eighty-seven and has been somewhat slowed down by two strokes and by deafness, has been the most influential person in Georgia—if not in the whole Southeast—and also its most openhanded philanthropist. On his own or through one of his foundations, he has given Emory University, Georgia's leading private institution of higher learning, more than a hundred million dollars, and that fortunate university is assured of many more millions from the same prodigal sources. Emory has been trying for twenty years, out of gratitude and respect, to confer an honorary degree on Woodruff, but he won't come around to accept it, and the university's traditions preclude its being awarded in absentia.

In 1963, when Atlanta resolved to build a new arts center in memory of a hundred and twenty-one cultural leaders of the city who had died in a plane crash outside Paris the year before, Woodruff at once pledged a million dollars. He insisted, as he used to do in the case of all his benefactions, that his name not be mentioned, but few people were fooled; there was nobody else in Georgia who could afford largesse on the scale of "Mr. Anonymous." Before the Atlanta Memorial Arts Center was finished, Woodruff and his foundations had contributed a total of six million dollars toward its construction, and had thrown in ten million more as an endowment fund for operating expenses. More recently, as an expression of confidence in downtown Atlanta, they gave the city thirteen million dollars so it could create a central park.

The incumbent chairman of the board of Coca-Cola, J. Paul Austin (since 1955, Woodruff has chosen to be known only as chairman of the company's finance committee), is by the very nature of his position one of the leading citizens of Georgia. The boards he doesn't sit on are those he feels he doesn't have time to. Austin spends many of his working days outside Georgia now—perhaps in the Soviet Union, negotiating for the construction of a tea factory, or trying to nudge Pepsi-Cola out of the 1980 Olympic Games. To whatever ends of the earth he may roam on behalf of his company, he never loses sight of the relationship of its principal product to the state of its birth. "The Coca-Cola Company has changed and Georgia has changed, but *there's one thing that hasn't changed*," Austin says. "You'll still find Coke at every crossroads in Georgia. The presence of the product is total and all-pervasive." Austin himself is a native of La Grange, Georgia, near the Alabama frontier, and visitors to La Grange have no trouble believing that Coca-Cola is all-pervasive *there*. So many Coke signs grace its crossroads that a route salesman for Pepsi or Dr Pepper could hardly be blamed if he tried to drive through the town with his eyes closed. At that, he might make it, for the speed traps that used to flourish in small Georgia towns are now all but extinct.

"If you want to get something

The martini you haven't tasted may be the one you'll like the most.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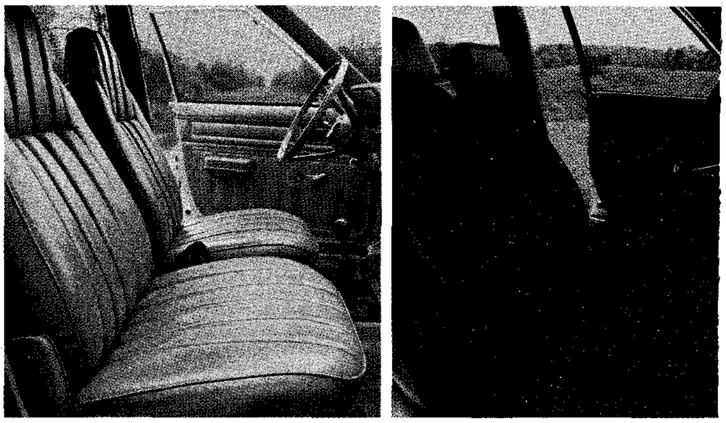

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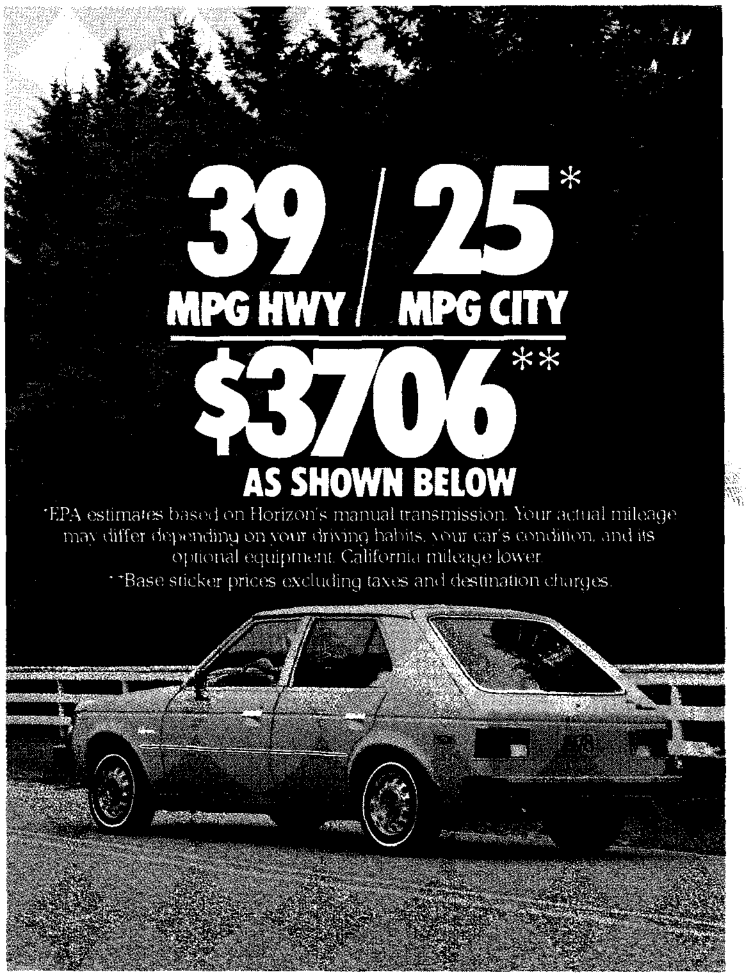

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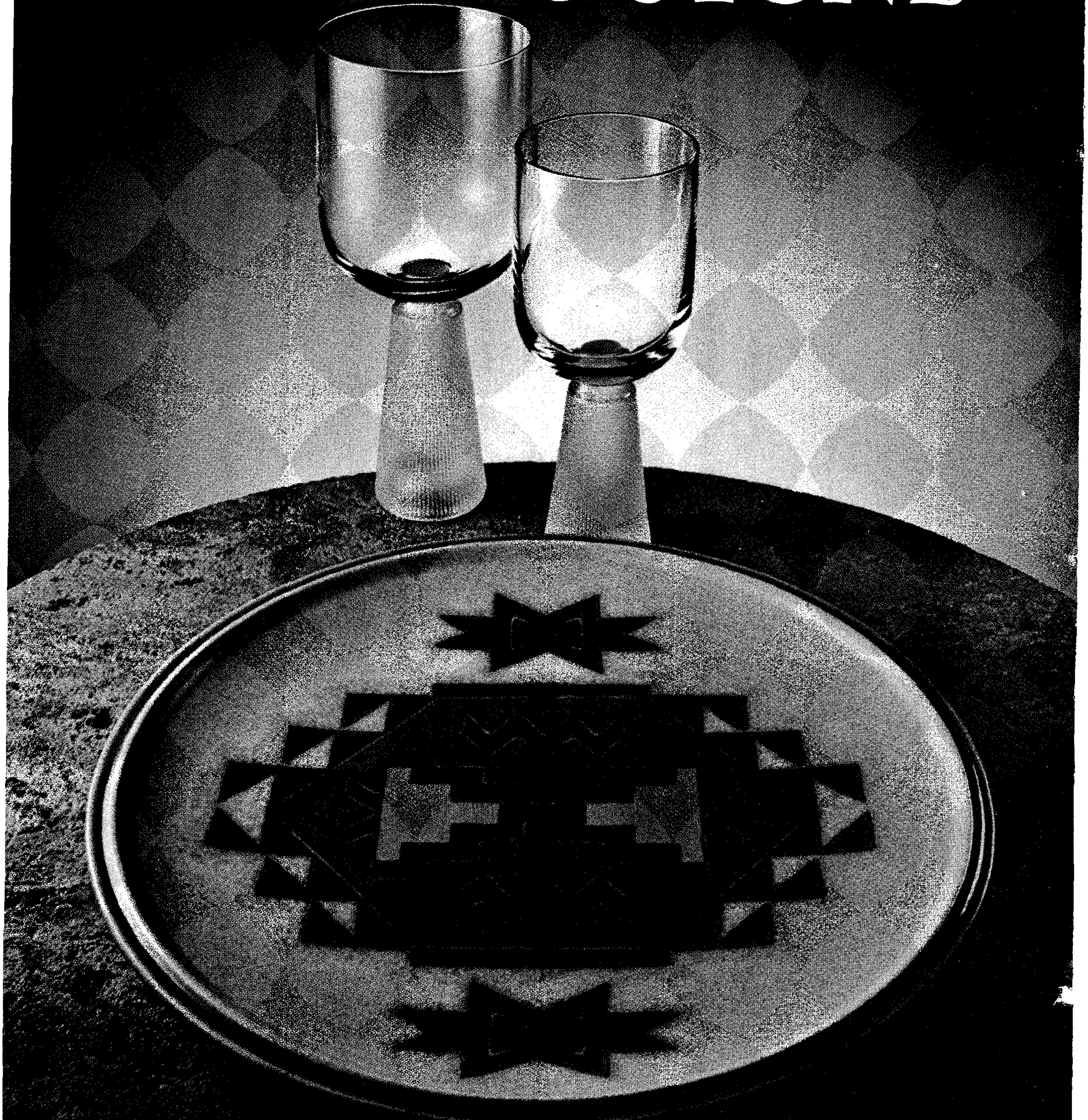

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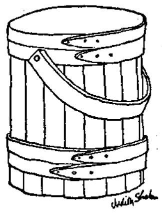
worthwhile done in Georgia, the one thing you have to have behind you is the Coca-Cola Company." The speaker speaks from experience; he is former Governor Carl E. Sanders, who now practices law in Atlanta, and he adds by way of emphasis that during his term of office Robert Woodruff had a better grasp of what was going on in the state than any other Georgian. When Martin Luther King, Jr., won the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1964, some of his fellow-Atlantans announced that they were tendering him a testimonial banquet. Its sponsors detected a marked—almost, it seemed, coordinated—reluctance on the part of the white business community to attend. Then Woodruff let it be known that he liked the idea, whereupon the footdraggers practically knocked each other down scrambling for tickets. Woodruff's, and his company's, benevolence to Georgia has not been unreciprocated. The late Senator Walter F. George, of Georgia, considered Woodruff his best friend, and as long as George was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee the Coca-Cola Company, whatever other worries it might have to contend with, did not have to concern itself with the possibility that a federal tax would be imposed on soft drinks.



For the last half century, Woodruff has been on close, if not intimate, terms with all of Georgia's senators and governors, though he has known Jimmy Carter less well than some of Carter's predecessors in the statehouse. Even so, when Carter ran for governor unsuccessfully (in 1966) and successfully (in 1970), he made a point each time ("He naturally would," a Woodruff henchman says) of soliciting Woodruff's blessing and support. Mr. Carter collects old Coke bottles. So do many other Georgians, among them a professor of history at Georgia Southwestern College, in Americus, who has converted an entire room of his house into a shrine furnished exclusively with Coca-Cola artifacts. Of all the stories that have been told about Jimmy Carter, the one that many Coca-Cola people like best is about the time his mother, on learning that his having flat feet might keep him out of Annapolis, spent a summer rolling them over Coke bottles.

THE Coca-Cola Company has long been prominently and profitably engaged in overseas commerce, but it was not until a few years ago, when Carter was governor, that Georgia began seriously to mount a foreign offensive of its own. In an effort to attract business and capital from abroad, the state now maintains trade offices in Europe, South America, Asia, and Canada; and, in keeping with this outward-looking attitude, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce not long ago set up a kind of ambassadorial outpost itself, in New York City. Georgia's first chancery was opened in Brussels, in 1973, and when state executives explain why that city was selected they sound like career diplomats. "If we had picked France, West Germany might have been offended," one of them said recently, "and if we'd picked Germany, Italy might have been." Reciprocally, twenty-nine countries currently have consular or trade representation, or both, in Georgia—most of their operatives being situated in Atlanta, where they fit in easily, inasmuch as only about twenty per cent of the city's residents were born in Georgia. The architect John Portman, who has done as much as anyone to alter the face and skyline of the capital, happens to be a native Atlantan, but some of his neighbors find this hard to credit; driving past his Hyatt Regency hotel, the first hostelry to carry his exposed-glass-elevator trademark, a cabdriver says, "That's one of that foreigner's places. Portman. He's from Paris. Or maybe London. I forget which."

The alien presence in Atlanta is so noticeable that some Georgians have lately wondered—in a few cases seriously—whether foreigners are going to buy up the entire state, and this misgiving was bolstered not long ago when it became known that the Atlanta Hilton, a non-Portman hostelry, had been bought by a consortium from Kuwait, not to mention the most recent purchase by a Saudi Arabian of Bert Lance's stock in the National Bank of Georgia. Until lately, nobody in Georgia had thought much about Arabs from anywhere; today, people searching for differences between various parts of the state cite as one of them that whereas north Georgians call Arabs "*Ay*-rabs," south Georgians call them "Urbs."

During the last three years, Governor Busbee has found it expedient to talk up Georgia in, among other stops on seven foreign promotional excursions, West Germany, Britain, France, Mexico, Taiwan, Japan, and El Salvador. In Mexico, he learned that sprinkler heads were being imported from north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Sprinkler

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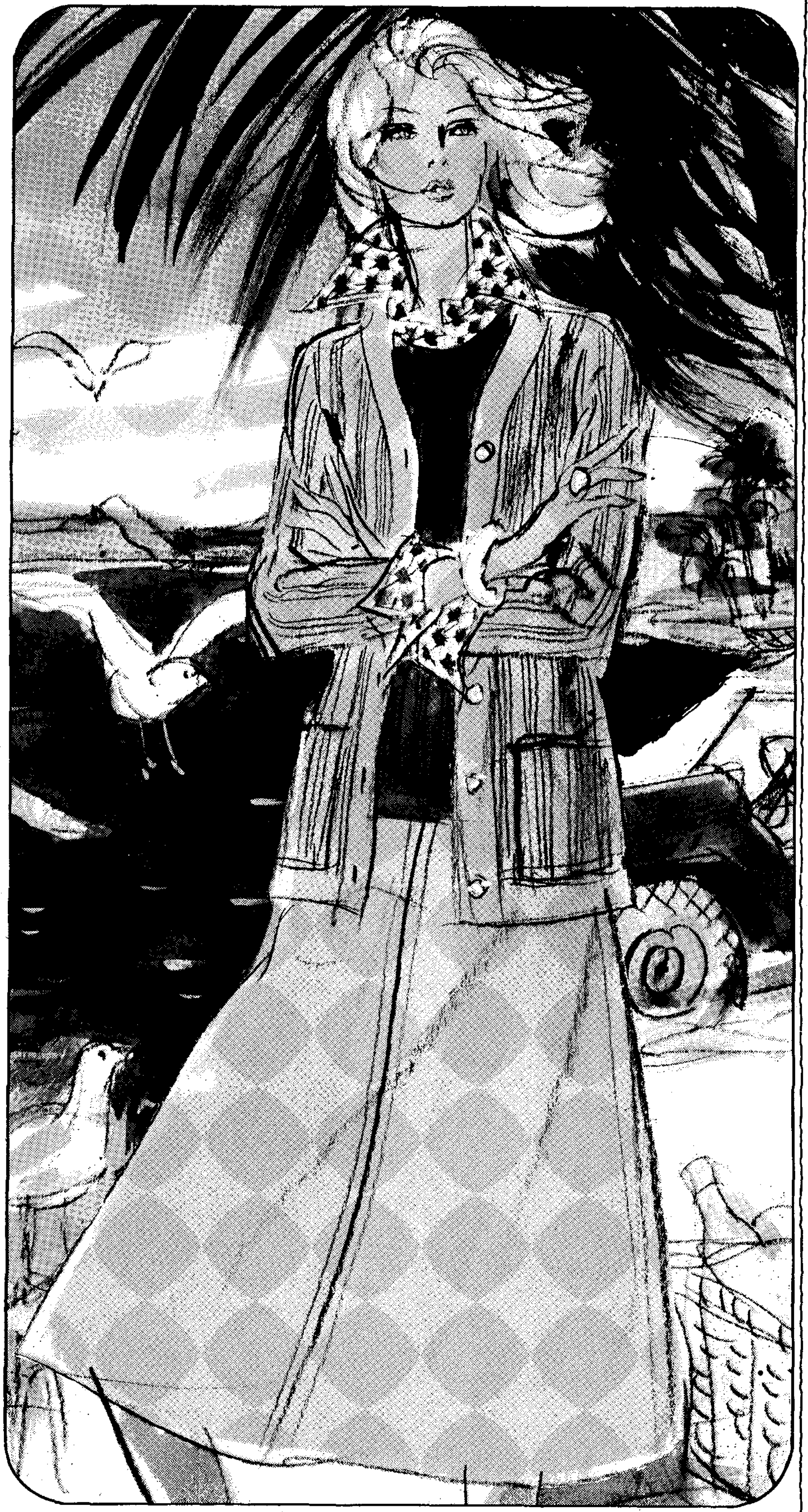

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heads are made in Georgia, too; now, owing to gubernatorial initiative, Georgia commands a decent share of the Mexican sprinkler-head market. Conversely, foreign-owned and sometimes foreign-managed plants have been sprouting from Georgia soil—to process Danish hams, assemble German tractors, forge Japanese zippers. Some two hundred and fifty foreign companies now have roots in Georgia. The YKK Zipper Company set up shop in Macon, where the Chamber of Commerce awarded a plaque to a cabdriver for showing some Japanese the local sights—including the only bridge in the Southeastern United States named for a black, the late rhythm-and-blues singer Otis Redding—and not charging them for the ride. "We never saw these foreigners before," former Governor Sanders says. "Now Georgia is definitely a name that people everywhere recognize."

The legislature passed a law in 1976 that made the state much more alluring to foreign banks than it had been before; a few of them now have branches in Atlanta. That year, too, Georgia arranged with the Department of Commerce in Washington to be tied in to that agency's computerized International Trade Opportunities Program, a clearing house for requests from abroad for American products. Today, if Washington receives an inquiry from, say, Saudi Arabia about an order for, say, chicken necks, Georgia can quickly notify its poultrymen about the prospective customer. Atlanta not long ago built a World Congress Center, at a cost of thirty-five million dollars, which can provide simultaneous translations in six languages.

The state's best foreign friend, all things considered, has been Japan, which has even amicably professed to want to import Chicken Hot Dogs from Georgia. Japanese businessmen seem to feel at home in Georgia, because of its determined ongoing cultivation both of old-fashioned Southern hospitality and of the old-fashioned Protestant work ethic. In 1975, following a visit to Atlanta by a dozen high-placed Japanese industrialists, Southeastern-American and Japanese business relations were formally cemented by the creation of two bilateral trade associations. Because of the well-known Japanese addiction to golf, when association meetings are scheduled for Georgia the hosts try to hold them in April, so the guests can attend the Masters golf tournament, in Augusta. (Native Augustans often take pains to leave town that frenetic week, some of them being handsomely paid for their flight by golf buffs' renting their homes, at astronomical rates.) More than a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of Japanese capital has flowed into Georgia during the nineteen-seventies. "The Japanese are in love with the Southeast," a Japanese consul-general stationed in Atlanta gushingly declared not long ago. Georgians are no less ready to demonstrate their affection for Japan. Governor Busbee, on one of his first visits to the Oval Office after President Carter moved into it, took some Japanese businessmen along.

Georgians who care about foreign trade are fond of Japan in its entirety, but they have come to feel a special affinity with a prefecture at the southern tip of Japan—Kagoshima, which since 1966 has been a sister state of Georgia. (Since 1972, Pernambuco, Brazil, has also been a sister state of Georgia; the two states have a student-exchange program that Jimmy Carter initiated.) The Kagoshima relationship, instigated by an American and a Japanese television station, has seemed to Kagoshimans to have neat historical justification. Had not they, too, once been defeated in battle after a vain but gallant uprising against the powerful northern section of their country? In the last couple of years, Kagoshima has sent to Georgia, as envoys of good will, fifteen high-school students and a junior symphony orchestra. Georgia has sent, in return, Governor Busbee, who was received by hundreds of flag-waving children. Kagoshima is holding an exposition this year in honor of the hundred-and-fiftieth birthday of General Takamori Saigo, the leader of its ill-fated rebellion, and it is putting up a whole building for exhibits from Georgia. The city of Macon, for its part, recently acquired an Asian sister city—Kaohsiung, Taiwan. Macon is also a sister city of Mâcon, France, for obvious reasons, and of Kurobe, Japan, for the reason that Kurobe is the headquarters city of the YKK Zipper Company. When Kaohsiung joined the sorority, the Macon *Daily News* mused editorially, "Who's next? Afghanistan? Yugoslavia? Antarctica? Togo? This could get ridiculous."

IN the conduct of its foreign affairs, Georgia has had access for the last several years to expert advice, in the person of Dean Rusk, a native son. A man from Cherokee County, in north Georgia, Rusk is the chairman of the international council of the Georgia Chamber of Commerce. For the

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Chamber and other regional organizations, he helps set up and conduct seminars and other functions for visiting foreigners, and he can recruit guest stars like Henry Kissinger and Cyrus Vance. "Dean Rusk is a great asset to Georgia," says Governor Busbee.

The now sixty-eight-year-old former Secretary of State (Georgia's second; John Forsyth, under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren, was the first) is Samuel H. Sibley Professor of International Law at the University of Georgia. Rusk hadn't lived in his home state for forty-two years when he returned, in 1969, but he had no difficulty making the readjustment, in part because he had kinfolk all over Georgia. His father—a farmer, who later became a post-office employee—was one of eleven children, and when Rusk took the measure of his environment on settling back into it, he calculated that he had fifty-seven first cousins around on the paternal side alone. Family means a lot in Georgia. One scion of an old Augusta tribe professes to be actually acquainted with an authentic twelfth cousin.

"If you grew up in Georgia, you know how to decompress," Rusk recently told an acquaintance who wondered how he had adjusted to his comparatively tranquil post-government life. "My mother would decompress by sitting down in a rocking chair and taking a five-minute nap." On the maternal side, he has only twelve Georgia first cousins. "Georgia is home to me, and, as a matter of fact, teaching international law is what I've really wanted to do all my adult life. And, what's more, you can't imagine the exhilaration one feels when one ceases to have major responsibility. I was invited to Mr. Nixon's first Inauguration, but I didn't go. I watched it on television instead. The instant he finished his oath of office, I floated like a balloon, because, whatever happened around the globe, it wasn't my baby anymore. The difference between the world of decision and the world of opinion is fantastic."

Rusk did not move into his professorial chair at Athens without difficulty. The state Board of Regents governs the university, and a few of its members had reservations about him—not because of his conduct of foreign affairs during the Vietnam years but because he has a black son-in-law. Eventually, the Regents did approve his appointment, but only by a vote of nine to four, and soon afterward a diehard member of the state legislature tried to get it to enact a statute that would have reduced the annual appropriation to the university by precisely the amount of Rusk's salary. Rusk won that vote by a hundred and three to thirteen.

Since attaining more or less universal acceptance back home, Rusk has toured the state tirelessly, turning up at church meetings, in high-school classrooms, and at Rotary and Kiwanis lunches—all without Kissingerian fanfare. "I've taken the view that I ought to be available to the people of the state," Rusk says. "And I've drawn from the experience—a very stimulating one—something that sounds pretentious: the realization that, as Harry Truman so well knew, grass-roots people are pretty good people." Mr. Rusk usually drives his own car from place to place. "What impresses me most about Georgians as I travel about is their sense of personal dignity and worthiness of purpose," he says. "These are people who tend to be private, and when feuds break out among them they're apt to result from affronts to personal dignity. They don't like to be elbowed."

Rusk enjoys reflecting on how much Georgia has changed since he went into public service. "I had been Secretary of State only briefly when, in the winter of 1961, I was invited to speak at the annual meeting of the Atlanta Bar Association, which was held at the Biltmore Hotel," he says. "Mindful of the implications of my new situation, I asked if the Bar Association was integrated. 'We're not, but we will be by the time you get here,' I was told. That turned out to be the first time any blacks ever dined at the Biltmore. It was during a period, of course, when black Ambassadors to the United States still couldn't dine at a good many Washington restaurants, either.

"But the biggest change in Georgia during the forty-odd years when I had no home there was its breaking away from the post-Civil War mythology that had been so real to my grandparents. In my parents' generation, some of that feeling persisted, but it was largely conversational: you had to have a few good colored jokes, and you had to utter your quota of 'damyankees.' Nobody took those attitudes too seri-

ously, but they were still there, and a Gene Talmadge could whip them up and could get a response. One change I've noticed in my own family that seems to me significant is this: my father was the only one of the eleven boys and girls in his family to go to college, and only three of my father's five children went to college, but all of his grandchildren did. And still another change that I would naturally be aware of is in Georgia's relations with the outside world. Do you know that Georgia's exports abroad have doubled in the last six years and are expected to double again in the next four? Oh, there's no doubt about it—things are good in Georgia!"

ALONG with foreign businessmen, Georgia has lately been attracting, with relatively little effort, more tourists than it had ever dreamed of. There have always been a handful of the Northern rich who find Georgia an agreeable winter haven—especially the coastal islands and Augusta (where forty or fifty years ago the locals could never quite get over their amazement that the vacationing Yankees had chauffeurs and other servants who were *white*). But Georgia was not, like Florida, a target on which sojourners en masse set their sights. Even Georgia's vast Okefenokee Swamp, that strange, silent habitat of turtles, snakes, and alligators, was something that it had to share with Florida. (One of the more picaresque minor characters on the contemporary Georgia scene is a snake handler who, though he is a native of Tennessee, calls himself Okefenokee Joe, and who diverts visitors to the northern part of the swamp with fervent testimonials to rattlers and other reptiles; in his view, snakes are nature's good guys, the bad guys being cats, dogs, and human beings.) Now, at one edge of Okefenokee and at nine other strategic spots, Georgia mans anti-Florida outposts—that is, Welcome Centers to Georgia—all offering free Cokes, except for one in Plains, which offers free peanuts.

Converting a Florida-bound tourist from a pass-through to a stop-over has long been a cherished goal of Georgia tourism officials, and in the last year or so they profess to have perceived an intoxicating, to them, new trend. According to an executive of the state's Bureau of Industry and Trade, which actively promotes up-from-Florida migration, one of the Welcome Centers kept receiving northbound senior citizens, who kept saying, "We don't want to stay down *there* any

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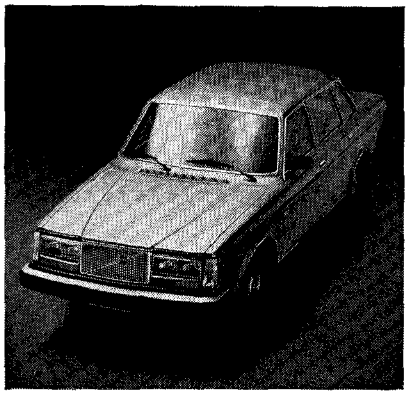

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longer. What do you have to offer *here?*" The bureau soon whipped up a retirement brochure, which noted that Georgia has more than five hundred and twenty-seven thousand lakes and one thousand three hundred and twenty-two miles of trout streams; that its fishing and hunting licenses are free to older folk; that it has no inheritance tax; and that Atlanta's cost of living for people over sixty-five is substantially below that of either New York City or Anchorage, Alaska. "Why just visit Georgia when you can live here?" the booklet demanded. The sentiments have been echoed on free match packets distributed at the Welcome Centers: "Georgia—for a Good Time or a Lifetime." In 1976, the number of bodies of all ages counted at Georgia Welcome Centers for the first time topped the five-million mark, and there were presumably still more who passed without stopping, matches and free snacks notwithstanding. The tourist boom has elated Georgians everywhere. Up north in the state, at the edge of the Chattahoochee National Forest, the little town of Helen has been revamping itself into an ersatz Bavarian village. It conducts an annual Oktoberfest, and it has adopted an ordinance requiring every building along its main drag—Wursthaus and pizzeria alike—to adorn itself with a Munich-like façade. It bids farewell to its pass-throughs with a sign that says "Auf Wiedersehen."

Georgia's tourism people have not figured out yet quite what to do with or about Plains. (Plains has. It has guided-tour operators all but tripping over each other, and one not long ago sued a rival for allegedly pirating his copyrighted spiel.) In parts of the state removed from Carter country, it has been jokingly suggested that to expedite traffic it would make sense to have the whole of Plains packed up and moved to the Atlanta Stadium's parking lot, which is seldom full and is much closer to the Atlanta airport than Plains is. Plains could not be shifted, however, without incalculable inconvenience to a cousin of the President, State Senator Hugh Carter, Jr., who has a lucrative mail-order fish-bait business, involving the turnover of twenty million worms a year.

State officials expect close to two million squirming human visitors to descend upon Plains during each of the next few years, and it is hoped that they can somehow be diverted to nearby spots like Warm Springs (where President Roosevelt's cottage, unlike President Carter's now cordoned-off home, can actually be seen by ordinary tourists), to the Callaway Gardens (which have at least six hundred varieties of azalea, as opposed to Plains' mere five hundred and ninety-nine varieties of postcard), or to Andersonville, the Civil War prison where almost thirteen thousand captured Union soldiers died. The prison area and its sobering adjacent graveyard have been a National Historic Site since 1970. The commandant of the prison, the Swiss-born Confederate Army captain Henry Wirz, was tried for his misdeeds after the war and was hanged in Washington on November 10, 1865. In 1909, the Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy erected a monument to Wirz in the middle of the village of Andersonville, just outside the stockade, "to rescue his name from the stigma attached to it by embittered prejudice." In 1919, Northern airmen taking flight training at Souther Field, outside nearby Americus (Charles Lindbergh made his first solo flight from Souther Field), defaced the memorial with black and yellow paint. On being sternly advised that such desecration would have to be avenged by the refusal of all Southern belles in the vicinity to attend any further dances at the airbase, the trainees quickly scrubbed the monument clean. It has not evoked much controversy since.

Americus is only ten miles from Plains—"a wagon grease" away, in Georgia lingo—and, being the seat of Sumter County, of which both are constituent, has been heir to many Plains-generated headaches. Plains has no Chamber of Commerce, and mail addressed to that nonexistent entity gets delivered to the Americus Chamber. Because Georgians are conscientious about answering mail, addressee notwithstanding, the annual postal budget of the Americus Chamber, which used to fluctuate between twelve and fifteen hundred dollars a year, is now well past the five-thousand-dollar mark. In 1976, the Americus Chamber escorted a couple of dozen businessmen from its bailiwick to Johnson City, Texas, hoping to find some worthwhile guidance there on coping with swarms of visitors to a Presidential homestead. The comparison seemed promising, for Johnson City, like Plains, has a resident population of well under a thousand. It swiftly developed, however, that the only thing the two towns had in common *was* size. Johnson City at best re-

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ceived eight hundred thousand rubbernecks annually—and had the crowdwise National Park Service to help handle them; and Texas was not on the more or less direct route from the Midwest to Florida. The bulk of the transients who pause in Georgia long enough to identify their points of departure appear to come, for reasons not entirely clear, from Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Indiana.

ANOTHER attempt that Georgia has recently made to draw attention to itself has been by way of motion-picture and television productions. This campaign began in 1972, when a state-tourism man named Ed Spivia happened to visit Clayton, up north near the Chattooga River, while a film crew was shooting sequences for "Deliverance." Spivia learned that the moviemakers would be spending some two and a half million dollars in and around Clayton in twelve weeks on location. He was impressed, and so was Governor Jimmy Carter when he was apprised of this heartening economic intelligence.

Carter persuaded the legislature to establish a state film commission, with Spivia in charge; the Governor himself went to New York and California to give cocktail parties for people in the film industry; and Georgia began advertising itself in journals like *Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*. "George Schaefer had a successful love affair in Georgia," one ad went. (Schaefer had produced a television film, "The Last of the Belles," in Savannah.) Another ad showed the Governor sitting in a director's chair. "Governor Carter doesn't know an interlock from an internegative, but he knows how to cut red tape," went the caption for that one. Spivia did most of the tape-cutting. "Producers know they can call Ed if they need eighteen helicopters or eighteen alligators in a hurry," Governor Busbee said after he took over the director's chair. In the last four years, Spivia and collaborating Georgians have helped prospective film producers pick out sites, have furnished them with inanimate props as well as live saurians, and have performed other path-clearing jobs on their behalf. "If a producer needs a farmer's land," Spivia says, "our people will negotiate for it, and they are usually more effective than an oddly dressed outlander with a strange accent could be. Or if, say, somebody needs a house to burn down, we'll go to our urban-renewal people and find one that's already slated for demolition, and then we'll arrange for firemen to stand

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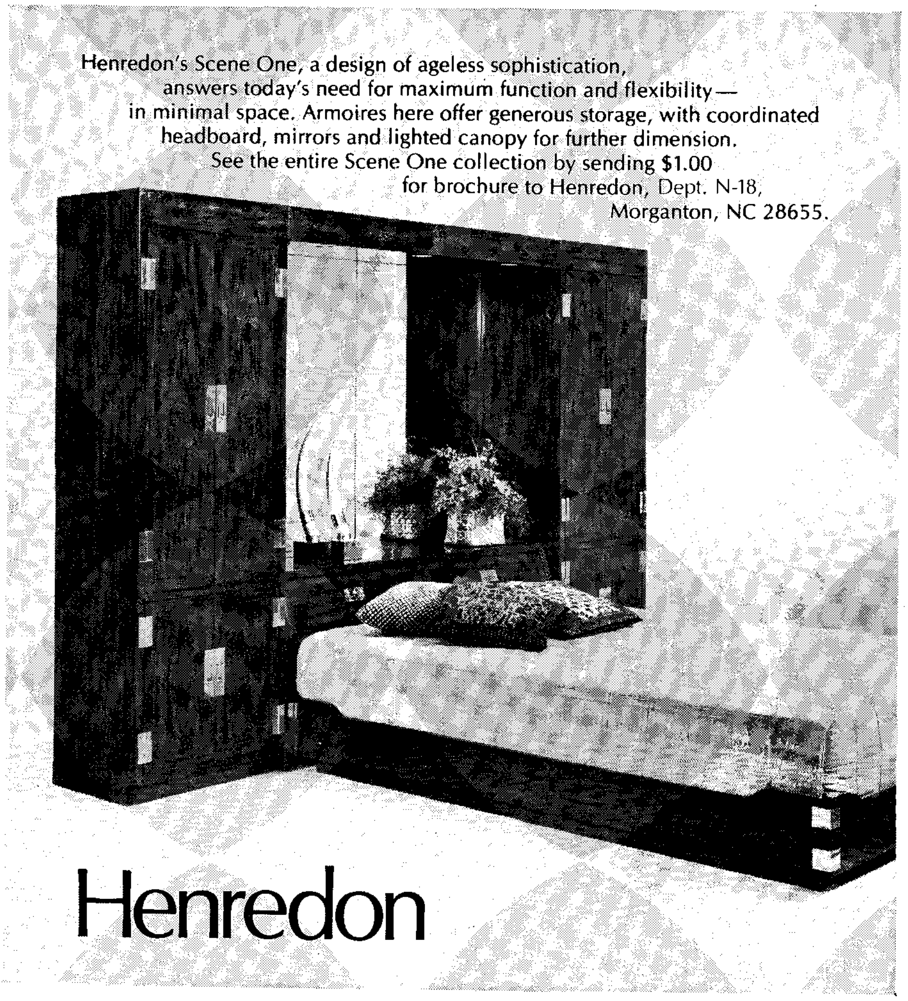
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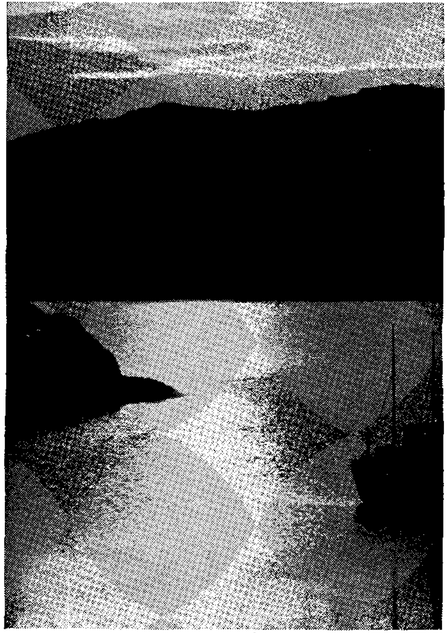

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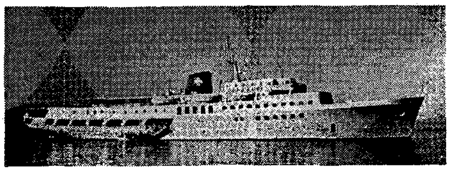

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by during the burning. That sort of thing."

Georgia has also published directories of available local cameramen, lighting technicians, actors, and others. (State Senator Julian Bond, though not in the lists, has played small parts in a couple of Georgia-made films. He is a singular legislator in more ways than one. When he is away from his phone, people who call him for casting or other purposes are told, in his recorded voice, "This is Julian Bond. Unlike other, more sophisticated answering machines, this one doesn't take messages or issue snappy sayings. It does, however, want you to keep calling until you reach a human being. Thank you.") Georgia once even unearthed, for a producer whose demands were stiff and specific, a bunch of indigenous actors without Southern accents. Being peripherally engaged in the moviemaking business has not been all easy, though. "Sounder," a film about black family life, was initially to have been made in Georgia, but after a motel proprietor in southwest Georgia revealed his feelings about blacks to its producer the location was shifted to Louisiana.

Since 1973, portions of a hundred films—including segments of the television version of "Roots"—have been photographed in Georgia, and by the application of an arcane arithmetical formula (it is based on multiplying by three and a half whatever sum producers are said to have spent in an area) Georgia is shown to have benefitted to the extent of a hundred million dollars. When "Shenanigans" was filmed in Madison, Spivia tried to make a more scientific evaluation of its monetary impact on the community, and he talked the producers into paying off all their local obligations in two-dollar bills. Before the company departed, just about everybody in town had at least one of them. Burt Reynolds, a native of Waycross, which is at the Georgia entrance to Okefenokee, has made four movies in the state. In one of them, "Gator," he played a lovable Georgia moonshiner. He made "The Longest Yard," produced by Al Ruddy, at a state prison in Reidsville. ("What's Al Ruddy doing behind bars in Georgia?" went a *Variety* ad soon afterward.) The first draft of the scenario had the prison, inside which some nasty events were to occur, identified as a Georgia one. Spivia convinced Ruddy that the Georgia prison system wasn't as bad as he had been led to believe it was, and the script was changed, with the scene of the action now called Citrus State Prison. Georgians could not help gleefully reflecting that most of the people who eventually saw the picture would probably conclude from that name that the state involved was Florida. Georgia prisons have come a long way since Reconstruction days, when convicts were leased out to private citizens to do a variety of tasks—the state receiving as much as a hundred dollars a head. The leasing system created so many abuses that the legislature set up a committee to investigate it; while the chairman of the committee was trying to report on conditions at the plantations, an angry citizen came to the capitol and shot him dead. Convict leasing was abolished in 1908, as intolerably inhumane, and was replaced by chain gangs.

GEORGIANS have mixed feelings about their being so much in the spotlight since the Carter ascendancy. For instance, it had long been hoped in Georgia that the Atlanta airport would be designated a transatlantic one by the Civil Aeronautics Board, and that Delta Airlines would be authorized to operate direct flights between Georgia and Europe. The C.A.B. did make such recommendations in the summer of 1976, but President Ford declined to act on them, thus passing the decision along to his successor. President Carter had been in office nearly a year before he gave the nod to Atlanta and Delta, but then only as part of a package involving ten other cities and three other airlines. Still, that was better than what many Georgians had anticipated; they had gloomily suspected he would rule against them, so as not to appear to be partial toward them. They had hoped, moreover, to be awarded the principal federal solar-energy research station, and had good reason to think they deserved it, for much pioneer work in that area had been conducted by Georgia Tech. Georgia did receive a grant, in April, from the Energy Research and Development Administration, for a commercial solar-energy installation, but the big research plum went to Colorado. Georgians will get the long-discussed Richard B. Russell Dam on the Savannah River, at their joint border with South Carolina, but only because pressure from Congress has overcome the President's expressed wish not to give it to them. As governor, Mr. Carter had been for the dam.

Georgians in Washington, Georgians in Georgia now sometimes complain, used to *do* things for Georgia.

When Russell was, like Walter George, a power in the Senate (Senator Russell was, inter alia, chairman of its Appropriations Committee), he saw to it that Georgia received some of the juiciest cuts of pork in the federal barrel. Many Georgians are glumly resigned to the probability that they can expect to gain little from the Carter Administration. The big Atlanta law firm of King & Spalding—of which Charles Kirbo is a partner and Griffin Bell and Jack Watson, Jr., are alumni—not only has not opened a Washington office since Inauguration Day but has set up an in-house committee in Atlanta to make sure that it rejects prospective clients who might be approaching it because it is supposed to have an inside track to the White House or the Department of Justice. Some Georgians, indeed, feel that they are being discriminated against. Why would the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws have picked Georgia as a state to concentrate on last spring, they ask, unless Jimmy Carter had come from there and one of his sons reportedly used the substance? Whatever the next few years may bring to Georgia, however, or keep away from it, most Georgians agree that their state will never be the same again. As Governor Busbee put it in his State of the State Address in January, 1977, "A tide of change has been blowing across America—the kind of change that has economic as well as political meaning. It affects the South most directly, and is especially focussed in our state. Whether we welcome these events and trends, whether we regret them, or try to view them with indifference, one thing is certain. It would be a major oversight to try to assess the state of our state without recognizing that we have a different posture than we've ever had before in the national scheme of things."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article on Georgia.*)

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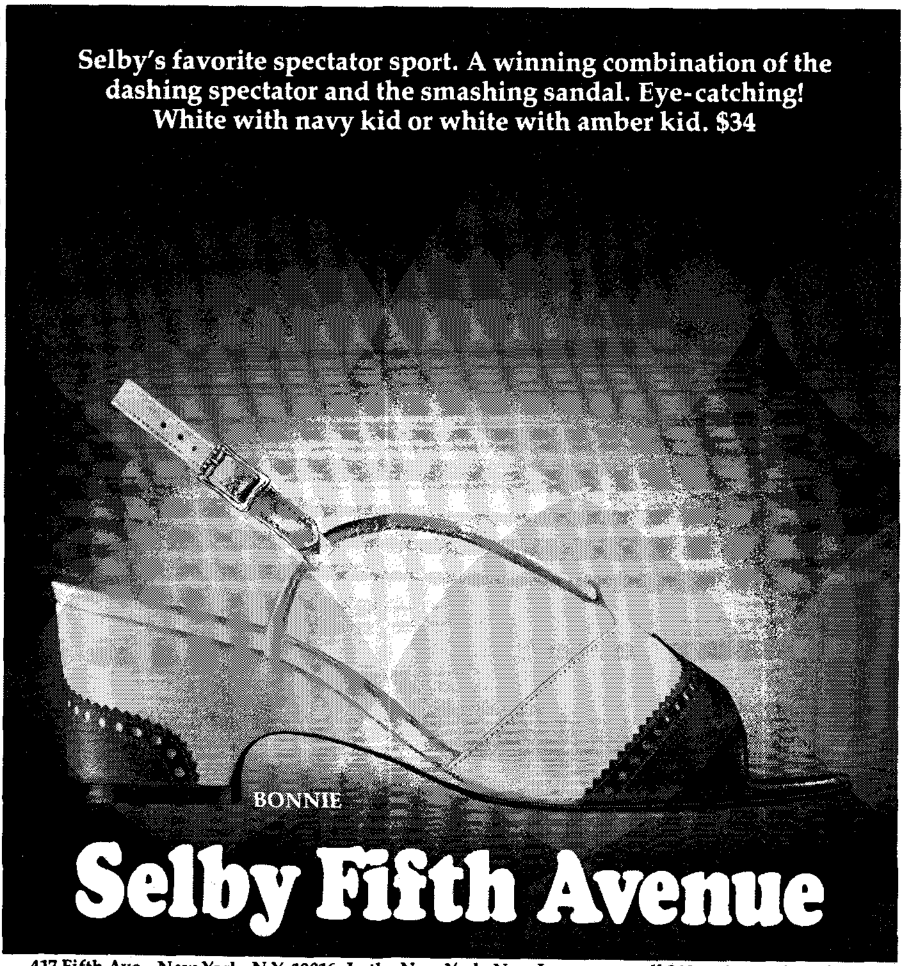
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THE THEATRE

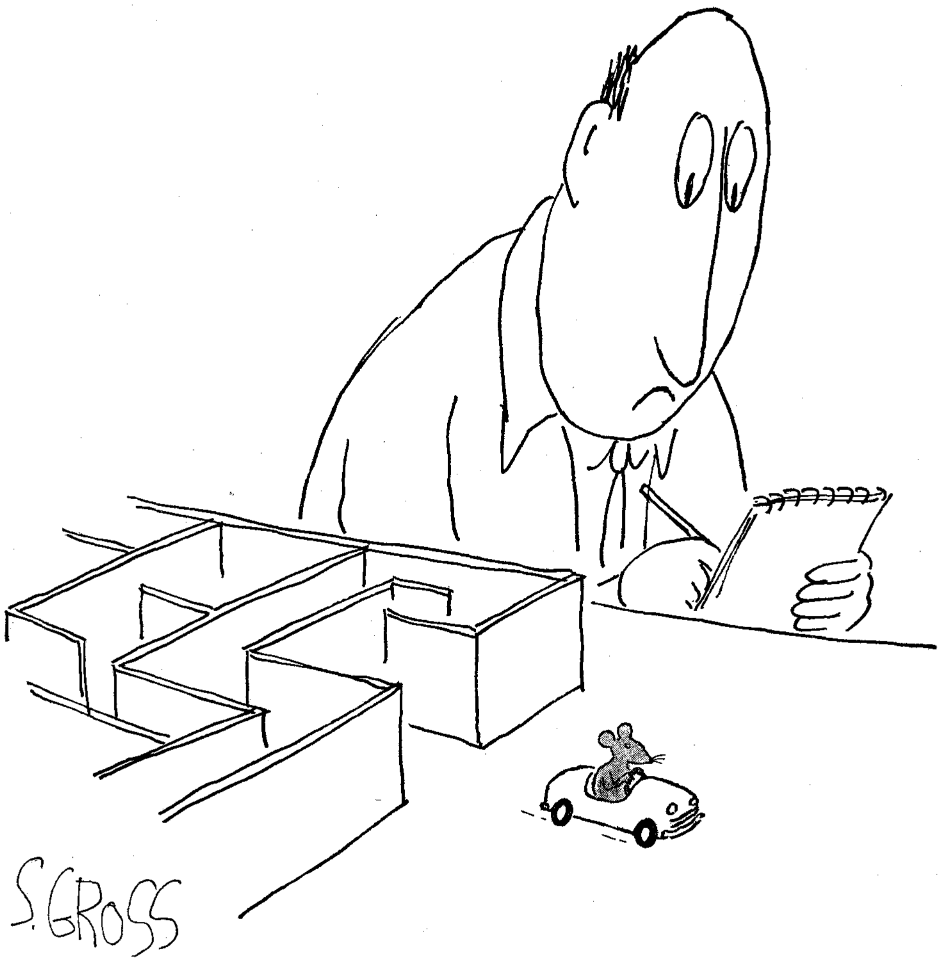
OFF BROADWAY

"MOLLY," which will be running at the Hudson Guild (Off Off Broadway) through February 12th, is by the English dramatist Simon Gray, who wrote the brilliant, savage comedies "Butley" and "Otherwise Engaged." This play—not a comedy but often funny—is about a woman who allows herself to become overwhelmed by feeling, and she is portrayed by Tammy Grimes at her absolute best. Molly is an Englishwoman, presumably still in her thirties, who has just moved back to England from Canada with her elderly, deaf Canadian husband, and all the action takes place in the living room of their country house in 1936. There is quite a lot of action. They hire a local boy—a pimply adolescent—as gardener and chauffeur, and before long Molly seduces him. The plot is concerned with that seduction and its consequences, yet the drama is primarily one of character and mood. When we first see Molly, she is distracted and half out of her mind with boredom and sexual frustration, trying to conceal her irritation with her bumbling, impotent husband, sneaking drinks, jollying him, indulging him in his foolish games, allowing him to call her "girl" and to spank her when she smokes too much. Her sharp, witty lines need no muffling, since they fall on literally deaf ears. In one telling scene, he asks her to sing him a song she once wrote; she sits down at the piano and sings "God Save the Queen" while he, listening to a different and private drummer, beats time with his hand. The play is also about casual double-dealing with deaf people and *its* consequences. In the climactic scene, the husband talks of the bored, contemptuous expression he always sees on the faces of those around him, and how it is belied by their foolish, cheerful words, and then, revealing his awareness of what has been going on, furiously spits at the boy. Michael Higgins, who is one of our strongest actors, is triumphant in the role of this old duffer, overhearty and coarse in a provincial sort of way yet genuinely kind and friendly, seeming to understand nothing and then suddenly understanding everything and taking command. His is the best part in the play.

All the parts are good, though, and, under Stephen Hollis's direction, they are most ably performed. Miss Grimes might at first seem too obvious in her edginess and desperation, yet when emotion breaks through it is always believable, and her humorous tenderness with the boy is subtly and beautifully done. As the boy, shifty and potentially treacherous, at first scarcely realizing that he belongs to any particular sex and later realizing nothing else, young Josh Clark does very well. Margaret Hilton, as a prim, old-maidish housekeeper (though there is much more to her than that), is always clear and touching. The effective scenery, lighting, and costumes are by Philipp Jung, John H. Paull, and Patricia Adshead, respectively. "Molly" ends with a burst of melodrama that I wouldn't dream of revealing (the play is based on an actual event in England in 1936), and while it is not a flawless work, it adds up to a generally accomplished evening.

GUS EDWARDS' "Black Body Blues," as performed by the Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks, seems (sad to say) thin and patchy, especially when compared to Mr. Edwards' "The Offering," which opened earlier this season. The two plays have similar settings and, in a way, similar themes: both take place in apartments near Times Square, and both are about the invasion of the apartments by criminal outsiders. In this one, an ex-boxer, gentle and innocent, is working as a butler for a white man and living with a prostitute drug addict. His brother, on the run from the police after a series of bank robberies, comes to stay with them, with predictable results. Also present are the girl's supplier and a sinister, scarred old blind man who lives upstairs. For all the violence of the action, there is little tension—except for the built-in tension when a gun is pulled—and little depth of character. The direction is by Douglas Turner Ward, who also plays the blind man; both he and the dramatist are men of proved ability, but this show, which will run in repertory with "The Offering," just doesn't work. Given the circumstances, Samm-Art Williams does well as the boxer.

—EDITH OLIVER



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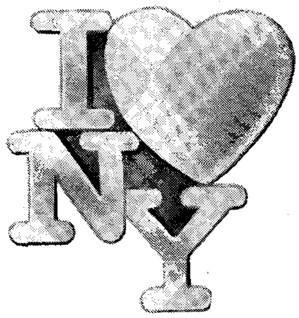

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REFLECTIONS

NOTES FROM LATIN AMERICA

CHANGING position on the earth's surface carries a whole range of implications and consequences, particularly if the change is from one continent and language to another; it is not the disturbance of different constellations in the night sky or the curious new flora and fauna so much as a reapportioning of the whole world. The center from which one sees is here, and everything becomes relative to that here. At first, one searches, out of anxiety, for similarities—for houses, places to eat, human contacts—but that does not conceal for long the differences and strangenesses, the relative alteration of everything. From the house I occupy in Costa Rica, I look out on a giant rubber tree, recognizable as the ancestor of valiant offspring I have seen surviving dustily in New York apartments. It sheds leaves so huge and firm that they might be used as serving dishes. The insects seem big enough to be taken in as domestic pets, and I have to begin again to give names, as Adam did, to the natural world. That change is manageable; the more difficult one is that of having to see the world from a change so different that the world itself is a different one. Some people resist this change and unpack a world they have brought with them, as the occasional English-language newspapers throughout Latin America attest; but that misses the point of change, which is to see from a deflected angle, with a different focus, what has been familiar and habitual.

•

I HAVE been perplexed for years by the vague view that most of the rest of the world has of Latin America, as though it were not a real place at all but, instead, a gigantic movie lot, with millions of available extras, of all shades and customs, ready to stage epics at the drop of a banana. The attitude is all the stranger because Latin America proper comprises the French-speaking, Spanish-speaking, and Portuguese-speaking peoples of the South American continent, Central America and Mexico, and the Caribbean, and takes in both Brazil and Argentina, the fifth-largest and eighth-largest countries in the world. It is clearly not going to go away. And the more I have to do with it, the more I realize that this unreality is felt by the Latin Americans themselves, as if they were still unsure of their own existence, still concerned with their own coming-into-being, compared to countries with longer histories of independence. But it is principally the relationship of these countries with North America, as the United States is always called in the south, that preoccupies them, for it is a powerful, inescapable, and yet shifting relationship. Feelings toward the United States from the south are infinitely more complex than feelings from the other direction, for in the wake of the Second World War the United States has taken the place of Europe as the dominant cultural influence, as it had already established itself as the dominant economic influence, and it is inevitably the object of mixed emotions, of envy, of love, of hate, of fear, and sometimes even of hope.

•

THE unease is much like that between uneven siblings, and as inevitable. North Americans in Latin America—whether as spies, diplomats, financiers, managers, technical advisers, or members of the Peace Corps—have always been there as superiors, and their presence has implied an uncomfortable inferiority in the Latin Americans. The North Americans' position is one that asks for the maximum of tact, and tact has been in very short supply. "It would be good to be as efficient as North Americans without having to be like them," a friend in Mexico said to me. "But it seems impossible to separate the two things, hence our ambivalence." I was in Chile in 1972 when the notorious I.T.T. files were translated and sold in the kiosks, and on that occasion there was no ambivalence at all; nor can disenfranchised Latin Americans be expected to stomach the large arms sales to the military dictatorships. The traffic has been heavily one way as far as influence goes, and the Latin American countries feel themselves to have been his-

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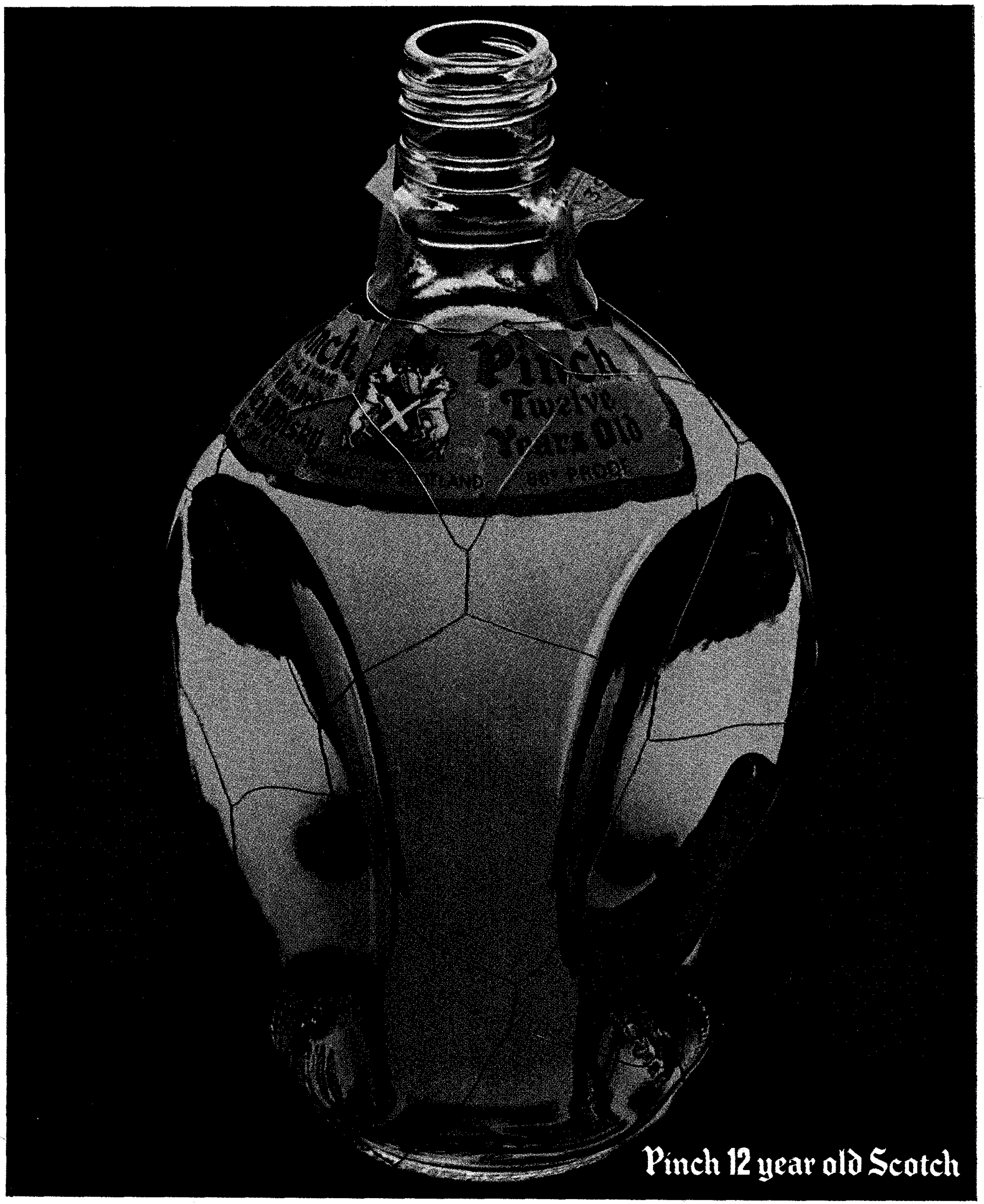
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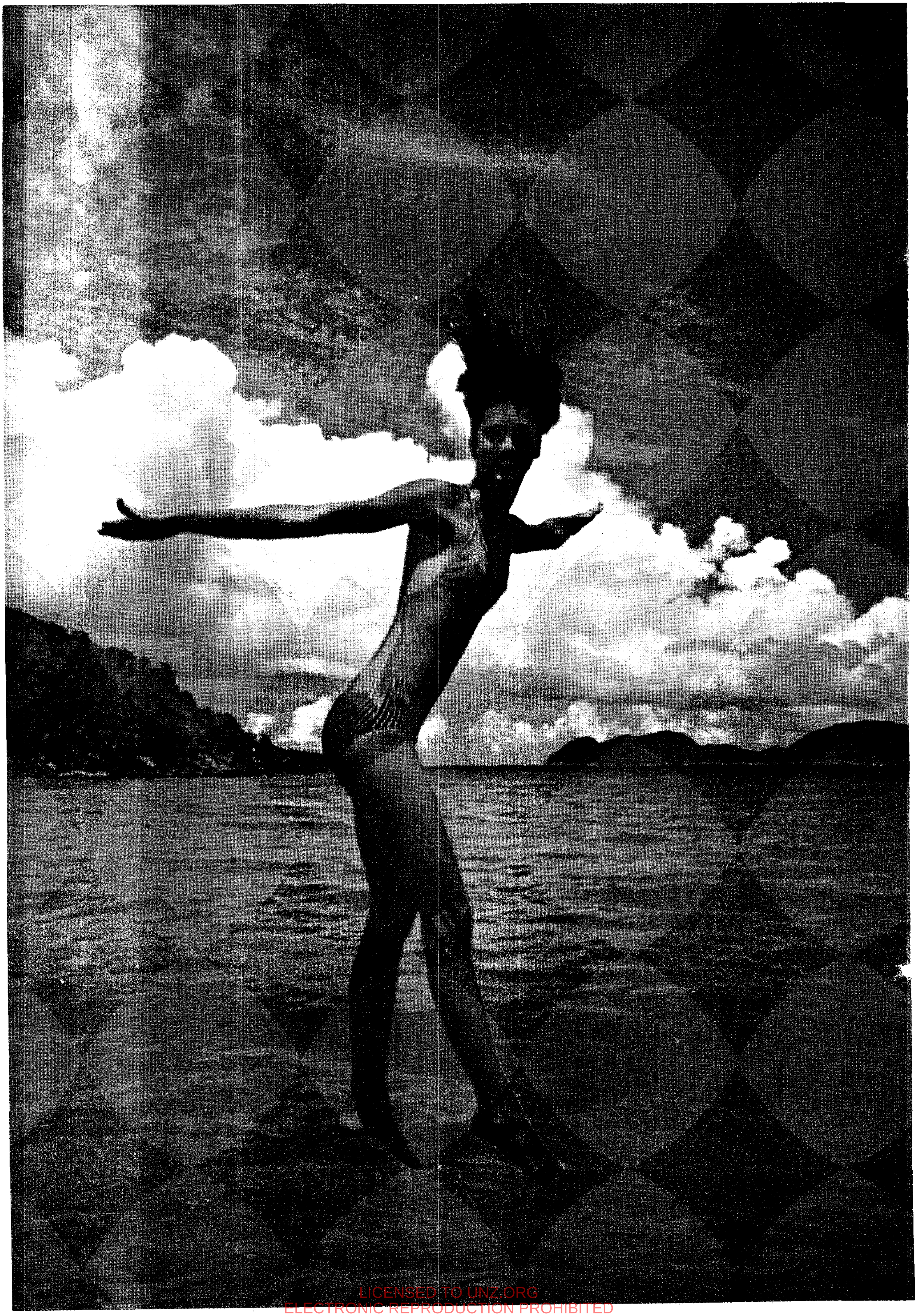

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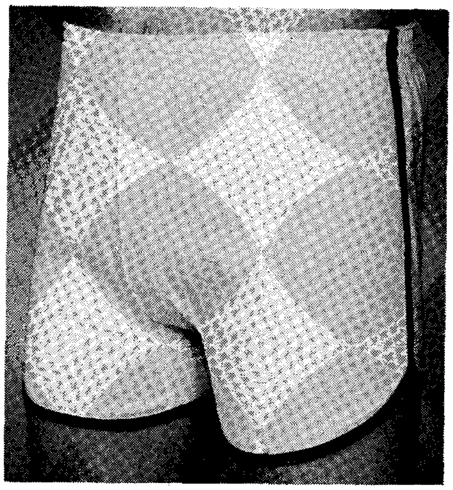

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torically slighted. One of the most celebrated manifestos in Latin America is the essay "Ariel," which was published by the Uruguayan José Enrique Rodó in 1900, just after the Spanish-American War, and in which he personifies the enormous mechanism of the United States as Caliban and the frailer, more mystical spirit of Latin America as Ariel. That image of difference has remained lodged in the Latin American consciousness, however much of a simplification it may be. The same point crops up in Octavio Paz's celebrated study of the Mexican psyche, "The Labyrinth of Solitude." The North American assumption that any flaw in the society or the personality can be "fixed" is totally alien to the Mexican spirit, Paz points out, since Mexicans take a fateful view of human events, regarding them as a destiny not to be tinkered with. That fatefulness can be made to account for some of the present political stalemates pervading Latin America.

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THE issue that has attracted the most pointed attention in Latin America over the last few months has been that of the Panama Canal treaties and their fate when they come up for ratification (or nonratification, to give equal space to that appalling possibility). For once, a matter concerning Latin America is occupying the attention of the North American people hugely, and the people of the south find some gratification in the seriousness with which the matter is argued in the American press. But what never seems to be pointed out, except as a faint aside, is the seriousness with which this whole affair is viewed all over Latin America, and how much rests on the impending decision. For once, the United States has entered into the legal reconsideration of a historical circumstance, and what happens is being watched with sharp and narrowed eyes. If the treaties should not be ratified, a justifiable rage is bound to be generated everywhere on the southern continent, and embassies might burn in the heat of that rage. A failure to ratify the treaties would also rekindle the cause of the revolutionary leftists, who have had their ardor rather brutally quenched in the events of these last few years. The opposition to ratification in Panama itself came from the left, since an about-face at this point by the United States would certainly strengthen its hand. And there are other considerations. The United States has laid on the line the possibility of fair and considered negotiation with a Latin American country, and has at the same time called for the exercise of human rights throughout the Latin American continent, where they are ubiquitously violated. If the first does not come to pass, what hope can exist for the second? The call for human rights has been the first sign even of sympathy from the north, and it would be disastrous to snuff that hope out now. For Latin Americans, the year 2000, when the United States would relinquish control of the Canal, is unimaginably far away, since they take a different view of history, and, I have always thought, replace the past with the present in the manner of a windshield wiper. The Canal treaties, particularly because of the official hoo-ha surrounding their signing, which brought together an ill-assorted bunch of leaders, have become international drama. In spite of the mouthings and ritual gestures of past Administrations, this is the first movement toward genuine negotiation, and Latin Americans have put a lot on the outcome. I remember the violence of the demonstrations I witnessed while passing through Panama in 1964. Not to ratify the treaties this time round will thoroughly sour a relationship that has never been altogether sweet.

•

AT the moment, Latin America is politically at a low ebb indeed. The rather sinister term "*el cono sur*" is used in the press now to refer to the southern cone of the continent—a solid block of repressive military dictatorships in Chile, Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay, and Uruguay, presenting an ugly image, and a retrogressive one, considering some of the governments these countries have had in the past. One might just as well add Brazil, Ecuador, and Peru to the list, to say nothing of the majority of the Central American countries, for the only countries with freely elected governments are Colombia, Venezuela, Mexico, the former Guianas, and Costa Rica, while Cuba remains the revolutionary example. Since Latin Americans do not as a rule make war against one another, the Armies serve as internal police forces, and ever since the fall of Allende's government in Chile, in September of 1973, the reigning juntas in all these countries have mounted a brutally repressive campaign against any manifestation of leftist activity, and have applied censorship savagely; stories of illegal imprisonment, torture, and political murder are horrendously commonplace. The military leaders do not always govern with enthusiasm, but they are fairly unanimous in regarding themselves as the only alternative to chaos, and thus capable of gaining the support of their northern neighbor, for whom political turbulence means economic upset. Nor are the military men the most enlightened and forward-thinking of rulers: the spectacle of the present crop of military leaders of the countries of the southern cone on show in Washington for the signing of the as yet unreal treaties made me look back wistfully to some of the governing generals of yesteryear, like General Alejandro Lanusse, of Argentina, who disliked power, and who was recently in prison for, of all things, his liberal leanings while he was President of that country.

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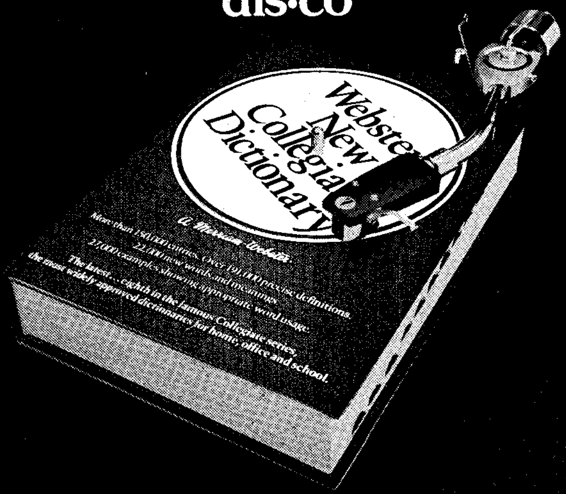
THE military coups of the last few years have created a vast floating population of exiles, the wandering tribes of Latin America, driven from country to country by successive waves of change in the political climate. In 1970, Allende's accession drove rich Chileans to exile in Argentina; in 1973, Allende's fall drove desperate Chileans to seek refuge in whatever country would take them. Chileans make the saddest of refugees, still in a state of shock over what has happened to their country and to themselves, because for a long time Chile was politically the healthiest country on the whole continent. As the military dictatorships have multiplied, so has the flow of refugees. It is important, I think, to make a distinction between refugees and exiles. Exiles have a hope of returning, their exile being either voluntary or temporary; refugees are those who have been deprived of that hope—deprived, as Nabokov constantly pointed out, of their childhood and their past. (It was moving, for that reason, to see such a staunch refugee as La Pasionaria return to Spain from her decades in Russia to be elected to the new Spanish Cortes—something that had seemed impossible a few years ago.) The refugees from the southern cone cannot have any real hope of returning home, in spite of the fact that their governments, one by one, as a palliative, announce free elections on the horizon—in Chile's case, a very distant horizon. "There is no such thing as going *back*," a Chilean said to me recently. "There is only the prospect of going to another Chile, another set of human terms and condi-

dis·co



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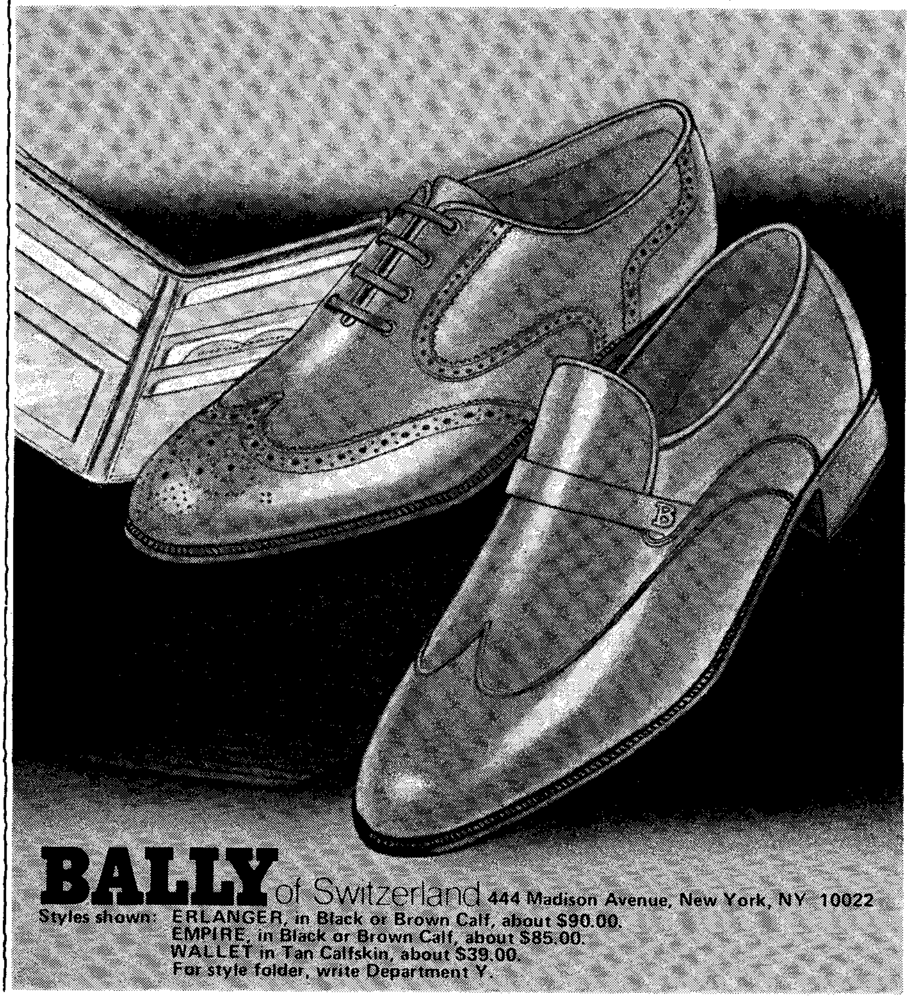

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tions. That is why having to leave, even though we were lucky to leave, was very much like dying.”

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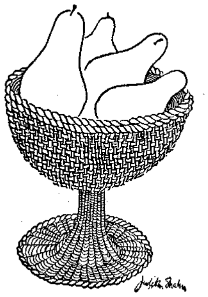
I LISTENED a lot in Brazil, for Brazilians are disarmingly pleasure-bent, and talking is one of their pleasures. It is this appetite for pleasure which, according to a friend of mine there, has made them much more tolerant of Brazil's fourteen-year-old military government than they ought to be. “As long as the government doesn't tamper with the immediate gratifications of the mass of the people, and especially if it goes out of its way to make these gratifications more available, it can get away with an awful lot,” the friend said. “I think the anger that should be consuming Brazilians is all let out in football and the samba, which make forgetting much easier.” I asked him what feelings about the United States were like in Brazil. “These have run through so many phases,” he said, looking rueful. “We have always been a bit two-minded, but now you could say we are multi-minded. The United States used to be resented, on the ground that it kept Brazil down. But then came our economic boom and, with it, imported goods and imported values, which have created the same ambivalence here as in other parts of Latin America. The real bourgeoisie here would like Brazil to take the United States as its model, and it was not so long ago that we were being sold the official notion that what was good for the United States was good for Brazil. It isn't like that at all now, even though the web of economic connections is as strong as ever. Our military government has done everything it can to impose nationalism on the people—Brazil first, long live the melting pot. Such nationalism is by definition exclusive, anti-United States; and you must understand that in Brazil we have a generation *chasm* between the old and the new thinking. The younger generation has swallowed Brazilian nationalism whole, and the government keeps feeding it more. For instance, it made great capital out of the implied insults to Brazil in President Carter's call for human rights, and particularly out of the quarrel with Washington over Brazil's nuclear agreement with West Germany, and relations have grown very cool of late. I don't think the slavish, imitative dependence will ever come back, whatever happens in Brazil. There is something infuriating about the attitude of North Americans outside their own country, as though nothing else could be either as good or as right, and Brazilian nationalism has thrived on that attitude as much as anything.”



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I WENT to São Paulo to attend a “First Encounter with Brazilian Literature,” arranged by the Camara Brasileira do Livro, which was designed to bring together foreign publishers, writers, editors, and translators and Brazilian writers, obviously in the hope that something might happen, perhaps by osmosis, though nobody knew what. From a literary point of view, Brazil is very recent. Its past is Portugal, and, as one critic pointed out, it did not have the printing press until 1808, nor did it have universities until the nineteen-thirties. Also, a gulf separates Brazil from the Spanish-speaking countries of the continent, analogous to the one that has always separated Portugal from Spain. In the last twenty years, while the literature of the Spanish-speaking countries has been widely translated, Brazilian writing has been largely ignored outside Brazil, creating among Brazilian writers a rueful sense of being out of the swim. The meeting was a plaintive attempt to break this barrier, and was in part a plea for attention, in the form of translation. Brazilian writers are quite justified in feeling isolated, for their new literature is just as energetic and inventive as that of their Spanish-speaking counterparts. Besides, Brazil has, in Carlos Drummond de Andrade, who recently turned seventy-five, probably the greatest living poet, much loved in Brazil and much admired by poets everywhere for his wry, direct humanity and for his extraordinary linguistic clarity. It also has the jewel of Latin American writing: the great novel “Grande Sertão: Veredas,” by João Guimarães Rosa, who died in 1967. It is a long, hypnotic monologue full of linguistic wonders and thematic complexities, which has been published in English—unfortunately, in a translation so indescribably bad that one could paraphrase T. S. Eliot and say that the translation erects between Guimarães Rosa and the reader a barrier even more insurmountable than the Portuguese language. It remains for the passionate reader to learn the language—a small price to pay, as Nabo-

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kov said of Pushkin, for the pleasure of reading the original.

•

THERE is something rather hazardous in bringing writers together: their books may stand alongside one another easily on the shelf, but that does not mean that their makers can rub shoulders as easily, for it would be simpleminded to assume that the practice of writing is much the same for everybody. Also, since such conferences are generally concentrated in hotels, they have the same feel that shipboard voyages have: a few eagerly talkative days, a furious exchange of books and addresses, an exhausted return to the real world. Writers tend instinctively to be suspicious of one another: the Brazilian tag "*Eu te leio, tu me lées*" ("You read me and I'll read you") is not inappropriate for such gatherings. But since the Brazilian writers were obviously interested in meeting one another and comparing their plight, the occasion radiated good health in spite of the fact that a number of the writers present had had their work subjected to the caprice of censorship by the Brazilian Ministry of Justice and were in the midst of litigation. One writer claimed that the censorship of books hung on the whim of the wives of Brazil's military governors, since the generals themselves cannot or do not read. The occasion reminded me of Spain during the Franco years, when books fell to the same kind of incalculable caprice; and yet, as in Spain, I felt a certain zest among the writers because of the censorship, as though the very act of writing were a form of defiance.

•

IN January of 1977, the Brazilian Minister of Justice, Armando Falcão, was presented with an open letter, signed by eleven hundred and fifty-two intellectuals, protesting the "enforced silence" of censorship, and appealing specifically on behalf of certain works that had invoked action on the part of the Ministry of Justice under the notorious Decreto 1007, which prohibits the circulation of any material considered offensive to *bons costumes*—"the general good." The censorship is applied, even to politically disturbing works, always in the name of morality. Two of these cases are particularly interesting, in view of their possible consequences.

In 1975, the Brazilian writer José Louzeiro published a book called "Aracelli, Meu Amor," a detailed and objective study of a crime that had tak-

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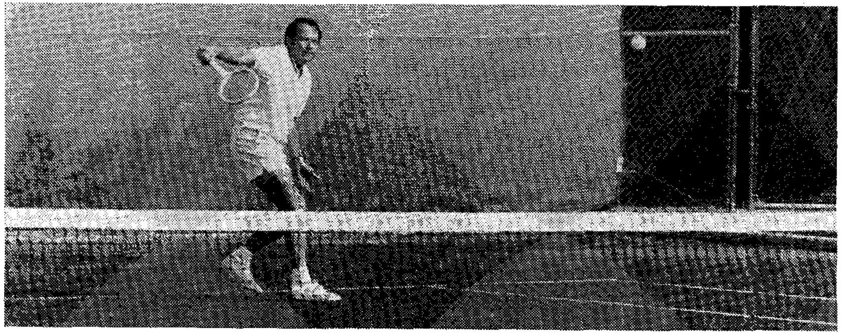

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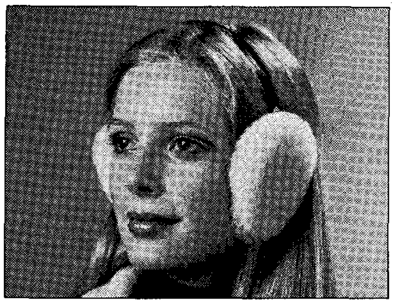

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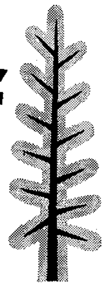
Virginia Woolf

The call of the Tetons



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en place in the town of Vitória, the capital of the State of Espírito Santo, in 1973. Aracelli, a girl of nine, was found dead; she had been sexually assaulted. The police declared the crime unsolved. "Everyone knew that the assassins were two young men of good family," my informant told me. "They had been seen with the girl, had introduced her to drugs. But the scandal was covered up. Louzeiro, a journalist, became interested in the crime and reconstituted it in his book, filling out the girl's background and the testimony of those who had known her and of the police investigators, but objectively, without making any accusations. His book came out in November of 1975 and got a lot of attention; then, suddenly, in the summer of 1976, the Ministry of Justice moved against it—seized all copies and banned its circulation. The irony is that in August of 1977 the police named the two young men as the killers, more than justifying the book's existence. The book is not salacious but is a work of pure reporting; in fact, Louzeiro has publicly declared that he is not interested in literature, that he feels it more pressing to record reality." What makes Louzeiro's case important is that he is currently suing the government, asking for damages of a hundred thousand cruzeiros—about six thousand dollars—in an attempt to force the censorship to be justified; moreover, his suit suggests government complicity in covering up the investigation. The case is still pending.

A book of stories by the writer Rubem Fonseca, "Feliz Ano Novo," appeared in November of 1975 and was an immediate success, selling some thirty thousand copies during the year in which it was allowed to exist. The title story is certainly violent: three thugs break into a fashionable party on New Year's Eve and proceed to violate and kill. The ironies are played out in both language and act, yet the book would hardly raise an eyebrow in the United States. In December of 1976, however, the Ministry of Justice called in all copies and banned the book's circulation. Fonseca brought suit against the government, and although he lost his first appeal, he is pursuing his case through the next two available stages, invoking in his brief the famous Woolsey decision on Joyce's "Ulysses" in 1933.

◆

SOME years ago, I read a short essay on writers and politics by the Argentine writer Julio Cortázar, in which he claimed that writers—and Latin American writers in particular—can never be trusted when writing about politics, since they are used to constructing their own realities and creating their own truths, and so are prone to bend realities to the shape of their writing. It was a cautionary point well taken, and it does apply to the Latin American wavelength more than to any other. The arch-manipulator of reality is, of course, Jorge Luis Borges, and something of his capricious spirit crops up in most of the writers who have grown up reading him. Further back is the wavelength of "Don Quixote," and, really, of the Hispanic mind, for the precise rational differences between science and religion, between fact and fiction, have never really taken root in the Hispanic mind. A writer like Gabriel García Márquez is being quite sincere when he says he is putting down simply what exists; for although his work appears to be the construct of a prodigious imagination, the point he makes is that imagination *is* the reality—or, rather, a very Latin American way of seeing the reality. If one looks for some of his sources in Colombian history, one might very well conclude that he had written Colombian history, so bizarre does that history seem. In Latin America, both the natural world and the human world are so prodigiously varied that attempts to order either one are only beginning; whereas a country like France, with a long history of human ordering, is a far more coherent and calculable entity. In Latin America, even the statistics of sociologists look exotic.

◆

THE four main languages of North and South America—Spanish, Portuguese, French, and English—are reminders of the colonial past, and, exiled from their origins, have diverged substantially from their parent versions. The accents and versions of Spanish spoken in Madrid and in Buenos Aires are as distinct as are the kinds of English spoken in Edinburgh and in Atlanta, with analogous variations in idiom and vocabulary. In fact, the Spanish language in Latin America has splintered into so many variants of accent—the mannered, throaty Spanish of Argentina; the sibilant, birdlike Spanish of Chile; Mexican Spanish, with its unmistakable *canto*, or tune; the beautifully enunciated Spanish of Colombia; and the hideously enunciated Spanish of Venezuela—and of latter-day invention in the separate private languages of the great cities, to say nothing of the intrusions from the Indian languages of the various countries, that it would be far more accurate to call it a language cluster, and one that is in constant process of change. Coherence is lent it, however, by its literature, and one of the triumphs of the recent wave of literature in Latin America has been the engendering of a written Spanish that encompasses all these divergences. In a lecture delivered at Yale University in December of 1976, Octavio Paz spoke on this very point: "The existence of Spanish-American literature is beyond doubt: the works are there, within reach of our eyes and minds. Many of these works are remarkable and some of them are truly unique. Nor can it be doubted that these poems, novels, and stories could only have been written by Spanish Americans, and that in these books the Spanish language, while remaining what it is, is no longer the same as the language which the Spanish writers use. . . . Spanish-American literature is not simply a body of works but the relationships among these works. . . . Sometimes I dream of a history of Spanish-American literature which would tell us about this huge, multiple, almost always clandestine adventure, undertaken by a few spirits in the movable space of language. The history of our letters would console us a little for the despair which our real history produces in us."

•

WHATEVER the rest of the world may think, Latin Americans have been convinced for a long time now not only that unidentified flying objects (OVNIs, to use their acronym) exist but also that they have a special interest in and affiliation with the South American continent—with Argentina and Peru in particular, the countries of the firmest believers, whose specialists claim that these two countries are "earthports," the sites of previous landings and of much unearthly pre-Columbian sculpture. In Buenos Aires some six years ago, I used to watch a weekly television program devoted to the latest sightings, and I have listened to people describing their own extraterrestrial confrontations with great conviction. This conviction comes partly from perversity, partly from a will to believe, rather than from an actual belief. Sightings, however, are reported regularly in the press, and only a few weeks ago a Costa Rican daily, *Excelsior*, published a photograph of an incandescent OVNI that had obligingly hovered overhead long enough for the photographer to fetch

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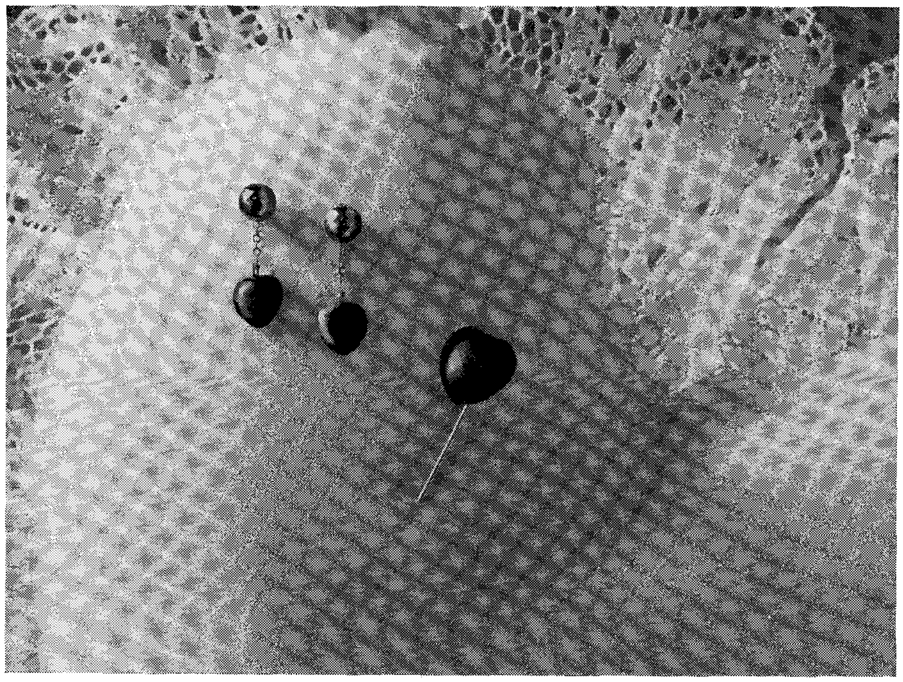

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his camera. In Argentina, I remember, people invested a kind of bizarre hope in OVNIs, as though wanting them to exist might bring them into being. They are on a par with the ubiquitous Latin American lottery: there is always the *hope* of winning, the *hope* that the arrival of extraterrestrials might alleviate political and economic despair. But such indulgences are also a sign of a primitive dislike of all forms of rational order—a perversity that makes Latin Americans instinctively unpunctual and temperamentally unorganizable. Given the political and economic present of the continent, this perversity is inevitably losing ground, but it is deep-rooted—the instinct to treat order as a kind of game. It is the same impulse that has given rise in the last twenty years to a splendid new literature; but it has disastrous social consequences.

•

A JOURNALIST who has criss-crossed the American continents, north and south, for a number of years, and who is more aware than anyone else I know of the perplexities in the relationship between the two continents, told me, "I despair of our situation a lot of the time. I know all the countries involved, and so, although I am Latin American, I feel more like an interpreter who is employed to translate a quarrel and who can see the solution but is not himself allowed to speak. The root of the trouble is that there are certain hard inevitabilities about Latin America which are unacceptable to current thinking in the United States. Allende's Chile was one of those—it was referred to in the awful C.I.A.-type jargon as a 'destabilizing force.' Are we, then, to conclude that Pinochet, even though he is a butcher, is supported as a stabilizing force? That notion of stability is humanly unacceptable, and makes nonsense of any talk about human rights. It has not yet been realized, or is not yet acceptable, in the United States that the terrible extremes in Latin American society make *some* form of social revolution both essential and inevitable—that the question is not if but when and how. Now political consciousness keeps dawning all the time in Latin America—at least, among those who do not have to devote all their energies to staying alive. That dawning consciousness is certainly well to the left, and takes an outright stand against the extremes of poverty, on the one hand, and privilege, on the other. We know that the United States is against poverty; but is it really against privilege, particularly when one of the privileged parties is itself? It has backed some really rotten governments in its time, and will have to do a lot more than make empty speeches demanding human rights, which can hardly ring very true or mean very much while it goes on selling arms to, and sustaining, the most repressive regimes. It is time the Latin American countries were thought of as more than a captive marketplace. Beginning with the ratification of the Canal treaties—and you will notice that the argument over them revolves around the word 'intervention'—it will have to grasp the Latin American situation with some real human intelligence, or things are *bound* to turn very ugly indeed."

•

COSTA RICA has grown used to being an exception to almost every observation about Latin America, and the country revels in its difference, pleased with itself, always ready to explain itself patiently to strangers. What is most extraordinary about it is its human scale: its telephone book, which contains every number in the country plus the national Yellow Pages, would not be hard to tear in half, even for someone of modest strength. The country is about twice the size of the state of Vermont, with a population just above two million—a "family-sized country," someone once called it, quite accurately, for its inhabitants treat one another as family members. On paper, Costa Rica seems almost too good to be true. Ever since 1948, when José Figueres initiated a civil war against the prevailing government, which had just annulled an election—a war that he won in six weeks, and in the wake of which he set up the Second Republic of Costa Rica—the country has been a model social democracy. Its people take their politics with strenuous passion. In 1948, Figueres abolished the country's small Army and turned it into a Civil Guard—a move so intrinsically commonsensical that it is still looked on with some awe by the swaggering generals of the other Central American countries. (When King Juan Carlos of Spain visited Costa Rica officially in September, he was met at the airport not by a guard of honor but by swarms of flag-waving schoolchildren.) Figueres also gave substance to an autonomous Supreme Electoral Tribunal to administer and supervise all elections, and its members are so thorough that Costa Rican elections, in which voting is obligatory, are probably the most scrupulously conducted in history. Costa Rica has also chosen to remain resolutely agricultural, coffee and bananas being its principal exports; and, with a healthy balance of payments, a stable currency, an admirable system of social welfare, a luxurious climate, a green and fertile landscape, it has in recent years become the envy of its turbulent Central American neighbors, and also a haven for many of the exiles in flight from dictatorships all over Latin America. Its capital, San José, is a small town with all the trappings of a capital—embassies, banks, head offices—and an accompanying self-importance. At present, its streets are clogged with persistent political manifestations, for the country holds a Presidential election on February 5th and now seethes with self-generated excitement.

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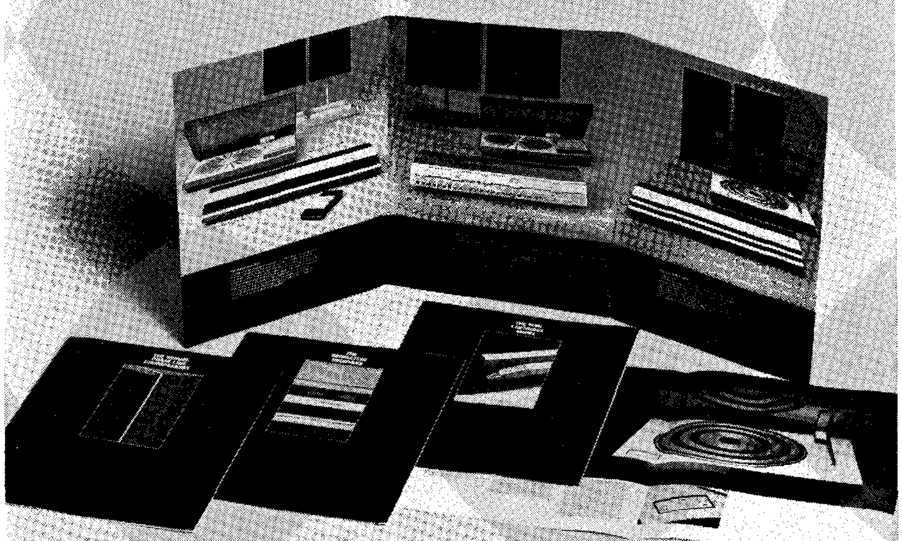
COSTA RICA's history alone has made it something of an exception in Latin America: it has enjoyed a kind of running luck, a series of fortunate historical accidents that have spared it the tribulations of its neighbors. Columbus discovered it (or, rather, discovered that it existed) in September of 1502, on his fourth voyage of exploration; but when it was eventually colonized, by the conquistadores, it turned out to have none of the rich pickings of the other colonies. Gold was in short supply, there were no large tribes of indigenous Indians to be enslaved, and, indeed, it proved to be the poorest of all the conquered territories, with a small population that scraped out a living by subsistence farming. Fortunately for Costa Rica, in May of 1562 Spain awarded the governance of the colony to Juan Vázquez de Coronado, an unlikely conquistador, who neither liked nor used violence, who was neither greedy nor ambitious, and who governed by a series of accords with the native population, more as magnanimous pacifier than as conqueror. The sparseness of native Indians prevented large estates from coming into being (the circumstance that in other Spanish colonies led to the eventual emergence of a few powerful, landholding families), and Costa Rica remained a poor colony of small farmers, saved from total misery by the benignity of its climate and the fierceness of its plant growth. Its population was fertilized by Sephardic Jews, nomadic since the time of the Spanish Inquisition, and this probably accounts for the dark beauty of Costa Ricans to this day. When the stirrings of independence began in



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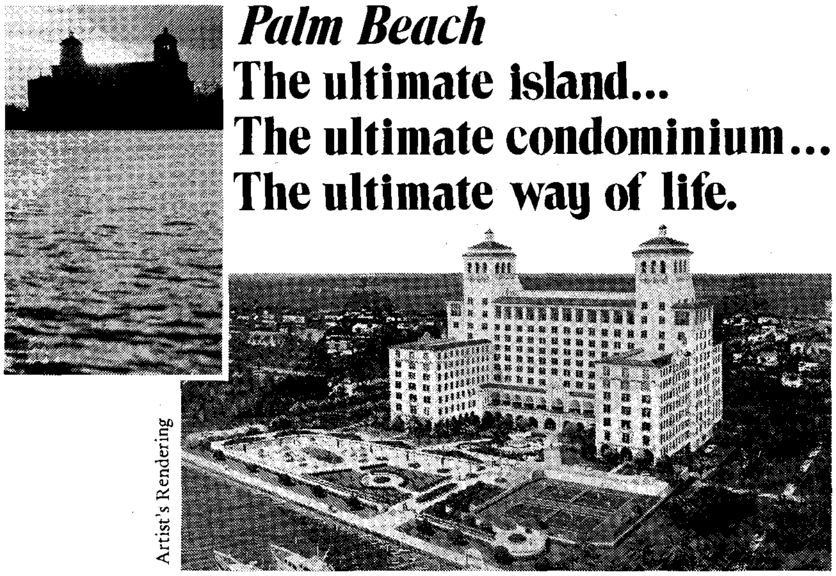

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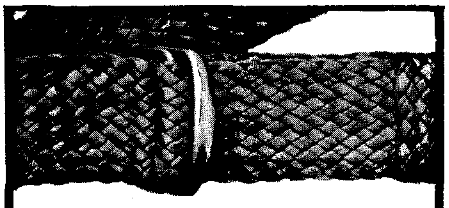

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Guatemala and Honduras, the Spanish Crown granted Costa Rica its independence by letter, in September of 1821, of such little importance was it to Spain. At that time, its population was around seventy thousand, and it was the poorest country in all the Americas.

It might easily have remained so, and might in time have been overrun by one of its greedy neighbors, except for the happy accident of coffee, which had been brought from Europe to be cultivated domestically in Costa Rica, and which began to be exported to Europe, via Chile, in 1832—thanks to the initiative of a one-eyed veteran of the Prussian Army who had come to rest there. It gave Costa Rica a world market, it established both trade and cultural ties with Europe, and, in time, it made the country the most prosperous in Central America. The governments of the day granted land free for coffee cultivation, and a whole new class of coffee cultivators came into being, rich and ultimately powerful, from which descended most of the paternalistic Presidents who governed the country through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth. In the eighteen-seventies, bananas, too, began to be cultivated, bringing in their wake the ill-reputed United Fruit Company, and the spreading of the "banana fever" in Costa Rica had much the same stormy history that it had around the Caribbean. The people remained poor, peaceful, and hardworking, governed by Presidents who were in the main benevolent despots, until well into the twentieth century, when rumblings of disaffection began to be heard in university circles and in the embryo Communist Party, which flourished, as it still does, among the banana workers. Even so, the despots continued benevolent, and in the early nineteen-forties the foundations of the present abundant system of social security were laid down. The country might have continued along the same mild lines if one of the despots had not caused an election to be illegally voided in 1948, thereby provoking Figueres, himself a coffee planter, to the extreme of civil war and driving the country, after Figueres' victory, to its present, steadily evolving constitution, and its zealous appetite for popular democracy.

•

FIGUERES is an extraordinary character—inspired, unpredictable, manipulative, exasperating—and Costa Rica's progress since 1948 has been closely bound up with his vision, for he saw Costa Rica as a small and exceptional platform from which he might air his views on world affairs, and has never hesitated to do so. The country is sometimes called the Switzerland of Central America—to an extent an unfair analogy in that its zestful citizens have none of the lumpish prudence of the Swiss, but accurate in that Costa Rica has chosen a kind of neutral stand. Its current President, Daniel Oduber, figured prominently in the negotiations over the Panama Canal treaties, at Panama's insistence, and he has spoken out forcefully in the United Nations on human rights—with some justification, for Costa Rica has an admirable record in that respect, as its many political refugees well know. All Costa Ricans have their own stories of Figueres—he is everyone's eccentric uncle, and is known universally as Don Pepe. His career has been astonishingly long-lived. Immediately after the civil war of 1948, he served as interim President for eighteen months, fathered the new constitution, and then, to everyone's surprise, stepped down in favor of the legal winner of the 1948 election. Next, he founded the Partido Liberación Nacional, which has since been the reigning force in Costa Rican politics—a party dedicated to democratic progression. He contested the election in 1953 as its representative, and won handsomely; and he ran again for the Presidency in 1970, and won again, although not as decisively. National Liberation has remained the dominant force in the National Assembly and has supplied three of the country's six presidents since 1948. On February 5th, it is seeking a third successive win with its candidate—Luis Alberto Monge, another of the Party's founders—but this would make Costa Rica virtually a one-party democracy, something like Mexico, and that prospect has kindled an intense opposition, led by Rodrigo Carazo, a renegade from National Liberation, who is appealing to the desire for change and the fear of one-party government. The other parties contesting the election are not expected to get much more than ten per cent of the vote.

There are clouds on the electoral horizon, however—clouds that boiled up with the arrival in Costa Rica in 1972 of Robert Vesco, the well-known and well-heeled swindler, in search of an impregnable haven. Figueres was President of Costa Rica at the time, and was not oblivious of the benefits that large capital investment might bring to the country. The torrent of charges and countercharges that has thickened the pure Costa Rican air over the last year aside, there is little doubt that Vesco's money has found some part to play in Costa Rican affairs, and that the passing of a new extradition law by the Assembly in March of 1974, which made Vesco's extradition all but impossible, was hardly an instance of disinterested legislation. Vesco, it came out, had invested in Figueres' own business enterprises—a fact that Figueres did not try to conceal, since he has always genuinely felt that what was good for Figueres was good for Costa Rica. The weightier charge—that Vesco's money had helped to finance the political campaign of National Liberation—brought the forces of opposition screaming to their feet, with charges of government corruption that may have a serious effect on Liberation's hopes in the February election. A marked coolness has developed between Figueres and President Oduber, and for the first time in his dazzling career Figueres has come to be regarded as a liability to the reigning party. Although Vesco is scarcely mentioned in Costa Rica anymore, his presence is still something of a blot on the landscape; and although the popular hope is that he will just go away by being forgotten, it is more than likely that whichever of the two principal contending parties wins the election will see to it that he does go away.

•

ALL over Costa Rica now, the campaign is in full cry. On Sundays in particular, cars circulate in San José flying either the green-and-white striped flag of National Liberation or the white flag with a blue stripe and a superimposed red "U," for Unidad, the party in strenuous opposition. The campaign has been rolling for nearly a year, since Costa Rica held primaries last March (for the first time) to decide the party candidates. From December 6th, the Supreme Electoral Tribunal permits the campaign to take place in public forum and, as a result, every open space in the country has become a genial battlefield. I must have heard each of the two main candidates, Monge and Carazo, some twenty times, but I cannot in truth remember anything of what they said, for they never address themselves to issues, and hardly even to each other; their politics are clean and polite, and the issues have been simplified to either continuity with National Liberation or change with Unidad. Given that, it is hard to justify either the length of the campaign or the vast quantity of money spent on it—until one realizes that the election has

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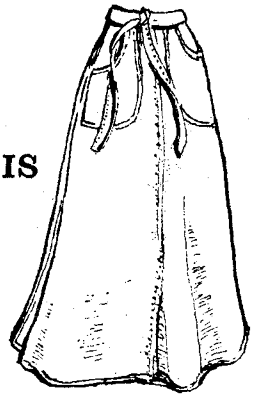
no base in ideology but instead is a kind of national diversion, a pervasive pastime, a sporting event. Neither of the candidates is a charismatic figure, yet both are accorded the same passionate welcome, the same frenzied support, the same rallies, the same cheers. Costa Rica has managed to turn the democratic process into public spectacle, for its essential political process, an *increasingly* top-heavy state Socialism, will lumber on, no matter who wins on February 5th. If anything changes, it will be only faces and names.

I recently talked with a professor at the University of Costa Rica who confessed himself somewhat disillusioned by his country's electoral fame. "Although Costa Rica does have a kind of instinctive democratic spirit—the result of its odd history and its peasant outlook—although it is a naturally decent and pacific country, it goes on making a running circus of the democratic process, whereas it has at its heart many of the same problems that beset other Latin American countries: substantial graft, government corruption, influence, payoffs, a conspicuously uneven distribution of wealth, and so on. It compensates by giving the people this long-drawn-out electoral thrill. Still, this is probably the last election in which it will be possible to invoke the spirit of 1948, or call on the country's fairly worn Old Guard. The trouble with us is that we believe too much in our own reputation. What I am waiting for, four years from now, is a real election, with real issues and new faces. I'm weary of flags and vacuous speeches."

But the past has not yet died. Before I left Costa Rica, I saw Don Pepe make his first electoral appearance on television, and attended a sentimental rally at his farm, La Lucha, where he first raised the standard of revolt in 1948. "I need you!" he called to his supporters. "Costa Rica needs you!" (For him, they were obviously the same thing.) A small, frail figure, he generated enormous excitement. "Don Pepe's back," said the man next to me. "And you'll see, they'll all vote just as he tells them, for they've always done that." Whether they do or not, the campaign will go on mounting in joyful frenzy until the day of the election. My friends were aghast that I was not waiting for that day. "You have to experience it; it's like nothing else. We shut up the whole country, and we have a party all over the place. It's the day we live for, once every four years."

—ALASTAIR REID



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THOSE who haven't seen a movie with an honest-to-God Greek chorus in a long time and have been pining for one will want to know about Lina Wertmüller's "The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain." The chorus here is the sort that talks directly to the camera, often in leering closeups, and it materializes whenever Paolo (Giancarlo Giannini) and Lizzy (Candice Bergen) need ideological prompting in their male-female warfare. One could say this picture was "Swept Away (by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August)" without the water, except that there is all this rain. (And it's necessary: only the rain links the scenes.) Except for flashbacks, "Night Full of Rain" takes place during one very wet night after Paolo and Lizzy have been married ten years. He's a journalist and a bourgeois Italian Communist, and she's a photojournalist and a rich American feminist. They live in a lavish apartment that is gorged with objets d'art, family mementos going back hundreds of years, a photograph of Francis Coppola and Fidel Castro, a basset hound, a de Chirico; it represents Europe, or maybe history, or civilization. Anyway, it represents *something*. It seems that for ten years Lizzy and Paolo have been having sexual intercourse only in the missionary position, and on this night, when he's on top of her, she interrupts him—at the urging of the women members of the chorus, which is to say, of her own deepest feelings—and tells him it doesn't do anything for her anymore and she'd like to try something else. We don't hear what else, because she gets very close to his ear to tell him. (Maybe she doesn't want the chorus to overhear? Or is it assumed that we in the audience might go into deep shock?) From her sly, lewd expression, we get the idea that she might be suggesting that she get on top for a change. Whatever it is, he's outraged; he calls her a tramp, slaps at her, there's much dishevelment, hysteria, shrieking, and running out into the rain—and the marriage collapses. They love each other, but they must part.

Photographed by Giuseppe Rotunno, the entire film has a tutti-frutti romanticism; at times it has the glitter and swooniness of "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman." But there's so much camerawork it's exhausting. This is Lina Wertmüller's first movie made in English, and probably also her first with live sound, which comes out dead. The dialogue reaches us in spasms—disconnected words that suggest brainstorms reduced to economy telegrams. In the first part—a flashback to Paolo's and Lizzy's meeting—Wertmüller attempts her own version of "Last Tango in Paris" (she has Candice Bergen intoning "I don't even know your name"), and these sequences, with Giannini and Bergen flopping against the angels and demons of a fourteenth-century Carthusian monastery, must take their place among the immortals, along with such classics of camp as "Youngblood Hawke" and "The Barefoot Contessa." Doesn't Giannini ever freshen up? With his head and face covered with hair, and his gleaming eyes covered by horn-rimmed glasses, he looks like a beetle. When he tries to grab the big, blond Bergen you half expect her to shove that little bug away and stamp on him. At one point, Lizzy tells Paolo his eyes are the color of rain. Why didn't she think of some nifty like that to describe his voice? When Giannini, in his phonetically learned English, jabbers about "enchantment" or bats his eyelashes over such pronouncements as "All the poets are dying," he sounds like Akim Tamiroff in "Touch of Evil." The film, which is symbolic beyond your wildest fears, and has a lot to say about the misery of the modern world, features a mechanical toy—a little monkey in a red hat, with cymbals in his paws. When he's wound up, he crashes his tiny cymbals, and then he winds down. That's life, folks. Wertmüller runs a fad factory for turning despair into kitsch.

IN "Coma," Geneviève Bujold, with her piquant features, her waif's face and sharp jaw, is like a soft little furry animal—a mink—with a dirty mind. She plays Dr. Susan Wheeler, a surgical resident at Boston Memorial Hospital—an immense modern medical complex. After her closest woman friend (Lois Chiles) goes into an irreversible coma during an abortion, Dr. Wheeler begins to investigate, and discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients undergoing minor surgery have been similarly brain-damaged—vegetablized—and then packed off to the Jefferson Institute, a government-sponsored facility that provides long-term life-support systems. When the action moves from the hospital to the grim, fortresslike Jefferson Institute (the exteriors are of the Xerox building in Lexington, Massachusetts), the story shades off from a factual, realistic view of current practices in a modern hospital to science-fiction fantasy, without any change in the film's tone.

Visually, "Coma" is like a prophylactic; it's so cleanly made, with such an impersonal, detached feeling, that it looks untouched by human hands. Even the actors seem vacuous and immaculate, disinfected of any traces of personality. But not Bujold. There's no way to sanitize this actress. With her slightly moldy Peter Pan pertness, she's irreducibly curious—that's her sexy-witch essence. This is the first Hollywood picture in which Bujold has had the central starring role, and she manages to sustain her performance by snuggling deep inside the shallow material. Dr. Wheeler's suspiciousness—the sneaky expressions she gets when she doesn't go along with what her superiors are telling her—is all we've got to hang on to in this sterile environment. There is not an instant when her closed-in face isn't intent; thin-skinned, touchy, she seems almost to sniff out fakery. When she crawls around in the dark places of the hospital, trying to track the tubes that feed anesthetic gases into the operating rooms, she's totally engaged in what she's doing, in the most sensory, little-beastie way. Climbing and wriggling around, high up, trying to get a foothold in a slippery place, she peels off her panty hose, and it would not seem surprising if the striptease continued. As she goes from one dangerous situation to the next, the narrative trap tightens: you fear for her safety, and the suspense gets you in the stomach, and maybe the chest, too. The director, Michael Crichton, did the adaptation of Robin Cook's book (they both have medical degrees). "Coma" is only the second movie that Crichton has directed (the first was "Westworld"), and though he doesn't yet show a sure enough control of tempo, there's a particular wryness in his style which suggests intelligence (even if we hadn't known it was there from his books). Crichton knows exactly what effects he's getting, but sometimes that can be a limitation. The picture is all plot; it glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated. Computers aren't very visu-

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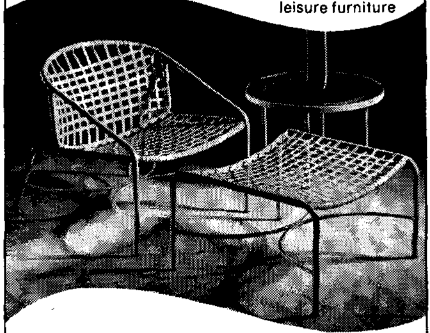

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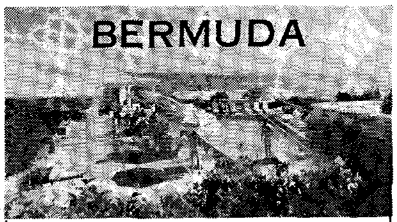

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al—just those tiny lights winking. And they may hum but they don't thunder.

The sequences at the Jefferson Institute have a chill, spectral beauty: the comatose bodies—handsome, muscular, youthful—aren't on beds, they're suspended horizontally from the ceiling, in a vast gallery; they're in tiers, floating on wires, like the marionettes of a lunatic puppet master, the women's long hair hanging. Yet the spookiness doesn't explode. We need a crescendo or two of real terror—a chance malfunctioning, perhaps, or a visitor's involuntary start of aversion at the tubes attached to the bodies which carry matter in and out, or at the wraithlike hanging hair. There's a big chase through the hospital anatomy lab, where cadavers are stretched on tables or hung vertically on racks, encased in plastic, like clothes at a dry cleaner's. These bodies—long dead—have the dignity of Leonardo's anatomical drawings; they are so far from life they're like noble phantoms, and when Dr. Wheeler is fighting off a killer and uses them as weapons, there ought to be a Halloween horror in the scene. Something needs to break loose; tossing cadavers around shouldn't be this hygienic. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet the movie shies away from sleazy jokes. When Crichton shows us organs or sections of bodies, he makes them as clinically banal as possible, in order to demonstrate that for people in everyday contact with them they're just like a display on a butcher's counter. It could be that his cultivation and training are a hindrance on this kind of movie. He's too used to cadavers to be spooked by them; he doesn't identify with us (or with our superstitious dread) but with the doctors. He accepts impersonality as part of technological advance, so he's unable to satirize it.

In a formula exploitation thriller based on the rudimentary device of having the heroine pursue the killers single-handed (and never go to the police or the press for help), tastefulness can be a negative attribute. After we've cheered for the bionic Frankenstein monster-villain of "The Spy Who Loved Me," who tears a van apart in a childish tantrum, it's a letdown to be asked to settle for the usual stalking gunman with a cruel, enigmatic smile (Lance Le Gault). This movie is underpopulated—even the hospital is much too empty. There's only the one story line, and the roles played by Michael Douglas, Elizabeth Ashley, Richard Widmark, and Rip Torn are just plot functions. As soon as Lois Chiles

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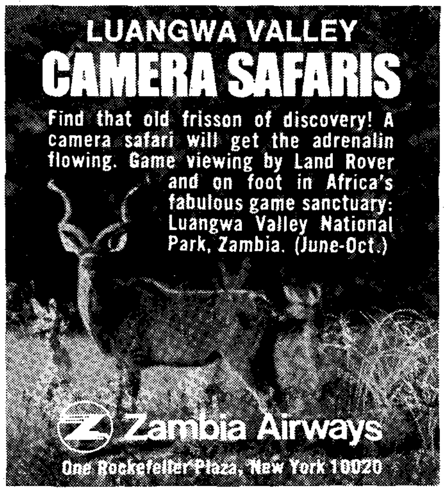

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appears, we know she's going to be killed—she has the vibrant feverishness that actors get when they know they've got only one scene and have to make it count. That's the sort of human filigree "Coma" needs more of. The picture sticks so close to basics it doesn't give you a lift; all you get is a knot in the gut. We don't go to a film like "Coma" for realism; we want the director to push the big scenes over the edge, to give them a twist and dislocate them. We go hoping for the insane ingenuity and top-of-the-world, thinner-air excitement of the best thrillers. We want the fun of the illicit—what some people get only from doing illegal business. "Coma" is so cautious it pays its taxes ahead of time.

THE title "Mr. Klein" may sound like a Jewish detergent, but nothing gets washed away in this unsatisfying French quasi-thriller, set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about an Aryan, a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews, and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. Written by Franco Solinas, this is the kind of parable-thriller that has to be tight to be effective, but the director, Joseph Losey, keeps it going for over two hours. Losey has only two modes of expression—the oblique and the obvious—and you never can be sure which is which. There isn't any kind of direct, emotional expressiveness in his movies, and that may be why people often pore over them—staying to see a film twice, trying to find out what he's saying. "Mr. Klein" is a classic example of his weighty emptiness. The atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. Delon, his face widened with age, so that he has begun to resemble Tony Curtis, gives a serious, deliberately charmless performance. As Klein, he's stiff, almost military in bearing, with a dollar-signs-for-eyes look. We're not meant to have any sympathy for Klein (the German name is a pun—he's Mr. Little); we simply watch as this lacklustre, repellent man, with a void where his soul should be, suffers the nervous, embarrassed anxiety of trying to prove that he's not Jewish. (The movie is a solemn, medicinal variant on "Gentleman's Agreement.") The scenes are so pointed that they poke you in the eye, and as "Mr. Klein" stretches out, with Klein determined to find his doppelgänger, Delon doesn't have enough different things to do, and his trussed-

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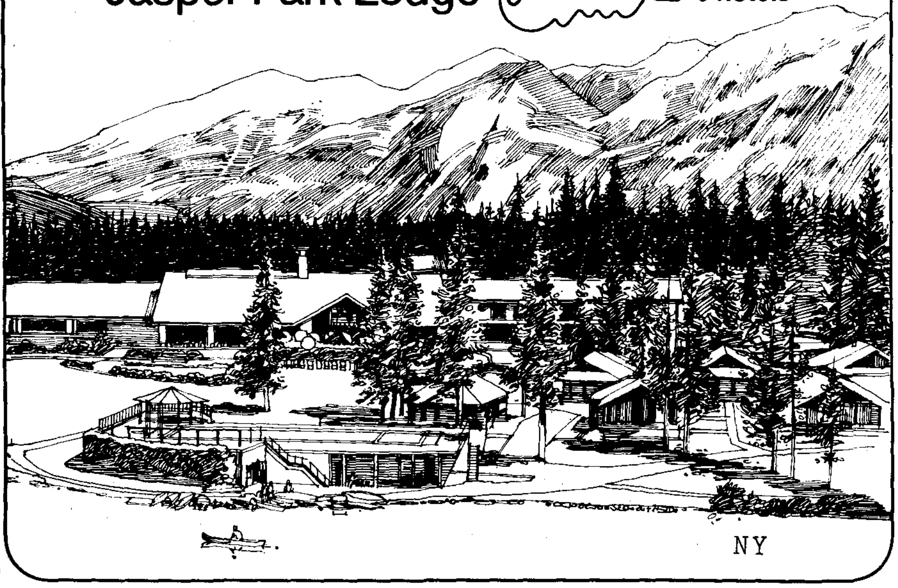

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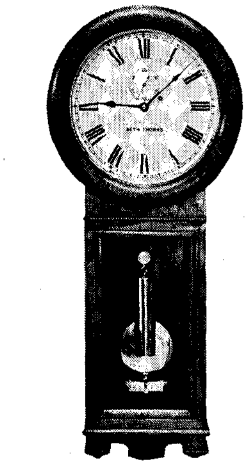

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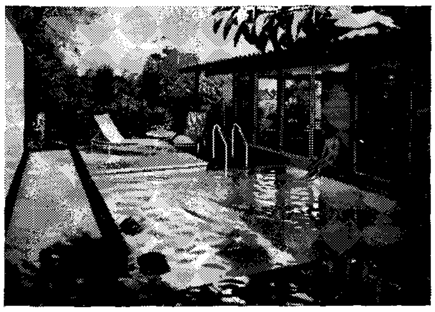

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up posture and ashen face become glumly monotonous. How long should it take an audience to get the idea of the identity of persecutors and victims? Does it require all this visual heavy breathing? The actors pose in the most unnatural, portentous attitudes, and at first this is a real teaser—we assume there must be some reason for them to be moving around so funny. Gradually, we realize that it's for the sake of the camera. Losey's visual style imposes its own sluggish determinism. And, outdoors and in, everything is in claustrophobic blue-green tones. Why does this kind of movie always get called cerebral?

—PAULINE KAEL

•

THE EVEN TENOR OF LIFE IN OJAI

[*From the Ojai (Calif.) Valley News*]

POLICE BLOTTER

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11

1:17 A.M.—An out-of-town Valley Meadow Dr. man asked police to shut off his water.

3:25 A.M.—Two persons created a disturbance at the Libbey tennis courts.

4:07 A.M.—Two persons ran through the downtown area.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10

12:50 A.M.—A woman lost a wallet on E. Ojai Ave.

10:59 A.M.—A woman locked her keys and a dog in her car.

12:57 P.M.—A joyriding 13-year-old crashed at Nordhoff Cemetery.

3:26 P.M.—Two unlicensed motorcyclists caused some problems on Drown Ave.

5:35 P.M.—A couple with a child left a gas station without paying the six dollars they owed.

7:29 P.M.—The couple called the station and said they would pay.

9:15 P.M.—The same gas station attendant reported another theft of gas.

9:20 P.M.—A S. Fulton St. resident asked police to force an unwelcome house guest to leave.

10:32 P.M.—A school district administrator reported that someone had hit and run a car belonging to the teachers bargaining group.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9

8:05 A.M.—The N. Fulton St. man reported his binoculars and some hand tools had been stolen.

8:30 A.M.—Patrolmen were told that current bike licenses expire in December, 1978—not January—and cost one dollar—not 50 cents.

8:45 A.M.—A woman spotted several suspicious vehicles on S. Signal St.

10:40 A.M.—The N. Fulton St. man said he had additional information on the theft of his binoculars. He did not, however.

12:40 P.M.—The N. Fulton St. man requested an officer immediately, but police found his call was baseless.

4:45 P.M.—Thieves stole a White Oak Circle man's car stereo.

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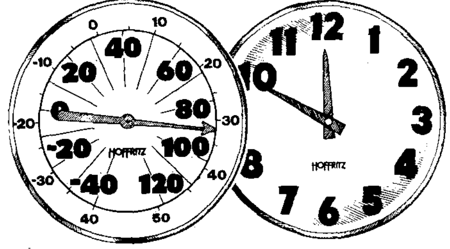

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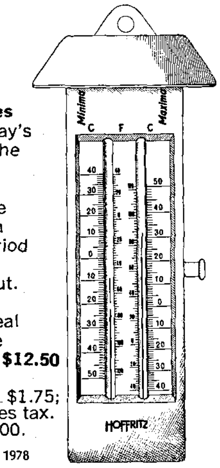

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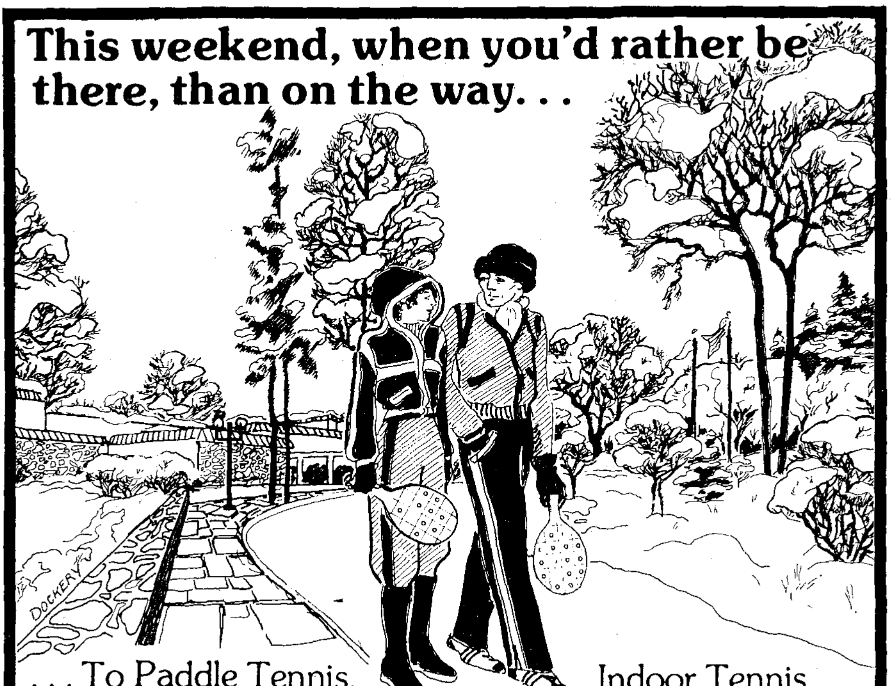
THE RACE TRACK

Sales Week Goes Big

LAST week was sales week at Hialeah, and the atmosphere was like the atmosphere before a major race. The anticipations of breeders, sellers, and agents had never been higher. For days, the stabling had been filling up with potential racing stock—Florida-bred two-year-olds in training—from the big farms around Ocala. In the course of three sessions, a hundred and sixty-three horses went under the hammer for $4,586,400. At the first session alone, fifty-nine head brought $1,451,500, and the top price of the evening was $98,000—for Deby's Chieftain, a two-year-old filly by Chieftain. She went to Mrs. Lillie F. Webb, who shares the ownership of Xalapa Farm—the old Ed Sims place in Kentucky—with her brother Kenneth Franzheim. The sales went so well—Florida-bred horses have been running nicely—that Kentucky breeders are more than a little concerned.

STILL, the main event of the week, of course, was the Thoroughbred Racing Association's dinner on Friday night in Miami, at which the Eclipse Awards for 1977 were presented. Many of the twelve hundred racing folk present felt that the occasion was marred by the split of the Seattle Slew team. On the day of the dinner, there was an interview in the New York *Post* with Billy Turner, who prepared Slew for the Triple Crown but has since been replaced as the colt's trainer. In the interview, Turner said that the odds were fifty to one against Slew's running again. On Sunday, Mickey Taylor and Dr. James Hill, the animal's owners, said in an ABC-TV interview that the 1977 Horse of the Year had recovered from the ailment that kept him out of the Tallahassee Handicap on opening day at Hialeah, and that his condition was much improved, but that they had not yet decided whether to race him again or to send him to stud.

There is no bigger gamble in racing than buying a yearling. Taylor, a young lumberman from the State of Washington, gave $17,500 at the



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Fasig-Tipton 1975 yearling sales, in Kentucky, for a dark-bay colt by Bold Reasoning out of My Charmer. Taylor and his wife, a co-owner, named him Seattle Slew, and won a lapful of prize money with him. On the other side of the picture is a long list of high-priced yearlings who had everything in the way of conformation and pedigree that one could ask for but who never won a race. Slew has not raced since last July 3rd, and there have been frequent rumors that he would be syndicated in the millions and retired to stud. Taylor has denied this—though adding that he has had offers of from ten to twelve million dollars for the colt. And there you are.

BY last Sunday, the ground crew, working hard, had the inner dirt track at Aqueduct back in condition after the blizzard, and a crowd of 18,762 turned out to see One Sum win the Affectionately Handicap. In an earlier race, a three-year-old filly, Miss Secretariat—a daughter of Secretariat, as you might guess—finished down the course, to the disappointment of her backers. —AUDAX MINOR

•

AND

So you sleep, and I sleep,
close,
very close, but even so
in separate
bands of blackness.
These are the two dark rings

the coon slips off its tail
every night—and just before
morning, returns

with the wild, raw taste of strange fish
on its mouth

and slips the rings
back on its body again
and we wake

in this life together, make
one animal
showing one mask to the world.

—ALBERT GOLDBARTH

•

MAESTROS—Conductor Eugene Ormandy, left, shakes Vladimir Horowitz' hand after the violinist's concert Sunday, "Vladimir Horowitz Golden Jubilee." The Carnegie Hall concert, a benefit for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, took place 50 years after Horowitz' debut in the same hall with the same orchestra.—*Photo caption in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

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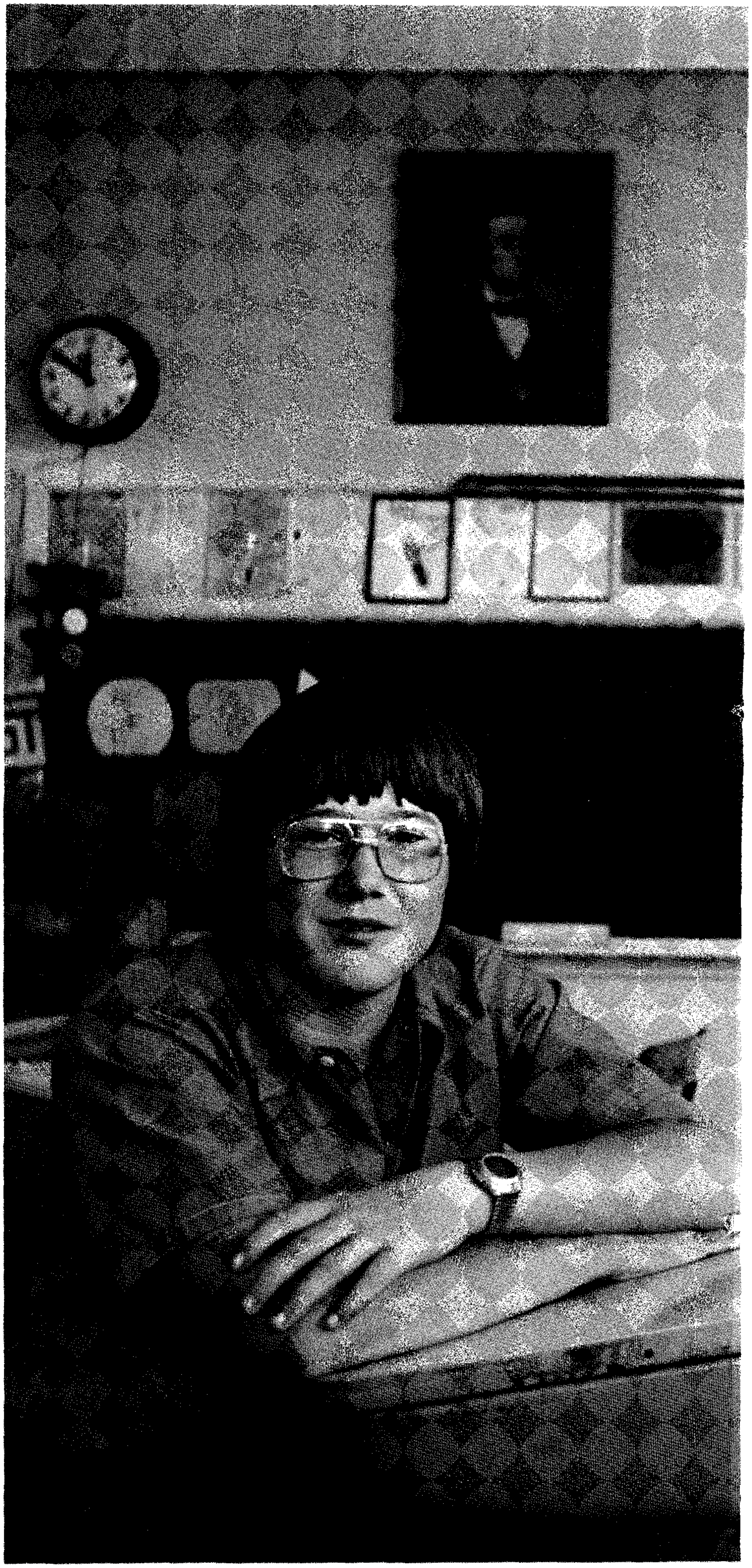

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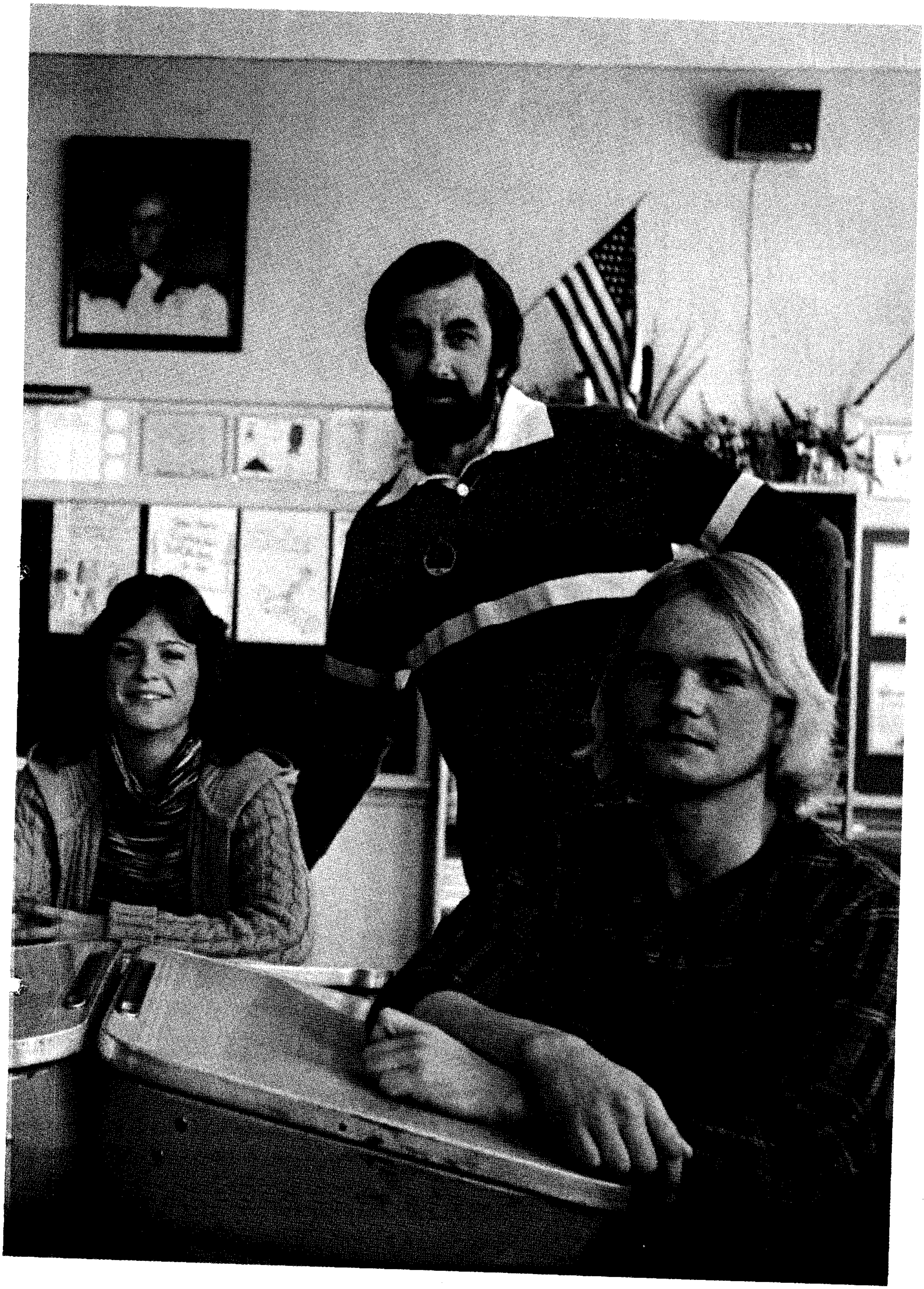

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Taking Opera Seriously

THE Teatro Comunale in Bologna is an opera house rich in history. Box 23 on the second tier is a place of pilgrimage; one night in 1871 Verdi, hoping to remain incognito, slipped into this box to hear "Lohengrin," his first Wagner opera and the first to be performed in Italy. Four years earlier, under the same conductor, Angelo Mariani, the Comunale had given "Don Carlos" its first Italian performance. (Today, large Art Nouveau bas-reliefs of Wagner and Verdi face one another across the main entrance to the orchestra.) The beautiful theatre, designed by Antonio Galli Bibiena, opened in 1763. Gluck, who was travelling in Italy, composed the inaugural opera, a setting of Metastasio's "Il Trionfo di Clelia," and eight years later Gluck's "Orfeo" was done there—the first Italian production apart from a festal presentation to celebrate an archducal wedding in Parma in 1769. The Comunale revived "Orfeo" only in 1898, with Guerrina Fabbri, and then Gluck's name dropped from its bills until this season. Which is surprising, both because other Italian houses have played his works often and because the Comunale in style and scale is an ideal home for them.

Bologna, a cultivated city that has long provided the world with a model of Communist civic administration, has, in the words of Grove, "always been in the vanguard with its concert programmes and opera seasons, which give proof of an always lively desire for knowledge and culture." Rossini's "Il Signor Bruschino," Verdi's first opera, "Oberto," Janáček's "From the House of the Dead" (brought by the Prague National Theatre), and Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" are on the Comunale bill this season. Haydn's "Il Mondo della Luna," Rossini's "La Donna del Lago," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Christmas Eve," Prokofiev's "The Fiery Angel," and Giacomo Manzoni's "Per Massimiliano Robespierre" (an operatic investigation of Stalinism) have been done in recent years. Productions are toured through the cities of the province. It would have been more adventurous to revive "Il Trionfo di Clelia," but the "Orfeo" did have two points of special interest: it was staged by Luca Ronconi, and it was performed from a "pure" Vienna score—the original, 1762 "Orfeo ed Euridice" (contralto hero, Italian text), not the revised and amplified "Orphée et Euridice" (tenor hero, French text), which Gluck prepared for Paris in 1774, or the mixed version (contralto hero, Italian text partly original, partly translated from the French) that is often adopted.

In these columns last year, after Boston's mixed "Orfeo," I wrote of my eagerness to hear the strong, concise, swift-moving "Orfeo" of Gluck's original intention. Productions of it are becoming commoner: the Royal Swedish Opera has one; London heard one in concert in 1976, with a countertenor hero; Wolf Siegfried Wagner, the composer's great-grandson, directed another at last year's Wexford Festival, also with a countertenor. The Bologna presentation at last confirmed for me what reading the 1762 score had suggested: that, although with a pang one relinquishes the famous instrumental air with flute solo and Eurydice's lovely "Cet asile," "Orfeo" surpasses "Orphée" in directness and dramatic force. It is short: about a hundred minutes of music. At the Bologna performance, two twenty-minute intermissions divided the three acts, and there was also an unhappily prolonged break in Act II while Hell was dismantled and the Elysian Fields were prepared.

The scenes, designed by Pier Luigi Pizzi, were simple and noble in effect, but the means by which they were achieved was anything but simple. (It apparently required ten monster trucks to transport the décor from Florence, where the production originated last season, to Bologna.) The action unfolded on a stage built about five feet above the regular stage floor. In the basement thus formed, damned souls writhed in firelit torment during the fifteen-minute Hell scene, and otherwise all was dark. The upper stage was enclosed by giant walls of mirror which had within them concealed doors and sliding panels. Under skillful lighting, they reflected sometimes the actors, sometimes elements of the noble Bibiena auditorium, or faded to portray a silvery infinitude. There was also the small grove of cypresses and laurels called for in the libretto, realistically and lovingly modelled, and toward the end some massive architectural décor represented the Temple of Love, which extended forward to embrace the Bibiena proscenium arch. The final chorus was sung from the boxes within it. In his handling of colors, forms, and light, Pizzi seems to me a modern disciple of Adolphe Appia. His "Orfeo" scenery was beautiful, and in large part it was a twentieth-century vision, executed in twentieth-century media, of simplified eighteenth-century décor. The Furies, apparently bare-breasted, wore black crinolines and raven fright wigs. Orpheus and Eurydice wore costumes like those seen in early engravings. If Gluck had returned to the Comunale, he would have recognized

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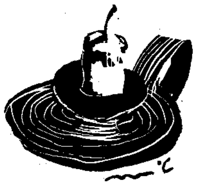
his opera, though he might have asked why there were iron balconies and a catwalk suspended high above Hell, and why on earth a ladies' orchestra (dressed in Victorian bombazine) should be sitting in the Temple of Love. He would not have recognized the idiom of Geoffrey Cauley's choreography—a brave, intermittently successful attempt to put simple, suitable movement patterns to the music without insisting on either eighteenth-century or classical ballet technique.

Ronconi's staging, as usual with him, sought to subordinate the singers' individual personalities to his "idea" of the piece. In practical terms, there was so little light on Orpheus' face that the actress, Julia Hamari, could not really make direct, immediate communication with her audience; Gluck—and a co-creator of the opera, Gaetano Guadagni, a Garrick pupil, the first Orpheus—would surely not have approved. Neither did I. Miss Hamari's singing was serene, grave, well judged, not passionate. But Ileana Cotrubas, the Eurydice, has so much personality that nothing can subdue it. The performance took on new liveliness during the Orpheus-Eurydice recitative and duet that open Act III; Miss Cotrubas's urgency struck answering sparks from the hero. In Florence, the opera had been conducted by Riccardo Muti; in Bologna, Carl Melles did not get strong enough phrasing from either chorus or orchestra.



THE season at the Teatro Comunale in Florence began with "Il Trovatore" in a new production, also by Ronconi and Pizzi. In a program note, Ronconi explained that, in effect, Verdi had not understood his opera, since Azucena, torn between maternal affection and filial affection, is not at the heart of it:

> "Il Trovatore" should instead be read as a mysterious work. . . . One must find its secret knot: its nocturnal side. . . . At the heart of this knot is Leonora, the mysterious relationship that binds her to the two brothers, that sees her divide herself between a chaste love (Manrico) and a possessive love (the Count of Luna). Thus the central moment of the opera is the one like a flash of lightning which motivates the trio of Act I: in the dark, Leonora mistakes the Count of Luna for Manrico. Exchange and uncertainty of identity: an authentically romantic motif, with profound roots, too, in German romanticism.

Oh, really! How can a clever man be so silly, and so willfully misread what the composer set down in his score and spelled out in his letters? It is true that two brothers who are engaged in murderous rivalry—whether over divine respect for sacrifices animal and vegetable, over patrimony, or over a woman—have been a recurrent theme of literature. To some extent, Manrico and Luna sound overtones of Abel and Cain, Jacob and Esau, Edgar and Edmund, Karl and Franz Moor, Paolo and Gianciotto Malatesta. Their relationship is important to the plot—but only as it affects Azucena. There is no evidence that Leonora feels any mysterious attraction toward Luna. In the dark, she inadvertently embraces the wrong man, but it would make no difference to the course of events if that "moment like a flash of lightning" did not occur—if she embraced the right man and the other then stepped forward with a challenge.

Ronconi, however, with his new insight, finds that the "Trovatore" libretto "can in its way be more interesting than Boito's for 'Otello,' which seeks to reduce a Shakespeare text to a bourgeois play." The poetic mystery, he declares, should therefore be presented in an almost unchanging set, against backcloths hinting at sky, night, fire, and ashes—with fire and, consequently, ashes ever more dominant. On the stage, not objects but only their images or shadows. What this meant in practice was a décor of three tall frames arranged in various dispositions on an almost bare stage cased in mirror walls of dusky gold. Empty, the frames served as portals; filled with gauze, they became screens on which the shadow silhouettes of three identical cypresses were projected to represent the palace garden, and of three identical towers to represent the scene outside Manrico's prison. It was very beautiful scenery, romanticized Appia in idiom, and it did convert "Il Trovatore" *into a kind of poetic mystery*. But it also meant that the actors, reduced to shadows moving through a tenebrous world where only braziers provided points of sparkling light, lost individuality. Ronconi naturally paid special attention to the staging of the encounter before the Act I trio. Leonora's mistake, which in some productions arouses an audience's mirth, seemed easy to make: it was very dark, the brothers were dressed alike, and the action was so arranged that Leonora, hastening toward the Troubadour's voice, would inevitably encounter Luna first. The emphasis on the fraternal motif also led to an unusual intentness in the singing of Manrico's account of his duel with Luna: "The thrust that should have transfixed him already flashed on high when a mysterious impulse stayed my descending hand . . . while a cry from Heaven said to me, 'Do not strike!'" To that "Non ferir!," which Verdi marked "*ppp*, *sotto voce*," Carlo Cossutta, an able Manrico, brought a strange otherworldly color.

Otherwise, Ronconi seemed content for the principals to give their usual "Trovatore" performances. Fiorenza Cossotto, a veteran Azucena, certainly did. Gilda Cruz-Romo, the Leonora, was sweet and musical but sometimes gentle to the point of feebleness. Her contribution to the "Miserere" was a series of agitated whispered exclamations, which was effective enough. In the preceding aria, at "Lo desta alle memorie" she sounded a quiet descant to a flute solo, and in the duet with Luna there was no flash in her tone for "Vivrà! contende il giubilo." Matteo Manuguerra was the Luna—reliable, solid, a shade lacking in fire. Agostino Ferrin, the Ferrando, delivered the opening narration as if he were really interested in it. (Five of the first six numbers in "Il Trovatore" are narratives about the past, and, except at the close of Act III, all the action happens offstage. The singers need to be good at telling stories.) The gypsies were robed in white, as if they had come dressed for "Die Zauberflöte." Leonora and Manrico sang their Act III duettino divided by a gauze.

Riccardo Muti conducted. The bright, open, translucent acoustics of the Comunale and the conductor's habitual care for orchestral balance combined to produce an unusually clear and vivid account of the score. One could hear each element making up the soft, fully scored chords that open the last scene. Muti's rhythms were alert; his speed changes were precisely judged. In a way, one could hardly hope to hear "Il Trovatore" better played. And yet I found much of the result unmoving—exquisite but cold, as Muti's Verdi often is—because his singers were treated as staves of the full score. He never seemed to take sudden inspiration from them but subdued them musically, as Ronconi had subdued them dramatically, to a set idea of the work. There was no living drama of personalities; the dominant presence was the conductor's. The result was not theatre as Verdi understood it. When I got back to New York and heard what heavy going Giuseppe Patanè and his

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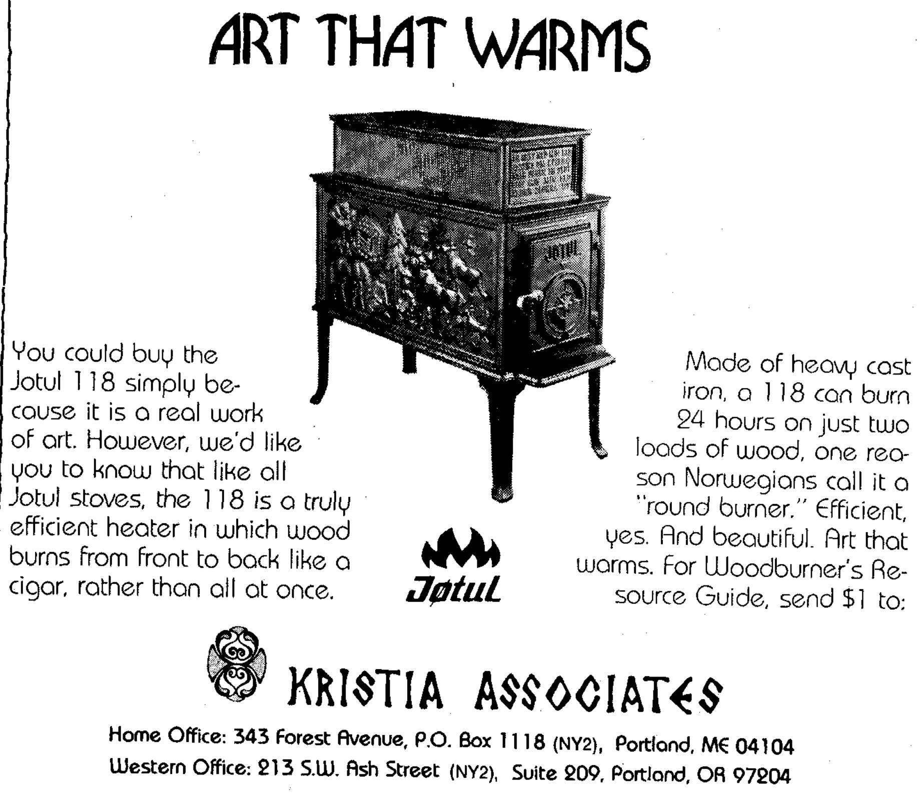

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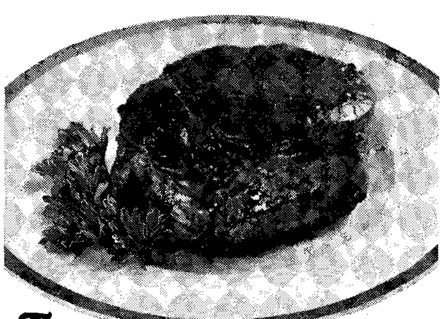

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Met cast made of the same music, I felt more appreciative of Muti's lucid textures, springy pulses, and energetic phrasing. But in the Comunale I asked myself why so polished and vigorous a musical execution of this rousing piece should prove so curiously unstirring.

The opera was given complete. Cabaletta reprises were undecorated, and it was claimed as merit that Cossutta added no high C's to "Di quella pira." A final C does produce harmonic clashes, it is true, but the C traditionally thrown in at "Teco almeno" seems to me an admirable enhancement—even a necessary one the second time through when both verses are sung.

CLAUDIO ABBADO has become the Verdi conductor who unites all the Verdian virtues. The second opera of the Scala season, after the Ronconi-directed "Don Carlos," was a revival of Franco Zeffirelli's staging of "Un Ballo in Maschera," first done there five years ago with Lou Ann Wyckoff, Placido Domingo, and Piero Cappuccilli in the leading roles and Gianandrea Gavazzeni as conductor, and revived two seasons later with Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson. This season's cast was Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cappuccilli, and Abbado conducted. "Ballo" came to the stage three weeks after "Don Carlos" but was described as coming to it unready. (What can Scala rehearsal schedules be like?) The unreadiness showed itself only in some sudden lapses of ensemble between stage and pit. In all other ways, the opera was splendidly executed.

I had seen "Ballo" many times before, but never in the Colonial Boston setting specified in the score—always in the Swedish court of the Scribe libretto from which Antonio Somma's libretto for Verdi was adapted. Renzo Mongiardino had designed handsome scenery in a log-cabin palatial style. Enrico Job's costumes threw Puritans and patricians into picturesque contrast. The program book, ninety pages long, contained not only the libretto but also, in facsimile, the *disposizione scenica*, or production book, published after the opera's first performance, in 1859. Zeffirelli's staging was not always in strictest accord with it, but did not stray unacceptably far from the composer's intentions until, in the final scene, during Riccardo's death all the glittering decorations of the ballroom disappeared, as if by magic—a stagy and inappropriate conceit. Zeffirelli is a master at drawing good acting from his cast, and I have never seen Pavarotti give a more convincing performance of Riccardo—or of any role, for that matter. Moreover, he now seemed so much at ease in the drama that to his newfound vocal force he added the old freshness and freedom, throwing himself into the meaning of the lines, and not just throwing his voice into their notes. Miss Verrett, singing her first Amelia, was moving. A touch of caution, some hints of timidity here and there were not inappropriate to the character. After its recent ups and downs—up to Norma, down to Orpheus—her voice seemed to have settled as a dark soprano, not expansive but intense and affecting in timbre. Cappuccilli sang grandly; Zeffirelli had not quite cured him of some old-fashioned semaphore gestures. Elena Obraztsova was a powerful Ulrica. Daniela Mazzucato, as Oscar, sang charmingly.

Abbado's instrumental reading was bold and very strongly colored. He seized on what are sometimes deemed the crudities of Verdi's orchestration to make them thrilling and eloquent. In a program note, he drew attention to the musical as well as the stage significance of the *disposizione scenica:* "One has only to compare the sequence of stage plans (setting out here soloists, there choral masses, supers) to see how the visual images are always in balance with the musical forces; there is conscious interdependence of these values in the allotment of scenic space." The contrasts of timbre, texture, and density were stressed. The Scala orchestra played superbly. Abbado was forceful but also tender, passionate but also precise. And it was an interpretation that ever took life from, and gave life to, what was happening on the stage.

BACK in New York, James Levine's and John Dexter's campaign to make the Metropolitan a house that musicians and playgoers take seriously received a setback in the form of a tawdry, unintelligent presentation of Massenet's "Thaïs," played in a production borrowed from San Francisco. "Thaïs" is a pretty opera, and very skillfully written, but it was a mistake to essay it without a heroine more alluring of voice and more secure on exposed, sustained high notes above the staff than Beverly Sills was. Moreover, Miss Sills was histrionically unconvincing. She seemed too refreshingly sensible and self-aware to have or to inspire any unquestioning belief in her portrayal, and instead invited the audience to enjoy watching her play at playing Thaïs. She brought to her impersonation a twinkling touch of the light, ironical, even critical tone that belongs properly to Anatole France's "Thaïs" and has no place in the heart-on-sleeve, committedly sentimental opera fashioned from it. France's novel is attractive on several counts: its precise, carefully balanced prose and dry, delicate wit; the display of a polished Parisian mind darting over Christian, Stoic, and Skeptic philosophies; the picturesque evocation of fourth-century Alexandrian and Thebaid life; and the depiction of a heroine of extraordinary grace and charm, beautiful in body and in spirit. His source was a play by Hrosvitha, a tenth-century German nun. Hrosvitha's works were staged in Paris, by puppets, in 1888, and France reviewed them favorably. The eleventh Britannica calls them "productions of genius"—which seems to me, who know them only in translation, to rate them too high. In any event, France ranged far beyond the simple moral drama and handled the history in no pious way. At the center of his book is a symposium: Alexandrian philosophers, getting steadily drunker, discuss religion, government, and ethics, and the bold argument is put forward that not as Christ but as Helen of Troy did God's will become incarnate, to suffer all men's violence and wickedness. When the mortal Helen died, her immortal spirit entered new forms; today, mankind's redeemer is Thaïs. Thaïs leaves the party remarking that philosophers are goats, and is a ready prey to the lofty promises held out to her by Paphnuce, the monk who has come to claim her for Christ.

There could be no place for this in an opera. Louis Gallet, Massenet's librettist, omitted the irony, the kaleidoscope of daring speculations, and all the jokes. The tone was quite altered. So was the hero, in more than name. France's Paphnuce is preposterous and unlikable. He spits in Thaïs's face. Only toward the end of the book, when he ceases to regard his sufferings as Heaven-sent and realizes how foolish he had been to reject the glorious gift Thaïs offered him, does the author treat him as anything but ridiculous. Gallet's Athanaël—his name a happy blend of Athanasius, the early Bishop of Alexandria, and Nathanael, the disciple in whom there was no guile—is austere and impressive in his anguish. Both men strive, finally in vain, to repress the promptings of a deeply passionate nature, but Athanaël's torment has dignity. This dignity is denied him in the Met staging, where in the dream sequence of the first scene he starts up,

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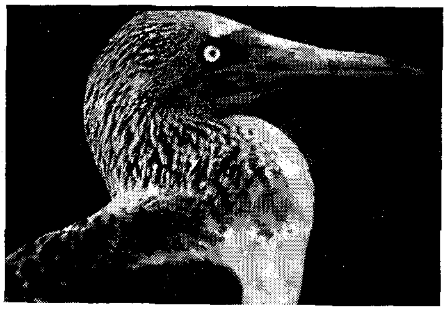

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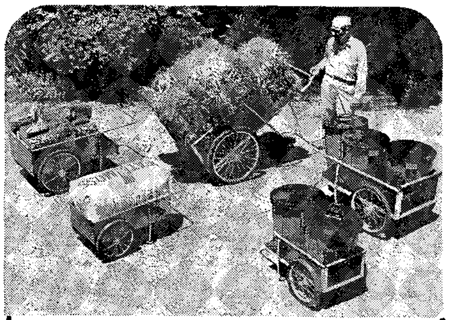

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tears open his habit, and lewdly pursues Thaïs. He becomes another goat. The hint of complexity in his motives for seeking the conversion of the courtesan is replaced by comic-strip crudity.

Three years ago, the Baltimore Opera showed how "Thaïs" should be done—with trust in Massenet's stagecraft, in his ability to match musical and visual images for an audience's pleasure. The opera begins with a tranquil white-note melody, picturing the peaceful life of cenobites in the Thebaid, and the curtain rises when, after some mock-modal wanderings, the melody is resumed at its original pitch: "Twelve cenobites and old Palemon are seated around a long rustic table. Palemon, in the center, presides over a frugal, peaceful meal. One place, Athanaël's, is empty." At the Met, the curtain rose on some crudely modelled rocks and cliffs, looking like remnants of a discarded "Ring" set, on which the cenobites stood about as valkyrie-monks awaiting the return of their Brünnhilde-Athanaël. The rocks, variously pushed around, and the flanking cliffs remained onstage for the rest of the evening, while tons of tinselly tat poured down from the flies to deck them as the terrace of Nicias's house in Alexandria ("overlooking the city and the sea, shaded by huge trees") and Thaïs's boudoir. This décor, by Carl Toms, was not merely vulgar and ugly; it was inefficient. The tensions of the boudoir scene disappear when it is played across a space suggesting Grand Central strung with Christmas decorations. The dramatic contrast between Thaïs's and Athanaël's passionate dialogue in what should be an oppressively rich, sultry, incense-laden room and their simple, serene duet beneath the palms of the desert oasis is destroyed. On a practical level, Thaïs's gaudy hammock bed, six feet above the ground and accessible only from one of those rocky ramps, seemed a hazardous piece of furniture for a courtesan to have.

Tito Capobianco's staging was similarly vulgar and inefficient. Thaïs began both "Qui te fait si sévère" and "Dis-moi que je suis belle" lying flat on her back—not an easy posture in which to communicate to an audience of thousands. How much more effective if she starts the first advancing toward Athanaël "sweetly and gracefully, and looking at him with a wicked smile"! How cheap to preface the second with an "Ô mon miroir fidèle, rassure-moi" addressed to a full-length ceiling mirror over the bed! Neither piece made much effect; it was as if

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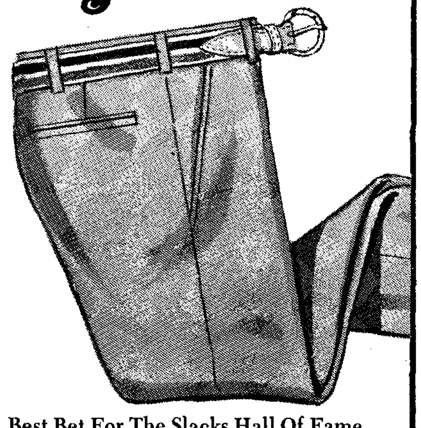

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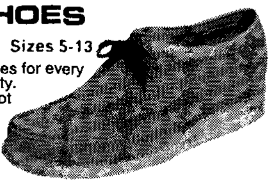

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director and diva had conspired to flatten out numbers that one thought simply couldn't fail to be outstanding. In the straightforward old Paris Opera production, I used to hear singers less beautiful to look at than Miss Sills and no more vocally gifted bring the house down with those passages—because they knew how to present them. Another poor idea of Mr. Capobianco's was to treat the beautiful Méditation as a ballet, danced out in a room of mirrors by Miss Sills and two Doppelgänger. (I think they represented Thaïs in innocent youth and crabbed age, but the lighting was dim and it was hard to be sure.) The violin solo was eloquently played by Raymond Gniewek. "It is precisely in such silken, caressing terms as these," Ernest Newman once wrote, "that a Thaïs would embrace a new faith—she would see the new life opening out before her as promising, for all its renunciations, something of the old sensuous happiness that had been the very breath of her being in the old life." The Méditation, at least, is easily put right: in future performances the Met can drop a curtain, save itself a scene shift, and allow Massenet to depict "those long night hours of lonely musing" in his own way.

Sherrill Milnes sang Athanaël's music strongly but did not declaim the words vividly. Betsy Norden and Isola Jones were a pretty pair of slave girls. As their master, Nicias, Raymond Gibbs quite missed the airy elegance of "Ne t'offense pas," the catchiest tune in all the opera. John Pritchard conducted. He understands the style, and he secured colorful playing from the orchestra. On the first night, director and designer were roundly booed.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

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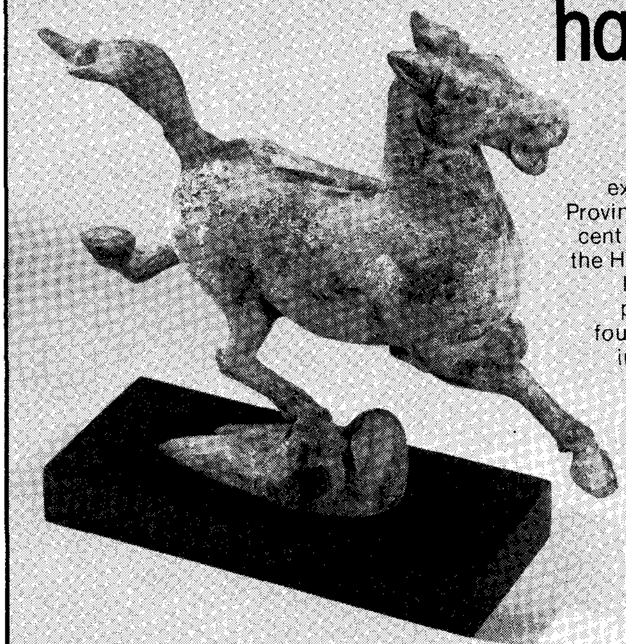

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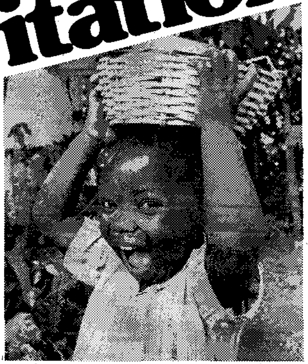

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Through the Mid-Life Crisis with James Boswell, Esq.

THE tenth volume of the so-called reading edition of the Boswell journals, "Boswell, Laird of Auchinleck, 1778-1782" (edited by Joseph W. Reed and Frederick A. Pottle; McGraw-Hill), presents, all five hundred and seventy pages and forty-one ounces of it, a façade of estimable solidity that yet eludes our gaze like the "visage incompos'd" of Milton's personified Chaos. We have here a piece of publishing and a piece of scholarship, a writing experience and a reading experience, the levels sliding one behind the other as our admiration fluctuates and our attention strains.

The writing experience occurred, as stated, between 1778 and 1782 and belonged to James Boswell, Scots lawyer, husband, drunkard, libertine, celebrity-chaser, father, first son to the Laird of Auchinleck and prospective inheritor of the large Ayrshire estate of that name, but as of now, approaching and achieving the age of forty, discontented, "making no considerable figure in any way," living beyond his means, desultorily practicing law in Edinburgh with indifferent success, sending down to the *London Magazine* every month an essay in a series called "The Hypochondriack" but otherwise little advancing the literary career begun a decade earlier with his celebrated account of Corsica and its rebel chieftain Pasquale di Paoli. Boswell's classic chronicles of Dr. Samuel Johnson ("Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," 1785; "The Life of Samuel Johnson L.L.D.," 1791) are hidden in his murky future as he gloomily, erratically passes his days dictating law, attending the Edinburgh Court of Session, staying home to nurse his many physical complaints, reading sermons to assuage his melancholy terrors, ineffectually seeking political patronage and prestige, drearily hobnobbing with the other local gentry, paying dutiful court to his ailing and surly father, hearing his children say their divine lessons, making love to his wife (an event fondly noted with the Greek letter π, for "pleasure"), and betraying her with a succession of obliquely noted and often inked-out doxies and "Madames," one of whom earns the footnote "Unidentified. Probably no better than she should have been." He rehearses his son Alexander in "the history of the lairds of Auchinleck, that he may hold the family in some degree sacred." He entertains his brothers—John, who is "disturb'd with dreary fits / Of sullen madness," and David, who has an "inanimate appearance . . . I suppose from long habits of living in restraint among the Spaniards." James vows to drink moderately, drinks immoderately, spends the next day in bed, and keeps his journal. Why did Boswell keep, with a faithfulness that rarely flags, this running inventory of so many days when there was, as he says, "nothing particular to mark"? The London journal that inaugurated his ephemeristic habit in 1762, and the accounts of his travels in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Corsica, and France which follow, were records of adventures, forays by a young Scot determined to make an impression on the world. There was a practical side to this endless self-memorializing: the Corsican journals had already served, as Boswell's notes on his tour of the Hebrides in 1773 with Dr. Johnson would serve, to make a book. And a thousand London jottings would feed into the great biography that constitutes Boswell's immortality. More generally, he used the journals as writing exercise. The first volume of them to be published in this century, the best-selling London journal, happened to be the most studied, with the most thoroughly worked-out vignettes and dialogues; it was found "written throughout neatly and almost as legibly as a printed book" and—unlike "Laird of Auchinleck," where clumps of pages were torn out by Boswell or his nervous heirs—wholly unmutilated. This first journal, which Boswell in his northern boredom sometimes takes out and rereads, was intended by the youthful writer to be a polished work of literary merit. His method of journal-keeping is to make immediate notes and then at some days' remove develop a batch of them into a sequence with some qualities of narrative suspense and liveliness. Relatively few episodes in this four years' installment receive the

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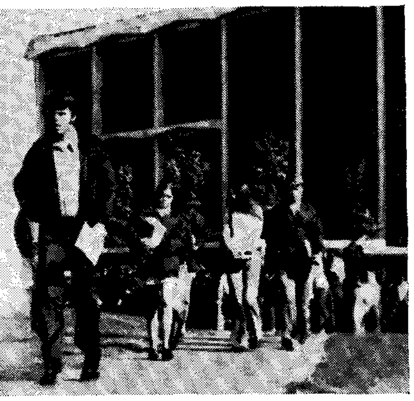

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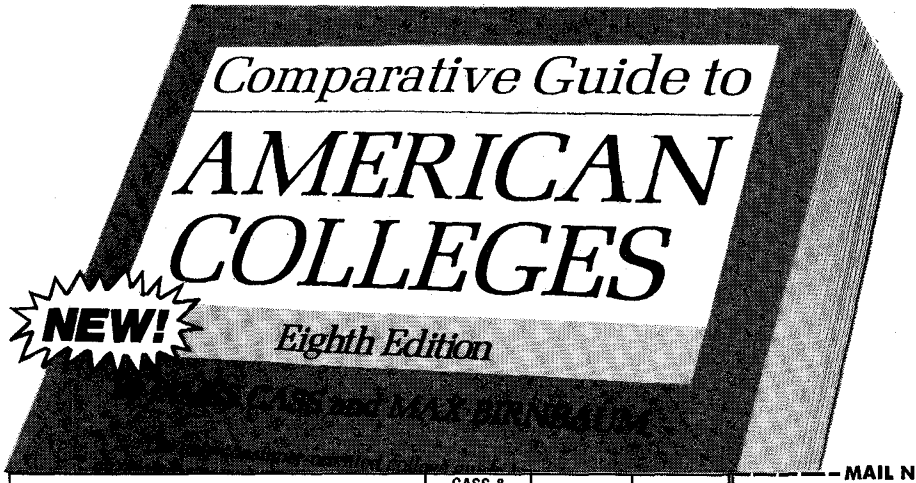

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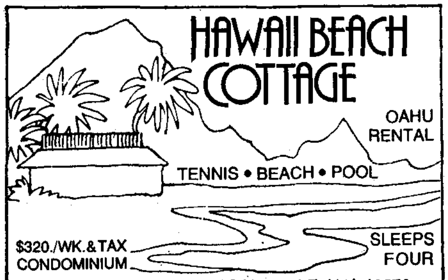

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rounded Boswellian treatment: his brief conversations with King George III in May of 1781 are set down in royal style, and the return of his brother David from Spain in late spring of 1780 dramatically lights up the stagnant provincial scene. But many of his jottings, especially during his hectic visits to his beloved London, remain unorganized, and many a day in Scotland ("A wet dull day. No company came") gets little more notice than its number on the calendar. Sometimes the very haste of notation creates a Joycean density:

> WEDNESDAY 27 MARCH. George Preston with us morning. Maclaurin called. Had him to dine. Spoke of being Under-Secretary. His infidelity disagreeable. Went to Baron Gordon's, whist. Lost, was uneasy. Spoke of joy on wife's recovery. He laughed *incredulus*. Disliked him. Felt myself young.

But such modernity of effect is inadvertent; when Boswell sits down to pen his monthly "Hypochondriack," his prose turns pompous and ornate.

"Why keep a journal of so 'weary a life'?" he asks, having forgotten his boast of a year and a half earlier that "I have certainly much more of *myself* thus preserved than most people have." The rock-bottom motive of his journal-keeping seems religious: to preserve himself, to stave off the dismal, though complacent, nihilism of old Lord Covington, who "said when one looked back on life, it was just a chaos of nothing." Not mere self-memorializing—self-scrutiny, too. Boswell in his fashion is a pious man, a Calvinist introvert who in his youth briefly converted to Roman Catholicism and who regrets he is "*not* Church of England." Position and breeding bind him to the Church of Scotland, with its "irreverent form" and grindingly long sermons: "I regretted living in a Presbyterian country." But the dour "dreariness of Presbyterianism" penetrates his bones, and the Protestant habit of introspection, rooted in the Calvinist anxiety concerning divine election, forms a main fibre of these pages. With the lucid dispassion of a recording angel he watches his own rise and fall, his vows and lapses, his drunkenness and lasciviousness; he constantly takes his own spiritual temperature. "My mind was sound enough, and though I had no high felicity, I was not at all unhappy. But I had nothing elevated about me either of my present or future state, as I have had in warmer and younger days." As inevitably as his gonorrhea recurs, gloom surges through the level marshes of his life. "I was so sunk today that I had scarcely any thought." "Got up in sad hypochondria. . . . Was quite in despair. Could not see any good purpose in human life." Reading in Lord Monboddo's "Ancient Metaphysics" of "an universal Necessity" that makes mock of our "delusive feeling of Liberty," Boswell is stunned: "I was shocked by such a notion and sunk into dreadful melancholy, so that I went out to the wood and groaned." In the second half of "Laird of Auchinleck," his life begins to pick up: he becomes politically engaged, he begins to rework his journal on the tour of the Hebrides, he stops drinking, he becomes "very different from the dreary metaphysical wretch that I had been!" Yet happiness so closely watched is cramped from rising very high. "I was insipid but not unhappy." "Took the Sacrament, but without fervour." "Was happy, though not exquisitely." "An easy, cheerful day. But I had no high relish of life." Boswell comes across another journal, kept by a man, John Bogle, whose path to ruin was straight and smooth:

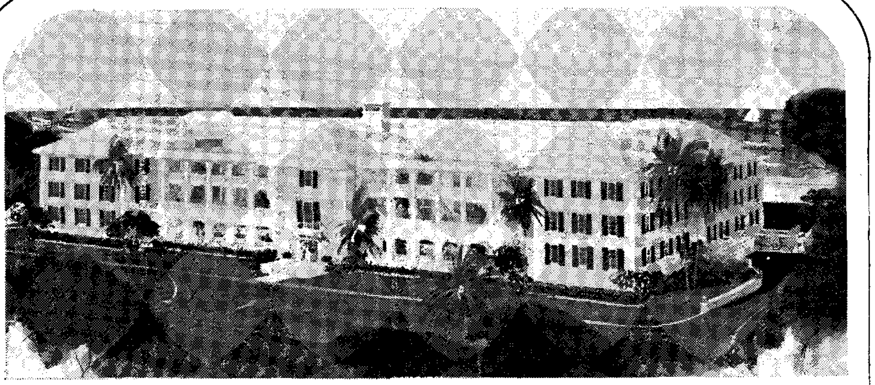
> He had absolutely died of intemperance and dissolute conduct of every kind Yet he had for some time kept a regular diary of his life and account of his expenses; and in that diary his acts of profligacy were recorded in plain terms, and his folly and vanity set down, while a the same time there were several reflections on his own insignificancy and on the unhappiness of life, which I excerpted. Reading this journal made me uneasy to think of my own. It is preserving evidence against oneself . . .

The momentary conclusion Boswel draws is that henceforth, for the sake o his children, he "must not be so plain;' but plain honesty was in his religiou nature, and is the ethical genius of hi journalism. "I do not recollect having had any other valuable principle impressed upon me by my father excep a strict regard to truth, which he impressed upon my mind by a hearty beating at an early age . . ." Often in these journals when he cannot remember the exact expression used in a reported conversation he leaves it blank A feature of his published books puzzling to his own time but congenial to ours is that he was not afraid to make himself appear, in contrast to Johnson foolish. To the unseen reader of these private journals, he is not afraid to confess himself contemptible.

THESE eighteenth-century journals are inextricably confused now with twentieth-century scholarship Scarcely a page lacks footnotes, and one page bears thirty-nine lines of footnote to seven of text. The superb index runs to sixty-eight pages of double columns; the six pages of "Boswell, James" gather the diffuse material into telling condensations, such as "drinks heavily" (thirty-one references), "ill after drinking" (thirty-three), "follows, dallies with, visits prostitutes" (thirteen), and "fears, catches, is cured of venereal disease" (sixteen). Footnotes identify the immense cast of mentioned contemporaries, offer illuminating collations with other nooks of Boswelliana, and provide recipes for such obsolete beverages as plotty, bishop, and whisky shrub punch. We are told that "raisin" was pronounced "reez'n" in 1781, and why, amid the modernization of spelling, the form "contemptous" has been kept. Much editorial ingenuity and tact are exercised in bridging gaps in the journals with letters, sections of the "Life," and, at one point, an enthusiastic and hitherto unpublished account by Fanny Burney's younger sister Charlotte Ann of Boswell as he appeared at a London dinner party in 1781:

> I admire and like him beyond measure. He is a fine, lively, sensible, unaffected, honest, manly, good-humoured character.... He idolizes Dr. Johnson, and struts about, and puts himself into such ridiculous postures that he is as good as a comedy.

As complimentary and fond, really, is the assiduous labor the editors of these journals bring to Boswell. Behind this latest beautifully tooled product of the "Boswell Factory" at Yale—the Yale Editions of the Private Papers of James Boswell—extends the portentous history of the papers' discovery and acquisition, dating back to 1920, when an anonymous note ("Try Malahide Castle") directed Professor Chauncey B. Tinker to chests, sacks, bundles, and bags of letters and journals tucked in closets with the other family skeletons. This massive collection passed from the hands of Colonel Ralph Isham, who had acquired it from Boswell's great-great-grandson, into the possession of Yale in 1949, at a cost of half a million dollars. Money continues to din in the saga of the papers; the Boswell Factory nearly ceased operations for the lack of it, until the National Endowment for the Humanities granted $143,657, which, according to a recent newsletter from the Yale Editions, "will support the Project for one and a half years." Between 1949 and 1975, the Project got by on a great deal of free scholarly and secretarial services and financial gifts totalling above a quarter of a million dollars. The application to the National En-



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dowment for the Humanities allows that "by any realistic forecast, the research series [that is, a full printing of the papers for scholarly use, with original spelling and fuller scholarship than the "reading," or trade, edition] will require twenty years more for its completion and will call for approximately $900,000 in funding, exclusive of sums collected by Yale University for indirect costs." The unspoken question is, of course, Is Boswell worth it? Dollars aside, the expenditure of human time and intelligence has been on the scale of talmudic commentary. Three academic workers—Professor Frederick A. Pottle, his wife, Marion, and Miss Harriet A. Chidester—have for over twenty years devoted the major portion of their professional lives to the deciphering, cataloguing, editing, and publishing of these papers. Both the Pottles are eighty. One holds "Laird of Auchinleck" in hand aware of this gallant dimension of tenacity, of a bulky project scrupulously sustained. Many dozens more have toiled along the way; the energy expended exceeds by an unguessable factor that used by Boswell in scribbling the stuff down. Except for never having met him face to face, Pottle knows Boswell better than Boswell knew Johnson. But saintly devotion does not prove a deity. One cannot help wondering if the minions of the Boswell Factory ever feel barnacled upon a literary figure who, whatever his aesthetic charms and historical value, might be termed, relative to a host of nobler creative spirits in English letters, a second-rater. A second-rater, furthermore, whose sole previous claim to fame was his purposeful playing of second fiddle. The Boswell papers are a scholarly Happening, but this does not mean they are Art. The academic literature mill, having ground all the grain it can find, will grind chaff rather than shut down.

As a piece of publishing, the papers are a study in enlightened inertia. McGraw-Hill advanced $166,666 of the half million needed to purchase the papers in 1949, and probably made this advance back on the sales of the initial volume, the "London Journal," whose uncensored "plain truths" concerning Boswell's rakish sexual life seemed very bold material to the innocent book buyers of 1950. Since then, public interest has waned, and McGraw-Hill, though it pays a mere three-per-cent royalty and has the Boswell Factory bear much of the copy-editing and proofreading expense, has lost money on the more recent of these handsome, portly volumes. This is the first in seven years; with the new infusion of federal money, the three remaining volumes, taking Boswell into the grave in 1795, seem sure to be issued. A publishing monument of sorts will have been erected, to be viewed on the shelves of university libraries.

THE reading experience, in full, cannot belong to many people, for the erratic, racing entries coupled with the meticulous footnotes and textual niceties splay the concentration as a prism splays a sunbeam. The use of various brackets to protect the integrity of ragged texts a bit dulls the humor in a passage such as:

> I told Burke of contest between Johnson and Beauclerk. Said he, "Between Fury and Malevolence." I. "The <bear and>—what is a small animal <that stands ground?"> BURKE. "A polecat." BOSWELL. "Is <that spirit>ed enough?" "O yes," said Burke. BOSWELL. "Palmer[3] wondered how I could help Johnson's <fury a>long." BURKE. "He'd[4] rather see <your e>xecut[ion] than none." "But," <said I, "he> recovers me." "Yes," said <Burke, "he ta>kes you to [the] Humane Society [afterwards.] He has it[5] in his breast."

Day after day, Boswell treads water. His flurries of zeal at court come to little, and his trips to London seem often as fragmented as the paragraph quoted above—surprisingly, these four years provided enough material to fill over a tenth of his life of Johnson. Boswell is mostly in Edinburgh, and I, rather lost in the petty social swirl there, found no character as continuously engaging as the hero's big toe, with its ingrown toenail; this pathetic digit, already familiar to readers of the Continental journals, makes its reappearance on April 24, 1779 ("My sore foot was troublesome"), and inflames and remisses, is maltreated and suffered and dreamed about ("I dreamt that I saw the cause of my toe being so painful"), and at last, to our great relief, before dinner on January 27, 1780, is decisively cut into by the shilly-shallying surgeon ("I felt myself resolved to bear the pain, so he cut a good deal of the nail of my great toe out of the flesh. The operation hurt me much. But as soon as it was over I perceived that I was much relieved, for I felt only the pain of a green wound instead of the pain of my toe irritated by the nail in it"), and henceforth slowly heals, to fade finally from notice on the 6th of May ("My toe is never well yet, but pretty easy"). There is indeed something medical about the journal-reading experience. Like doctor and patient, reader and writer grope together through a puzzling mass of symptoms and uncathartic crises that unfold with a maddening organic slowness toward the ambiguous optimum of further survival. Like an analyst in his chair, the reader sits through hours of mundane inconsequence, listening for a few clues. The writer of a novel or a history holds over his reader the tyranny of a plan, of withheld secrets and staged revelations. The writer of a journal is at sea in his tides of detail, and after enough immersion with him we develop a kind of infantile, pre-conscious sensibility, which knows at least where the warm spots and the cold spots are.

Boswell's wife, Margaret, is one of the warm spots. She closed out his day, if not with a pert "π," with consolation. The day of his toenail dream concludes, "My wife was again exceedingly good to me tonight." When guests unexpectedly arrive, "my wife had a neat supper with her usual cleverness, and the evening went on easily." When his infidelities are discovered, she readily forgives: "I was now safe. Estrangement had discovered my deviation. I was sorry for it. She was very good. π" Some of his behavior even he perceives as difficult to bear: "I came home after this strange debauch and eat eggs and drank negus alone; and then, after having gone to bed with my dear wife, I started up in shocking gloomy intoxication and raved in solemn rage about my being miserable. It was a horrid night." She, too, has her rages:

> I left this my journal lying open in the dining-room while I went downstairs to look for some book or paper, and my dear wife having taken it up, read the account of my life on Monday the 18, with which she was shocked, and declared that all connexion between her and me was now at an end, and that she would continue to live with me only for decency and the sake of her children.

But less than two weeks later, "π" connubially concludes another day. Her suggestions to him, as his mental condition and professional commitments veer and slew, must have masked considerable exasperation. He notes, "Awaked in terrible distress. Thought I would lie all day. But upon my wife's suggesting that being frequently out of the House would hurt my practice, I resolved to show myself in court if it were but for a few minutes." Draw-

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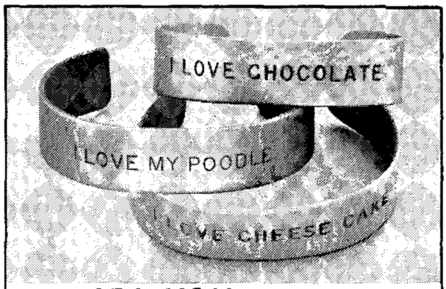

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ing up a solemn account of her defects and virtues, Boswell commends "her excellent sense, her penetration, her knowledge of real life, her activity, her genuine affection . . . and her total disinterestedness and freedom from every species of selfishness during all the time she has been my wife." He blames her only for having "nothing of that warmth of imagination which produces the pleasures of vanity and many others, and which is even a considerable cause of religious fervour." Her lack of such enthusiasm, which extends to Fielding's novels and Auchinleck genealogy, at times makes him think that he has been "unlucky in uniting myself with one who, instead of cherishing my genius, is perpetually checking it." This oddly formal, valedictory-sounding appraisal is penned, on July 5, 1782, in the lengthening shadow of her ill health; she had tuberculosis, and Boswell had begun a separate journal of her illness. The chilling thought arises that, had not Margaret Boswell delayed dying for seven more years, her loving husband, whose journals of significant progresses in his life were sometimes refined and published, might have built a book upon the curve of her demise, and the carefully phrased sentences above would have found their way into its print. Death was nearer to hand in the eighteenth century, and was expected to occasion moralism. With healthy selfishness, Boswell reflects upon "the deplorable situation I and my children would be in if she should die, which a pretty severe cough which she now had made me fear." When he dreams of losing her, though, sexual jealousy dominates the oneiric presentation:

> Had dreamt that my dear wife was married to somebody else; yet I had a confused notion that she had been my wife. She looked smart and engaging as Miss Peggie Montgomerie. Resolved when awake to pay her all possible attention. I was quite vexed in my sleep at the thought of having lost her.

Her warmth can be felt not only reflected in his ("If a man lay with my wife, I would cut his throat") but in passingly allowed glimpses of her own inner being: "She has always a dreary terror for death. . . . She said yesterday it was desirable to live long for one reason: because old people come to be as little afraid of death as children are."

A cold spot in the universe of the middle-aged James Boswell is certainly his father. The words "cold" and "dull" accompany the old Laird's appearance in these pages like footmen:

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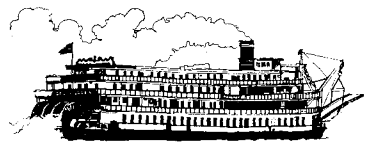

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"He was in a dull, cold humour and seemed quite indifferent about me." "He was still loaded with the cold, and he was dull and without any kindliness." "Visited Mrs. Dundas, then father, who was cold and dull." Lord Auchinleck—who married for a second time on the same day as James' wedding—is reported as icy to his daughter-in-law, indifferent to his grandchildren, and unmoved by his own brother's death. When invited to pity his pathologically morose son John, he snorts, "If my sons are idiots, can I help it?" To his prodigal son James, he seems cruelly ungenerous: "He declared upon his honour that if I ever again exceeded my income, he would give me no more." Among many practical grievances, one peculiar denial stands out as especially hurtful: the Laird refused to talk about religion. "But most certain it is, I have never been able to get him to talk with any frankness on religion . . ." "During this stay at Auchinleck I several times tried to lead on my father to speak seriously of death. But he never said much, never spoke with any frankness." "Heard Dr. Blair in the forenoon. Dined at my father's between sermons. Observed that he avoided speaking on religion. Sir John Pringle indeed told me the other day that he had tried two or three times to bring him upon that subject. 'But he always escaped me,' said Sir John." Even on his deathbed, the attending physician observed, Lord Auchinleck "showed no more signs of religion than a stock or a stone."

In the twentieth century, the father's reticence seems in less need of explanation than the son's determined curiosity. But Boswell was not a man to come to a conclusion and button up; he craved sociable reassurance on all scores, and his faith, clung to in the Scotland of David Hume and Adam Smith, amid such mockers as his friend John Maclaurin and the Reverend Norton Nicholls, is an unsteady, doubting sort: "I was calmly religious, yet had shadows of doubt occasionally." It is commonplace to say of Boswell that he was searching for a surrogate father and found him in Dr. Johnson; here can be traced a specific way in which Johnson filled a void Lord Auchinleck had left, for he shared with Boswell a gloomy, anxious, ruminative Christianity, yet was far more firm and witty in upholding it.

I said, "Has any man the same conviction of the truth of religion that he has in the common affairs of life?" He

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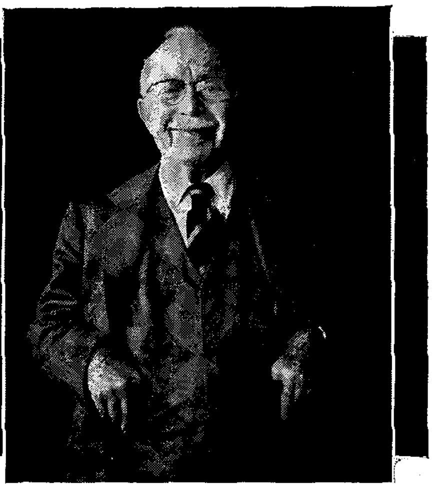

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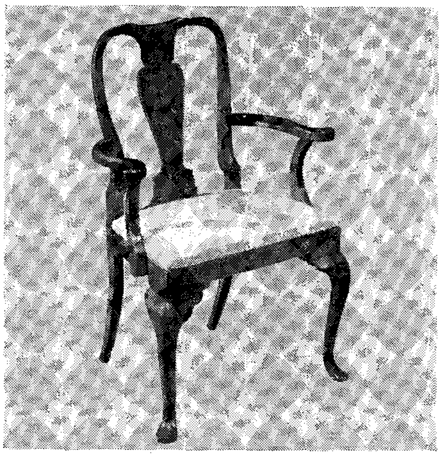

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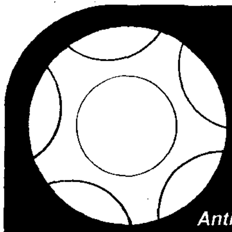

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said, "No, Sir. . . . We must, as the Apostle says, live by faith, not by sight." When Boswell by letter confides the anguish over Liberty and Necessity awakened in him by Lord Monboddo's "Ancient Metaphysics," Johnson replies with a bracing paternal cuffing:

> I hoped you had got rid of all this hypocrisy of misery. What have you to do with Liberty and Necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about it? Do not doubt but I shall be most heartily glad to see you here again, for I love every part about you but your affectation of distress.

Do not doubt . . . I love every part about you. Later that same year of 1781, Boswell travels to London, and at first Johnson brushes aside his request for reassurance: "He and I were left alone. I tried in vain to bring him upon Liberty and Necessity. He shunned it, with a general averment for Liberty." But in June, as Boswell leaves for Edinburgh, Johnson amiably accompanies him for some days of the return journey. They attend church together in Southill, and in the security of Dr. Johnson's room afterward the predestinarian demons of Presbyterianism are set to rout: "He said, 'No man believes himself impelled irresistibly. We know that he who says he believes it, lies.' " This stout assertion, a gusty attempt to blow away dread by one who was himself no stranger to dread, is transcribed faithfully into the "Life" (for the day of June 3rd), as are the words, strikingly childlike in tone, with which Boswell had opened the conversation: "I said, 'I'd fain be good, and I am very good just now. I fear God and honour the King; wish to do no ill, and to do good to all mankind.' " The "Life" follows this with "He looked at me with a benignant indulgence; but took occasion to give me wise and salutary caution." Benignant indulgence was what his own father withheld to the end. Boswell, denied access to the Laird's deathbed by the attendant's harsh "Don't torture him in his last moments," stood nearby and, his journal recorded, "wept; for, alas! there was not affection between us." He took possession of his father's estate on Johnson's birthday, and wrote him, "I hovered here in fluttering anxiety to be with you . . . I felt myself drawn irresistibly." Only a letter from Johnson himself dissuaded the fatherless laird from deserting his new station and his alarmingly ill wife. Even in its stretches of tedium, this installment of the journals embodies the need that led Boswell, amid the muddle of his dank and anxious mid-life, to fix his heart upon distant London, and the responsive old man there whose broad back he would ride into posterity.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A WAY OF LIFE, LIKE ANY OTHER, by Darcy O'Brien (Norton; $7.95). An eccentric, cynical, and sometimes exceedingly funny first novel about the coming of age of the son of two aging, divorced Hollywood has-beens. Mother, a redhead, is a flamboyant, alcoholic ex-leading lady who is always onstage (playing a martyred romantic). Father is a muscular, muddled ex-cowboy star who becomes fixated (after he loses his wife and his career) on religion and the Navy. The boy, who narrates the story, shuttles back and forth between the two after their divorce, equally miserable with his mother's fake suicide attempts, peculiar lovers, and loveless tirades and with his father's flaky naval talk, vague protestations of paternal affection, and untidy bachelor burrow. The story covers the period of the boy's adolescence, is set chiefly in Hollywood, and conveys a great deal of feeling beneath a deceptively deadpan surface. The book has its oddities—such as a bewildering scene in which the boy and his father pay a long afternoon visit to the director John Ford, and a tendency to snatch the reader away from the characters just when they seem most interesting—but it is certainly the most literate "Hollywood novel" to have appeared in years.

NOTE: Penelope Gilliatt's "Splendid Lives," a collection of short stories, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan ($7.95).

GENERAL

WHERE THE WINGS GROW, by Agnes de Mille (Doubleday; $8.95). The setting of this absorbing memoir is a summer colony in New York State that was founded by the author's maternal grandfather, the economist Henry George. There the young Agnes grew up, playing with children whose parents, by a process of self-selection, were distinguished, glamorous, cosmopolitan, or exotic, in an out-of-doors that Miss de Mille recalls as Edenic in its freshness. The author talks about her childhood, but the work is more than prattle and idyll. The unfolding narrative steadily tightens its grip on the reader, who realizes that Miss de Mille is writing a grand family saga. Over the years, marriages (including that of her own parents) decay; children turn out badly; worldly successes cost too dear. What the child took to be the solid structure of this little society becomes an insubstantial pageant, whose dissolution leaves her yearning for an irretrievable past. At the book's close, though, the grownup Agnes returns, after many years' absence, with her husband and baby, and finds that for a new generation there was a fresh beginning.

A GREAT AND GLORIOUS ROMANCE: THE STORY OF CARL SANDBURG AND LILIAN STEICHEN, by Helga Sandburg (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). Carl Sandburg, whose centenary is being celebrated this year, first met his future wife when he was bumming around the Middle West as an organizer for the Socialist Party. Miss Steichen, a beautiful and intelligent young schoolteacher whose brother Edward was already making a name for himself, was unimpressed. But when he sent her some of his poems and wrote to her of his political and moral philosophy, and of his fierce resolve to change the world, she was soon calling him "dear Poet-of-Our-World-Today." They were married not long after their second meeting, in 1908, and stayed close together until his death, ten years ago. This biographical fragment is by the Sandburgs' youngest daughter, a novelist and writer of children's books who was for years her father's secretary. It is very well written and wholly unsentimental.

HAVEN IN A HEARTLESS WORLD: THE FAMILY BESIEGED, by Christopher Lasch (Basic Books; $12.95). A scholarly critique of the past century's scholarly critiques of the family by sociologists, anthropologists, psychiatrists, historians, educators, and others. All of them have attempted to compare the family's past with its present, according to which present they were examining—American immigrants' families before the First World War, say, or German workers' families before Nazism. All the thinkers agree that the family changed when the factory system altered the shape of society and the organization of work; no two of them concur on what, ideally, the family should do

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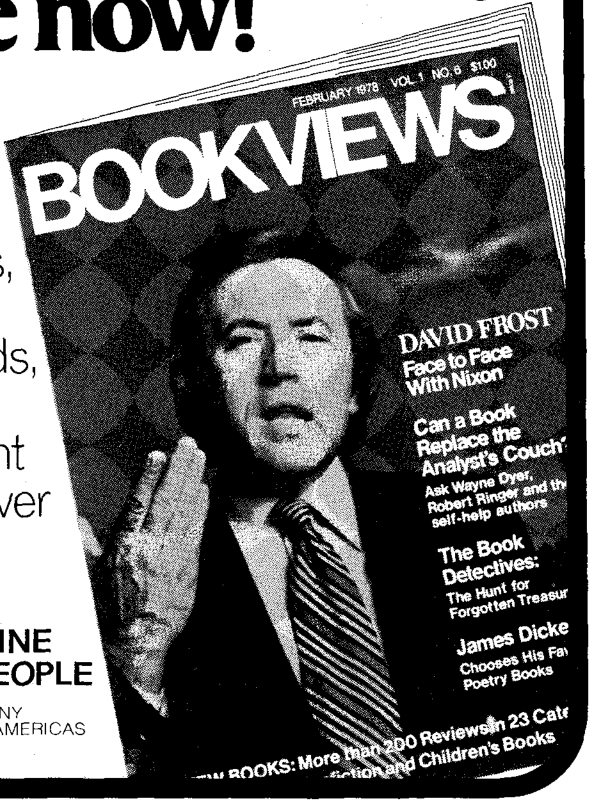
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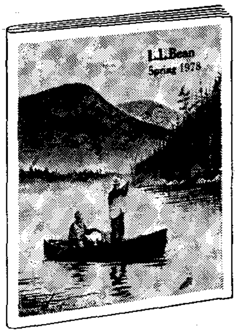

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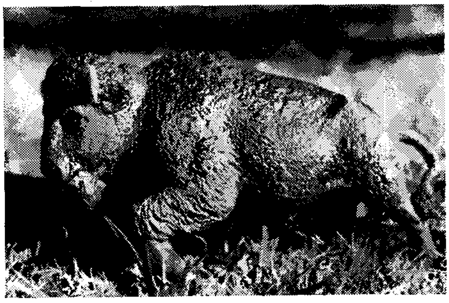

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or be. For his part, Professor Lasch blames the present disarray of the family upon the evolution of capitalism—a long process by which public policy has steadily invaded private areas.

A Time of Gifts, by Patrick Leigh Fermor (Harper & Row; $10.95). On December 9, 1933, aged eighteen and tired of school and bookishly eager for Life, Mr. Fermor left England for Rotterdam and a walking trip across Central Europe to Constantinople. This account, written nearly fifty years later, is the delectable fruit of a couple of surviving diaries, a highlight memory, and a certain amount of imaginative recollection. It was a real but nicely varied walk—one night in a barn, the next (as the friend of a friend of a friend) in a drafty castle or a cozy manor house; sleeping wrapped in his greatcoat or sunk under an eiderdown "like a giant meringue;" munching cheese and black bread or sipping fine wine poured by a liveried footman. Everything interests Mr. Fermor, who has a feel (and a fine descriptive gift) for architecture, for period interiors, for history (in the routes he followed of the Roman, Ostrogoth, Hun, Avar, Magyar, Turkish, and Napoleonic legions), for city street and woodland path. He is aware, as are the people he meets, of the looming of Hitler, but, true to the time and the place, he is only just aware. His story ends in Budapest, his journey barely halfway done, but he ends it on a (for us) thoroughly welcome note: "To be continued."

Note: "The New India," Ved Mehta's account of the rise and fall of Indira Gandhi's government, has been published by Viking in cloth ($10) and by Penguin in paper ($2.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, in somewhat different form.

•

Hudson, after all these years, was finally called upon to belt a woman in a scene from "Wheels." The big guy (6-feet-4) was supposed to slap co-star Lee Remick hard across the face with his open mind.—*Washington Post.*

The cad!

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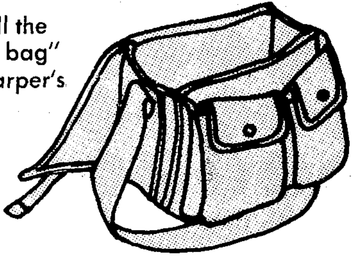

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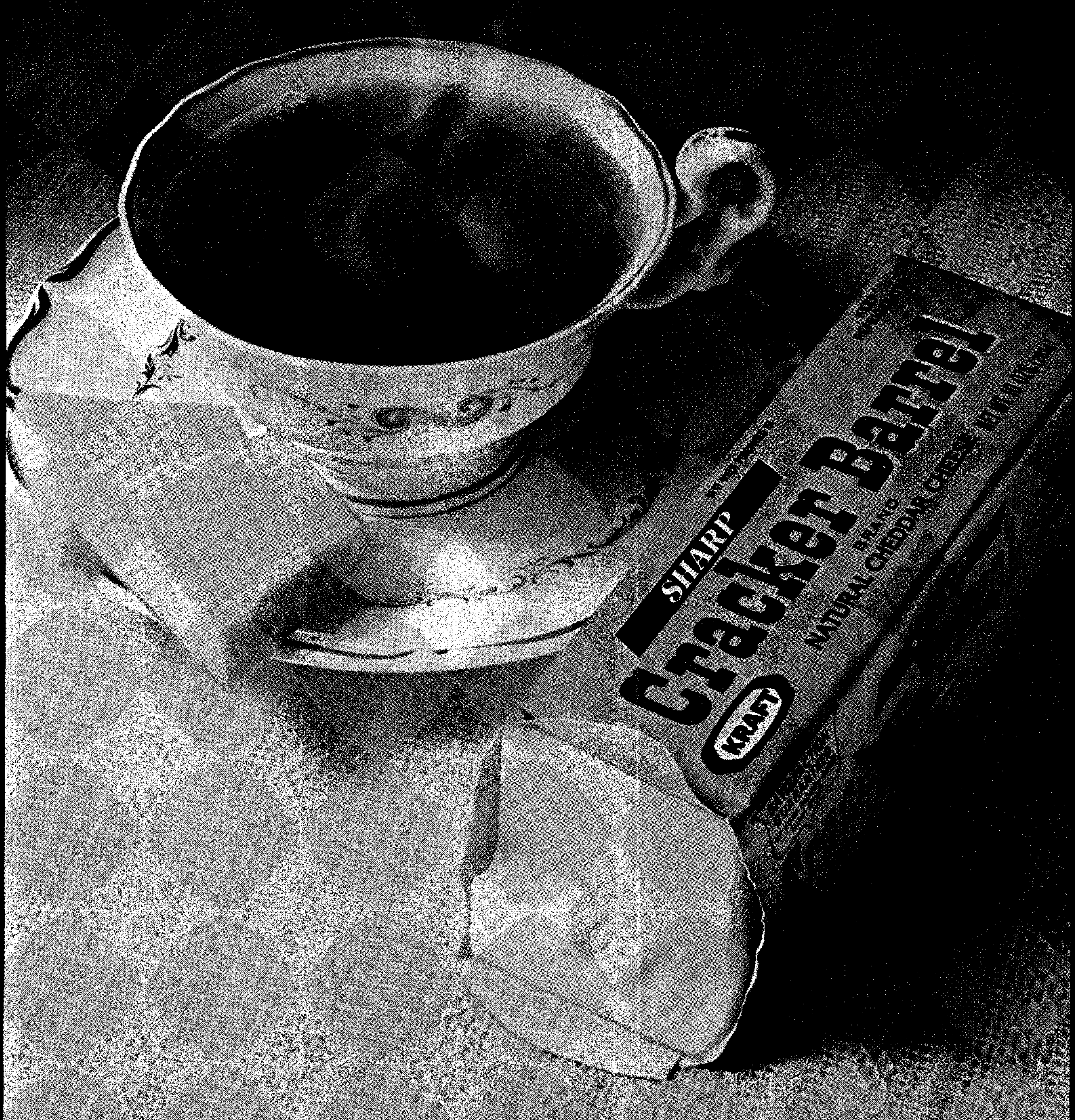
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